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DISTURBED STATE OF THE PUBLIC MIND.

It is a most curious spectacle, which we are now every day called to witness: that of the strange movements, impulses, and delusions existing in the public mind. Those philosophers who believe in the perfectibility of human nature, must be sorely staggered by what they see occurring every day. Notwithstanding the great and undoubted progress of the human mind within the last half century, we find examples of human weakness prevailing in intelligent communities, which seem almost unaccountable. One of these remarkable phases of hallucination has been the adoption of the Mormon creed, not only by a large community in this country, but by great numbers of individuals in Great Britain. The death of the leader of these deluded persons, in whose opinions, assertions, and pretensions, lay the whole force and influence of his doctrines, is fast producing the downfall of the sect itself. There was a remarkable instance of a similar kind in England in the seventeenth century. A person by the name of Naylor, believing that he had a direct revelation from Heaven, deserted his family, (a most unchristian act,) and went about the country admitting that he was the Son of God. He was followed by crowds, and particularly by women. Some of these were in constant attendance upon him, and paid him the adoration due to the Creator alone. The delusion was making such rapid progress that the government took notice of it, and Naylor was subjected to a punishment so severe and cruel, that the feelings of the benevolent strongly revolted at its infliction. But it disenchanted his followers, and produced a conviction in his own mind that he was not the supernatural being he supposed he was. He subsequently made a voluntary recantation of his error, and died in comparative quiet and tranquillity.

We have on a former occasion alluded to the imposture of Joanna Southcote, and need not again advert to it.

When, therefore, we contemplate these and other delusions as they are recorded in history, we cannot but express our astonishment that such things were. We think, if we had lived in those days, such things could not have been. But we are grievously mistaken. Posterity will wonder at our delusions as much as we do at those of former ages.

Some years ago there was an extensive revival in Kentucky. The excitement spread through the state. Thousands took part in the religious ceremonies of the occasion. And how do our readers suppose the signs of conversion were made known? Why, in this way. By the converted person falling on his knees, assuming the attitude of a dog and barking with all his might. Thousands were seen to fall down in this fashion, and yelp out their inward agitations. The noise and the uproar occasioned by this demonstration of piety interrupted the preachers, who at last yielded to their own convictions of the folly and profanity of the proceedings, and broke up the meetings. The Barkers, as they were called, disappeared, and yet they all asserted that they were compelled to bark even against their will, when under religious impressions.

The doctrines of Miller are doing equal mischief. The whole country is in a state of excitement under the apprehensions he has endeavored to excite. People are throwing their goods into the street, becoming insane, and destroying themselves under the influence of his preaching and that of his followers. In the face of all probability, in opposition to the Gospel itself, in despite of most gross mistakes in chronology, and various falsifications of their previous predictions, they continue to proclaim the imme-

diate destruction of the world, and imagine that their ascension robes of cotton are to bear them harmless through the flames.

There is nothing in this conduct that tallies with the quiet, confiding, humble trust of the sincere Christian. To die, or to be called from earth in the discharge of our Christian duties, is certainly more in keeping with Christian hope and duty than to rush out upon the hill sides or into public buildings, and there, by the desertion of families, friends and business, create a scene of distress, anguish and confusion!

This is not the temper of the Bible nor of Christianity. Men rush into battle with coolness of mind: why should the Christian become insane and wild and reckless, even if the event was at hand which Mr. Miller has predicted? A well-grounded hope of future happiness would lead to calmness and repose of mind. It is by this very outward noise and confusion that we are enabled to pronounce Millerism, as it is called, a complete delusion. It will be found so, after thousands have been ruined by its false predictions.

Is there any remedy for this instability of the public feeling? Is there any mode of counteracting these violent oscillations? We believe there is none human to be relied upon with the present constitution of the mind. It is imperfect, it is in a state of discipline and probation, and its full perfection cannot be expected this side of the grave.

The Bible is the only guide to us in this our pilgrimage, and that tells us we cannot be perfect here.

But it is worthy of remark that in its teachings of our moral duties, its matchless precepts of goodness and benevolence, in its simple yet sublime truths, in its denunciations of falsehood, deceit, profanity, and blasphemy, it furnishes us the only remedy to these evils of life—these errors of the mind.

Let this book be in every one's hands. Let no device, no trick, no artifice, prevent its universal dissemination. Let every eye see it and read it. It will bring men to their senses when all else fails. It is the foundation of human liberty, the security of social life, the palladium of our liberty. Priests may falsely interpret and fanatics misuse it, but it will survive, and it has survived all the follies and the corruptions of men. It is the only solace for the evils to which we have alluded.—*N. Y. True Sun.*

ON THE MECHANISM OR NATURE OF ATROPHY.
—The following extract, from a standard work of medical literature on the Continent, is a tolerably fair sample of the spirit of abstruse and fanciful speculation, if not of the philosophic *clairvoyance*, that characterizes so many of the writings of the German physiologists.

“Every act of nutritive crystallization takes place on the outside of the capillary vessels, in a fluid derived from the blood, (*plasma*, vel *cysto-blastema*.) The element of formation is the cellule. This possesses a proper individual life, in virtue of which it is developed, (plastic force;) moreover, it has the faculty of inducing peculiar chemical changes in the materials which it derives from the *cysto-blastema* by its inner and outer surfaces, (metabolic force.) Atrophy may be caused, 1, either by the general nutritive fluid ceasing to circulate in the minute vessels, and by the consequent desiccation of the organ; 2, or from the *plasma* being deficient in the formative materials; 3, or from a morbid condition of the cellule itself, rendering it unfit to fulfil its functions; or, 4, from some peculiarity in the state of the nervous influence. The cause of atrophy may also reside in the work of decomposition—which consists in the

return to a liquid state of the materials that are expelled from the cellule, and absorbed into the torrent of the circulation;—or from an excessive tendency of the organized matter to become liquified; or from a morbid predominance of the excretory process attracting all the organic matter within its reach.” Having laid down these principles, Dr. *Costall* proceeds to examine the internal and external influences, which are apt to induce the state of Atrophy in any part.—*Handwörterbuch der Physiologie, art. Atrophie.*

THE ACADEMIE FRANCAISE.—We find in the report made by M. Scribe to the Academie Française, relative to the conduct of the persons who had been judged worthy of receiving prizes of virtue, several very affecting cases, but none more so than the three following:—In the commune of Bourg-les-Valence is a poor woman, at once the sister of charity and the schoolmistress of the canton. She has scarcely a subsistence for herself, but by extraordinary privations, she has found the means of succoring others. Her humble cottage is at once an hospital and a *salle d'asile* for the instruction of children whose parents are unable to pay for their education. A hundred instances are related of the benevolence of this worthy woman, and to such an extent has she carried it that recently she was met by a magistrate of Valence, who, remarking her weak state, inquired whether she was ill, and, after much hesitation, received for answer that she was weak for want of food, not having bread to eat. The Academie awarded her 3000f., as a testimony of its approbation of her virtuous conduct.—At Versailles is a small cottage kept with great neatness, inhabited by two sisters named Dubois, one 80 years of age, the other 81, and a female of 55, named Chasseraye. The younger of the two sisters had been able during many years of hard labor to accumulate a small capital, the interest of which amounts to not more than five sous per day. The elder sister has saved enough to yield her 10 sous per day. With their united pittance they contrived to exist, but it was mere existence. Catharine Chasseraye is, however, a wealthy rentiere, for she has 30 sous per day. This excellent woman, taking compassion on the poor old sisters, devotes the greater part of her little income to the purchase of meat and other necessaries which they were unable to obtain, and attends upon them as if they were her nearest and dearest relations. She has frequently lived on dry bread, in order to provide comforts for her *protégés*. The Academie awarded her 500f., to assist her in her benevolence to the aged females.—Hortense Boyer is a girl 12 years of age, residing at Montfaucon. At the risk of her own life she rescued three children from a pestilential pit, into which they had fallen, and where, but for her, they might have been suffocated. A medal of honor was sent to her, and she was told to say what more she desired in the way of recompense. Her father-in-law, from whom she had received brutal treatment, had been condemned to imprisonment for wounding, in one of his fits of passion, a man with whom he had quarreled, and who died of the injuries that he received. She implored as her reward the pardon of the prisoner. The king, as a mark of his admiration of the virtuous conduct of the daughter-in-law, has commuted half the term of his imprisonment. The Academie has recorded the act of the child as one of the most honorable of the many praiseworthy deeds brought under its notice.”

From the *Port Folio*.

FRANCE AND MEXICO.

In the panoramic representations adjusted for the amusement of Europe, we are suddenly transported from Africa to America, from Morocco to Mexico. We have recently pointed out and dwelt upon the sense of international right, that is possessed by Mexico; we have had to exhibit that State in wonderful contrast in the mildness of government, justness of rule, firmness in danger, and accuracy in statement, with the so-called governments of the neighboring republic and the European States. We have signalized, above all, its daring to treat as rebels and as pirates foreigners taken in arms, and as traitors the insurgents of its provinces. Hence the present differences with France. The *Moniteur Parisien* says:—

“ The unhappy attempt upon Tabasco by General Seutmanat has become the subject of a serious diplomatic quarrel between the Mexican government and M. Alley de Cyprey, the Minister of France in Mexico. Our representative, on learning that amongst the companions of General Seutmanat there were several Frenchmen, hastened to appeal to the clemency of the President Santa Anna. The ministers of Spain and England also interfered to protect their fellow-countrymen from the summary justice with which they were menaced; but no attention was paid to this appeal to the humanity of the president. After Seutmanat, nearly all his companions in arms were shot without trial, and the Mexican government, as if it wished to let all the world know how little it respects diplomatic propriety, and the sacred principles of humanity, has published the notes of the consuls of France, Spain, and England, with the reply of the Mexican government. But in making this publication it had kept back the principal part, viz., a second note addressed to it, June 22, by M. de Cyprey, in which, ceasing to invoke sentiments of humanity, he treated the question in the view of treaties and international law. In consequence M. de Cyprey, after having fruitlessly demanded the official publication of this note, thought it his duty to publish it himself in the journals. The incident remained in that state, and the consul must have rendered an account of the matter to the government.”

It would, indeed, be curious to see the argument drawn from this view of treaties and international law, which is to justify a people in making war against another because they have executed the common law of nations. But, of course, it is entirely in keeping with the war of Spain against Morocco for the execution of a murderer, and the protest of the French Consul against the English Consul at Tunis, because he gave up a murderer to be dealt with according to the laws of the country—it is in keeping with the sense of justice and national honor exhibited at the Invalides, on the presentation of the flags taken at Mogadore, and with the Christianity of the Bishop of Winchester.

When the war was raging between Greece and Turkey, there were abundance of volunteers from

all Europe amongst the Greeks. Did Europe then presume to question the right of the Turks, or the practice of the Turks, notwithstanding all the rancors of religion and of race, when they treated them as they deserved—as pirates? Nay more, would then those men have dreamt of the assistance of their separate countries when they got themselves involved in those penalties of the contest in which they had chosen to expose themselves?

This quarrel furnishes encouragement to the annexation party in the United States, and the ground is laid down for a concurrence of the United States with France in the daily assimilating doctrines and objects of the two people. And this is to be no idle occurrence. Texas is to be attacked—it is announced that an army of 15,000 men is preparing for that purpose, and the passions of the Americans not being able to carry the Annexation Treaty, their sympathies and humanities will now be enlisted, having been relieved by the communications of Lord Aberdeen with “ that excellent person” from the only restraint that would have interfered to settle this question, as it ought to be settled, peacefully, because justly.

Each disgraceful act comes back on us in a shower of wretched phrases. The organ of Government says:

“ Now we have every reason to believe that Lord Aberdeen does not consider this country as exonerated from the engagement Lord Palmerston contracted by treaty, for it to use its best exertions to induce Mexico to recognize the independence of Texas, by the infidelity of Texas to its corresponding obligation to England—and that Mr. Bankhead is not instructed to disregard, much more to encourage, Santa Anna’s preparations for war with Texas. Great Britain is the promoter of peace equally in the Mexican Gulf as in La Plata; in Texas as in Morocco; between insignificant states as between great nations.”

No doubt of that. Lord Aberdeen is busy in every embarrassment to bring it to issue. His embarrassment is when an aggressor finds difficulty. He has sensibilities, too; they are easily worked upon; and it is not honest nations that have diplomatists in London, or at all events, those that are practised in the fingering of such instruments.

From the *Port Folio*.

THE JEWS IN RUSSIA.

SOME time ago we showed that in respect to Plagues Russia entertains no fears and uses ours; even so is it in respect to commercial restrictions. She scoffs at those protections of national industry, and uses against us those weapons which we forge for ourselves. As proof, we cite two incidents of an opposite character. The Tariff of Russia to the westward prohibits 295 articles: to the eastward—it prohibits none! The present Emperor’s tutor was Storch, the political economist who has gone the farthest in denouncing all the restrictions, who even declares all European wars abroad, and con-

vulsions at home, to be, since 1860, the result of interference with commerce. The Emperor declares himself in all these matters a thorough "Storchist." Now then let the reader weigh the reason assigned for the removal of the Jews.

"Notwithstanding the applications made in favor of the Israelite inhabitants of the frontiers of Russia and Poland, the transportation of that unhappy population has been irrevocably decided, as the only means of maintaining the system of exclusion and the laws which protect it. One hundred thousand Israelites come under that measure. The rich Israelites, it is true, have been authorized to dispose of their property, and to fix their residence wherever they please. This was considered a favor, but it is a mere illusion. The Israelites being compelled to alienate their property, will not be able to sell it to advantage, and, on the other hand, they are only permitted to settle in the governments that formed part of the kingdom of Poland at the period of the first partition. Now, the Israelite population is so numerous in those governments, that the new comers will find it difficult to earn a livelihood in competition with their co-religionists. As regards the property belonging to Israelites in less affluent circumstances, the government will take it on an estimation, but will give so small a price for it, that it will be scarcely adequate to defray the expenses of their new establishment. The country, besides, assigned to the Israelites for a residence is not only almost uninhabited, but is so barren that the produce of the soil will scarcely pay the expenses of cultivation."

—*Frankfort Journal.*

From the Edinburgh Philosophical Journal.

PROFESSOR BUCKLAND ON ARTESIAN WELLS.*

PROFESSOR Buckland said, he would at once proceed to the subject on which he had been requested to address the members of the Artesian Well Committee of this place. In his address, last Wednesday, to the Council of the Royal Agricultural Society, he had spoken of the capabilities of permanent agricultural improvement in Hampshire, and other southern counties of England, especially in the districts between the sea-coast, and a line drawn from Dorchester through Salisbury and Winchester to London, including Wareham Heath, Poole Heath, the new Forest, and Bagshot Heath. If the improvement of these wastes by the mineral manures that lie beneath their surface, were taken up in a scientific manner, and on a large scale, by great proprietors, or by a land-improvement company, small portable steam-engines, and portable tram roads, might be employed, to raise from shafts in any part of this district, and transfer to profitable distances, and spread upon the surface, the chalk, and clay, and marl, that lie at various depths under the area of all these sandy wastes. Thus, the silt of the Humber has, with very great profit, been lately transferred by tram roads to be spread on the surface of barren peat; and in Norfolk, vast tracts of sandy rabbit warrens have, during the last half century, been converted to productive corn-fields, by adding to their surface a top-dressing of marl, clay, chalk, or shelly sand and gravel, locally called

crag. The cost of such top-dressings of mineral manure need rarely exceed 10*l.* an acre, and the consequent benefit is the conversion of dreary deserts into permanently valuable arable land. On Lincoln Heath, where, not 100 years ago, a lighthouse was erected to guide the benighted traveller across a barren sandy waste, the application of scientific agriculture and capital had converted thousands of acres of unprofitable heath into pleasant and productive corn-fields. The chalk-hills, also, that form the wolds of Lincolnshire, and the wolds of Yorkshire, had been made rich by processes which were now beginning to be introduced in Hampshire.

On Thursday last, the Prussian minister had called the attention of the assembled agriculturists of England to the example of good farming that is set them by the most illustrious of living warriors, the Duke of Wellington, who had turned his glorious sword into a not less glorious plough-share; and near Strathfieldsaye, may now be seen rich fields of barley and turnips on naturally heavy clay lands, which, two or three years ago, were reeking with moisture, and incapable of that rotation of green and grain crops, which all good farming requires. The Duke of Wellington was, year after year, improving his clay lands, first, by thorough-draining, which is the indispensable precursor of all other improvements, and, after drainage, spreading large quantities of chalk over the surface of the clay. Not less than one thousand wagon loads of chalk had, during the last year, been brought from the neighborhood of Basingstoke to that of Strathfieldsaye.

Similar improvements of poor sandy soils may be made by laying upon them a good top-dressing of clay and chalk, in addition to ordinary manures; and geology had ascertained the existence of several kinds of marl and clay, and also of chalk, at various depths, beneath the poor sandy heaths which form so large a portion of South Hants, and Dorset, and Berks, and under the whole of Bagshot Heath. The place of these clay beds is often indicated by the oozing of water and growth of rushes near the base of the sloping sides of the shallow valleys, or combes, that traverse these sandy plains, and are occasionally covered with peat. Between Christchurch and Poole, many such oozing streamlets point out spots, from which, by the aid of a small steam-engine and tram-road, clay may be brought up to reclaim the sandy wastes around each of these centres of supply of fertilizing mineral manure; and the efficacy of this process had been shown, on a small scale, near Poole, in little inclosures, made by a few industrious peasants. In Hampshire, he rejoiced in the occasion of recording a much greater example of improvements of this order, now in progress, on the property of the accomplished baronet, who so worthily represents this county in Parliament, and who, like the noble and gallant lord-lieutenant of the county, has placed himself at the head of those who are engaged in the patriotic work of amending the productive capabilities of the soil. Between Southampton and his hospitable mansion at Hursley Park, Sir William Heathcote has already converted to good arable land, large inclosed portions of the sandy soils at Anfield and Cranberry Heath, by enriching them with the permanent mineral manures of clay and chalk. Sir W. Heathcote has also adopted, on the farm he occupies at Hursley, the practice of stall-feeding oxen, which is essential to produce the great quantities of manure

* The above is an account of an interesting Address to the Mayor, and Members of the Artesian Well Committee of Southampton, on the 27th of July, 1844, by the Rev. Wm. Buckland, D. D., Professor of Geology, Oxford, &c.

that are required for the fertilization of all soils that are naturally poor, and without which, the improved fertility of the chalk and sandy lands in Lincolnshire could not be sustained. He has rendered a further inestimable service to the agriculture of Hampshire, by the first establishment, in this county, of one of those agricultural steam-engines, which are so common on large farms in Scotland and the North of England. The employment of a steam-engine is one of several causes of the great profit of farming in Scotland, and wherever it has been introduced in England. That erected by Sir W. Heathcote performs the work of thrashing, winnowing, grinding and bruising corn, of cutting chaff and turnips, cracking bones and beans, turning a saw-mill, &c. ; and thus leaves a large number of laborers free to be employed in the more profitable and improving work of cleaning and cultivating more highly the ancient corn-fields, of draining wet lands, and transporting chalk, and clay, and marl, to enrich the surfaces of sandy commons. Sir W. Heathcote had also dug wells at Hursley, which have near connection with the well now in progress on Southampton Common ; and when this great and costly public work shall be completed, the level of its water will probably be found to oscillate in unison with the variations in the level of the water in the wells of Hursley.

The scientific search for water, and the scientific conversion of barren soils to fertility, were examples of the practical application of geology to the useful purposes of life ; and the sciences of agriculture and civil engineering must obviously be imperfect, in some of their most fundamental points, without a knowledge of the composition of soils, and structure of the earth.*

In all kinds of operations under ground, the necessity to the engineer of a knowledge of geology, and of the hydrostatic conditions of subterraneous water, would appear from every fact he was about to notice in the well on Southampton Common, and also in the very recent Artesian well at the Southampton Railway Station, and in wells at Otterbourn and Hursley, on the south-west of Winchester. He would, however, first inquire—whence came that inexhaustible subterranean supply of water which Providence had laid up in store, wherever the earth was habitable. On this part of the history of water he should say less, because he had given a summary of what was known on the subject, in a chapter of his Bridgewater Treatise, illustrated by diagrams, explaining the origin of springs and Artesian wells.

The sun now shining so bright and beauteous, drew up vapor from the surface of the ocean, which was held in a state of invisible solution in the air, until, condensed by cold, it fell in fertilizing drops upon the earth. By this sublimely simple natural machinery, supplies of *fresh* water were obtained from the *sea*, for the salt was not taken up with the vapor, except in an almost imperceptible degree. The mean quantity of rain which fell annually in England was about 31 inches, and nearly 3000 tons of water were deposited annually upon every acre, in a manner which the best watering-pot could imperfectly imitate. These fructifying waters descended from

the air upon the earth in a state most favorable for vegetation, charged with minute quantities of sea-salt, together with ammonia and carbonic acid, all affording elements of nutrition to the vegetable kingdom. The water thus supplied at intervals by rain from the clouds, was disposed of in four different ways. The flood-waters of stormy weather, and the sudden meltings of snow, were rapidly restored by rivers to the sea. Another portion of the rain-water that fell upon dry land, was evaporated from the surface of the soil, and so again taken into the atmosphere, to mix with the vapor exhaled from rivers, lakes, and seas. A third portion supplied the drink and fluid nutriment of all animal and vegetable nature ; and a fourth was disposed of to maintain the perennial supplies of wells, and springs, and rivers. M. Arago states, that it has been ascertained by an apparatus placed across the river at Paris, that not one third of the rain that falls on the district that is drained by the basin of the Seine, returns directly by that river to the sea,—the remaining two thirds being applied to the other purposes just mentioned. This most distinguished astronomer had directed special attention to the investigation of the economy of water in the natural world, and had illustrated it by the phenomena of the great Artesian well at Grenelle, near Paris. He had not only foretold that water would be found in this well, at an enormous depth below the chalk, but that it would rise and overflow the surface ; accordingly, it has risen in a large column 30 feet above the highest part of Paris. M. Arago predicted also, that the temperature of this water would become gradually higher, increasing about one degree at every 45 feet below the surface. It now rises from the depth of near 1800 feet, at the temperature of 91°, (Fahrenheit,) warm enough to be applied to the heating of greenhouses and hospitals.

In ancient days the difficult scientific problem of the origin of subterraneous water had occupied the attention of Aristotle and Seneca, and their opinion was, that water was supplied to springs by the action of central heat, causing it to ascend towards the surface of the earth. This theory cannot be true in the case of that large part of the earth's surface which is formed of stratified beds of porous stone, permeable by water, and alternating with impermeable beds of clay, through which no water can ascend or descend. The condition of a water-logged porous stratum, thus placed between two beds of clay, through which no water can pass, may be compared to that of water enclosed in a tick or waterproof case, to form what is called a water-bed. We may, in imagination, extend indefinitely the size of this bed, containing water instead of feathers ; and if we added to this water sand, or pebbles, or angular stones, the intervals of all these would be occupied by that portion of the fluid which was not displaced by the solid bodies thus immersed in it. Such a tick or bed-case full of stones and water would represent the permanently drenched and water-logged condition of all permeable strata below the level of the lowest springs by which their water can find issue. A sheet of such water-logged stone, or of permanently wet sand, is called by the French geologists a "*Nappe d'Eau*;" it is not a sheet of pure water, but a bed or sheet of sand or stones, whose interstices are filled with water, subject to the laws of hydrostatic pressure. The lowest regions of the chalk and of other

* The best little and cheap book he could recommend to farmers, for showing the agricultural character and capabilities of the different soils and subsoils of England, and particularly of the chalk, and beds of clay and sands, that lie above and immediately beneath it, was "Morton on Subsoils."

porous strata are usually filled with such sheets of water, supplied by rain descending through innumerable cracks and fissures; and it was one of the infinite wise provisions we find in the natural world that the same water, which if placed in casks or open tanks, becomes putrid, continues fresh so long as it remains in the cavities and interstices of the strata of the earth.

The greatest number of ordinary wells are dug in shallow beds of gravel resting on the hollow surface of a subjacent bed of clay. Wells sunk to a greater depth through stratified rocks often afford larger supplies, but rise rarely to the surface; and in cases where they do so, they are called Artesian wells, from the circumstance of such artificial overflowing wells being common in Artois, the ancient Roman province of *Artesium*. The deepest well we know of this kind is that just mentioned, at Grenelle, near Paris, about 1800 feet deep; from which the water rises thirty feet above the surface, and at the temperature of 91° Fahrenheit. Less deep but similar wells abound near London; and the Board of Woods and Forests was now erecting two large fountains in Trafalgar Square, to be supplied by two contiguous wells, in which it was expected that water would rise within 60 or 70 feet of the surface, in sufficient quantity to supply these fountains that have been prepared in the assurance of finding water. Other wells had been sunk in various parts of London, some into sheets of water pervading beds of sand and gravel that alternate with plastic clay, others into the still lower beds of chalk. In all these cases the water was forced up, by hydrostatic pressure, to various distances from the surface. At Brentford there were many wells that continually overflowed their orifice, which is a few feet only above the Thames;—in the London wells the water rises to a less level than in those at Brentford.

As the largest part of the earth's surface is composed of stratified rocks, the most frequent cause of water being supplied to wells, and springs, and rivers, was the alternation of beds of clay with porous and permeable beds of stone or sand. These alternating strata, having been originally formed in nearly horizontal positions, have been more or less displaced, and set on edge by volcanic forces, which raised them from the bottom of the sea. The greater part of these strata being porous and permeable by water, whilst beds of clay are impervious to that fluid, the residuary portions of rain-water (which are not disposed of by floods, or by evaporation, or by entering the bodies of animals or vegetables) are absorbed into the fissures and small interstices of the permeable strata, where they form subterraneous sheets or reservoirs of water for the sustentation of springs and rivers. About two thirds of the habitable portions of the earth consist of stratified rocks, and the other third part of unstratified and crystalline rocks, such as granite, porphyry, lava, and other rocks of igneous origin. These also contain water in the countless cracks and interstices of their lower regions, and are intersected by innumerable fissures, which collect and transmit rain-water, and give origin to springs.

As persons who have no experience in such subjects may be surprised at the knowledge geologists profess to have acquired respecting the internal structure of the earth, he would endeavor to confirm the above theoretical explanation of the origin and supply of springs, by appealing to prac-

tical proofs, in the proceedings of water companies and well-diggers, and in the pounds, shillings, and pence, in the ledgers of manufacturers. In November, 1840, notice was given of an application to be made to Parliament to obtain a new supply of water for London, from wells and water-works to be made at Watford, in the chalk. A company had been proposed to effect this object, which would, probably, have been carried, had not Mr. Clutterbuck demonstrated, by a long-continued series of measurements of the water in the chalk hills of Hertsfordshire, near Watford, that every drop of water taken from that neighborhood would have been abstracted from the summer and autumn supplies of the river Colne, and would have robbed the proprietors of more than thirty mills upon this river and its tributaries, and the owners of the adjacent water-meadows, of rights which they had inherited from time immemorial. One intelligent manufacturer of paper, Mr. Dickenson, who now supplies the paper for stamped letter-covers, and whose mills were on one of the tributaries of the Colne, had during many years, found arithmetical evidence that the quantity of summer water in that river varied with the quantity of rain in the preceding winter. He could always tell in the end of February or March how much water there would be in these rivers in the following eight or nine months, and he regulated the contracts he made in every spring for paper to be delivered in the summer and autumn by the quantity of water in his winter rain-gauge. This rain-gauge, the invention of Dalton, being buried three feet below the surface, showed that, except in December, January, and February, rain-water rarely descends more than three feet below the soil, so as to add anything to the supply that sinks into the earth to issue during summer, and form springs and rivers; and whenever Mr. Dickenson found, by this instrument, that but little rain had fallen in the three months of winter, he proportionally limited his contracts for the following summer and autumn; thus proving the *practical* advantage of inductions from philosophy, and showing that paper-making was dependent on meteorology, on hydrostatics, and on geology. In Germany, Mr. Bruckman of Heilbronn, published, in 1835, an octavo volume on the Artesian wells in the valley of the Neckar, from which it appeared that there were manufactures in Wurtemberg, near Canstadt, where the mills were kept in work during the severest cold of winter, by means of the warm water from Artesian wells, which overflowed into the mill-ponds, and prevented them from freezing. And at Heilbronn, also, there were persons who saved the expense of fuel by conducting Artesian warm water in pipes through their houses and greenhouses. In France, M. Héricart de Thury, a distinguished engineer, and president of the Royal Agricultural Society in France, has published a most interesting history of the Artesian wells in that country, all in theoretical accordance with the wells in Wurtemberg and England. Let those who doubt go to Grenelle, and see the majestic column of warm water from that philosophically predicted fountain, rising thirty feet above the surface, at the exact temperature foretold by Arago, and learn the correctness and value of practical deductions from geology, applied to the useful purposes of life.

The learned professor then explained the principles of hydrostatic pressure that are involved in the theory of the rise of water in common springs,

and in Artesian and other wells, which he exemplified by reference to maps and diagrams representing sections of the London basin. In this and other geological basins, the position of a water-logged porous bed between two beds of clay may be illustrated by a tea-saucer placed within another tea-saucer, and having the narrow space between them filled with sand and water; if a hole were drilled through the bottom of the upper saucer, and a quill or small pipe fixed vertically in the hole, water would rise in this pipe to the level at which it stands within the margin of the lower saucer, its rise being caused by the same hydrostatic pressure that raised the water in the well on Southampton Common from the vast subterranean sheets of this fluid which exist in the fissured chalk-beds of the Hampshire basin, as they do also in the chalk under the basin of London. The rain that falls on the uncovered chalk within the area of these basins descends, by countless crevices, into the lower regions of the chalk strata to a level, where they are permanently charged with water throughout all their interstices and fissures, as the water charges the interspace between the two saucers just mentioned; and wherever a hole is bored, or a well sunk, into these water-bearing beds, through the impermeable strata that lie over them, the water will rise to the level of the lowest natural outlet or spring that gives vent to the overflows of the sheet of water thus penetrated. As the streamlet that flows over the lower lip of the margin of a common pond prevents the further rise of water in that pond, so the springs that issue from chalk, and from all other water-bearing strata, prevent the permanent rise of subterranean water within the crevices of these strata much above the level of their respective springs.

The surface-line of any subterranean sheet of water may be ascertained by measuring a series of wells at distant intervals along the dip of the stratum under examination; and this subterranean water-surface is usually found to be at its greatest height at the end of the rainy months of winter, and lowest at the end of the rainy months of autumn. In the village of Hursley, the water, after very rainy seasons, overflows from the wells of nearly every cottage; in the end of autumn, their water is usually more than forty feet below the surface. Observations by Mr. Fowlie, the intelligent steward of Sir W. Heathcote, had discovered a sympathy between these village wells and three which have been sunk at a higher level in the park and farm-yard; and a similar sympathy may, ere long, be found between the Hursley wells and the deep well upon Southampton Common. The water they now extracted from the latter well was probably supplied by rain that sunk into the chalk in distant parts of the country; springs of fresh water often rose even from fissures at the bottom of the sea, and one near Chittagong was 100 miles distant from any land. M. Arago, speaking of the water in the well at Grenelle, near Paris, says it may come 40, 80, or 180 miles under ground to supply that well. An Artesian well at Tours rose with a jet that sustained in the air a cannon ball; the same jet has brought up a great quantity of seeds; and the nearest place at which these seeds could have entered the stratum below the chalk to come that distance under ground was thirty or forty miles off. There were two *swallow holes* at Hursley, where, at certain seasons of flood, the water is swallowed or engulfed into the chalk, and may carry down seeds with it, and it

was not impossible that such seeds might one day rise in the well at Southampton Common.

Districts composed of chalk were, beyond all others, exempt from inundations, and absorbed unusual quantities of rain-water. Those persons who had seen Stockbridge may have remarked that many of the bridges were so low that even the ducks lower their heads as they swim under them. The bridges are low also at Salisbury and Winchester, because the chalk in their neighborhood absorbs great part of that rain-water which causes floods upon less absorbent strata. A rare exception to this rule occurred three or four years ago, at the village of Shrewton, on Salisbury Plain, in a severe winter, when the surface of the chalk was sealed up with ice. Nearly all the houses in this village were washed away by a flood, produced by the melting of snow, at a time when the ground, being frozen, could not, as it usually does, admit the water to the absorbing crevices of the chalk.

He would now call attention to the large and important spring, called Pole's Hole, which issues permanently, in quantity sufficient to turn a mill, at Otterbourne, distant about seven miles hence, between Southampton and Winchester. In this spring we have the nearest large natural vent, or outlet, which regulates the level of the subterranean waters of the chalk in that part of Hants. The level of this vent may, therefore, affect that of the water which rises in the well on Southampton Common; for if this water comes from the same bed of chalk that supplies the spring, or vent, at Otterbourne, it can rise to no great height above the level of this vent when the water is lowest, nor above the level of the wells at Hursley when the water is highest.* The capacity for transmitting water differs in different beds of the great chalk formation; some beds are fragmentary and incoherent, and through these the water passes rapidly; other beds are so continuous and solid, that little or no water can percolate them. In the boring at Grenelle, they found no useful water in the chalk, nor until they had gone down a considerable depth in the sandy and argillaceous beds of the green-sand formation below it; the lower chalk beds on Southampton Common may be equally destitute of water, and a continuation of the present borings many hundred feet more through the lowest chalk, into the green-sand formation, may possibly produce a jet like those from the same green-sand at Paris and at Tours; but perchance it may fail to increase materially the quantity of water that is already found, and which, if the facts that are said to be now observed in pumping from the present supply be correct, is sufficient to yield more than 40,000 gallons a-day. In 1842 a well had been sunk at Brighton in chalk, which, though but 97 feet deep, gave, by pumping with steam, 700 gallons of water per minute, and

* The water in the well on Southampton Common is said to rise at the present time (August 1844,) to within 41 feet 7 inches of the surface. Should this level be much above that of the vent at Otterbourne, some water must either enter the well from the tertiary strata above the chalk, or enter the bore hole from fissured beds of chalk lower than that which has its lowest vent at Otterbourne; and such water-bearing lower beds must be separated from that which has this vent at Otterbourne, by intermediate beds of solid and impermeable chalk. All these beds must also be exempt from any of those great transverse fractures called faults or slips, which whenever they occur below the level of the vent of subterranean sheets of water, may form channels of communication between the water in upper and lower porous beds that have an impermeable stratum between them.

347,000 gallons in 24 hours. At 80 feet, they cut into a water-bearing bed of chalk, full of fissures, from which the water gushed out abundantly. In this fissured stratum they made four horizontal galleries or adits, all of them intersecting so many small fissures or crevices, loaded with water, that further progress was soon impeded. The water in this fissured stratum was descending from the chalk hills of the South-Downs into the sea, which it enters by numerous springs along the shore near Brighton. In two of Sir W. Heathcote's wells at Hursley, the lowest bed of chalk was dry, and the water was obtained by making horizontal adits in a weeping fissured bed, a few feet above the bottom of each well. Had the downward digging on Southampton Common been stopped when the well arrived at the first bed of chalk that gave signs of water, and had lateral galleries been driven into that bed, these might have possibly yielded a sufficient supply without boring to the present depth; but in such case the water would not have risen to the surface, so as to form an overflowing Artesian well. The further continuation of the present deep borings may, by possibility, intersect a fault, or large fissure, abounding in water, but it is much more probable it would not do so; and as it is impossible to drive out horizontal galleries from a bore hole, it might have been prudent to have driven them from that part of the well where the chalk first yielded the smallest streamlets of water.

Mr. Clutterbuck had ascertained that a sympathy exists between deep wells more than a mile distant from each other in London. Every long-continued pumping in the well at Reid's brewery, in Liquorpond Street, was felt in the well of the New River Water Company, in the Hampstead Road, more than one mile from the brewery; and as the number of deep wells is continually increasing, each of which lowers the level of those next adjacent to it, the general level to which water will now rise under London has been reduced many feet below that at which it stood in the first made well. Mr. Clutterbuck had further observed that the surface line of subterranean sheets of water was not horizontal, like the surface of a lake, but inclined at a rate varying from fourteen to twenty feet per mile, in consequence of friction caused by the particles of the strata through which those sheets of rain-water descended with retarded motion to be discharged by springs. This inclination of the subterranean water line in the chalk of Hertfordshire had been found by Mr. Clutterbuck to be nearly at the rate of twenty feet per mile in the chalk between Sir John Sebright's park at Beechwood and the town of Watford, and fourteen feet per mile in the chalk under tertiary strata in some parts of the basin of London. The engineers of the Southampton railway had found a similar fall of about sixteen or seventeen feet per mile in the wells at the railway stations between Basingstoke and Southampton.

He would now congratulate this town on the recently discovered evidence of another valuable source of water, of great importance to its inhabitants. A true Artesian well, overflowing from a depth of 220 feet, had just been completed at the railway station. The water overflows from this well, at the rate of ten gallons per minute, at five feet above the surface; at the depth of 100 feet it supplied to the pumps forty-eight gallons per minute; and it is probable, that wherever they

might bore to the same depth under any house or street in the town, water would rise to nearly the same height as that to which it rises at the railway station. This water comes from a sandy stratum in the tertiary formations that overlie the chalk, which forms the foundation of the geological basin in which Southampton stands.

In conclusion, Dr. Buckland alluded to the many admirable contrivances by which the Creator has adapted both the waters and the land to supply the wants of all organized beings He has placed upon this beautiful world. The whole of what is now dry land had been upraised by the agency of earthquakes and volcanic forces from the bottom of the sea; and the entire surface of the globe has been rent by millions of fractures and fissures, destined to serve an important purpose, as reservoirs and conduits, for pouring everlasting supplies of water into the springs and rivers that run among the hills. Amidst apparent confusion, science finds method and order; from seemingly discordant and perturbate elements, she extracts evidences of concord and harmony, and benevolent design, teaching lessons of gratitude to the Almighty Author of every natural good, the Giver of every moral benefit and religious blessing.

From the Edinburgh Philosophical Journal.

Notice of Guano, from the Yorkshire Coast, and from the North Coast of Scotland. By JOHN DAVY, M.D., F.R.S. Lond. and Edin. Communicated by the Author.

THE term guano seems likely to become a generic one, to designate all manures composed of the excrements of birds: it is thus already used in many parts of England and Scotland.

Although, from the nature of our climate, it cannot be expected that the home-guano can be equal in efficacy to the Peruvian and African, yet considering that a considerable portion of the excrement of birds is very slightly, or not at all, soluble in water—and further, that it is a question whether the fixed and insoluble phosphates do not perform the most important part in promoting the growth of those plants into the composition of which they enter—there is sufficient reason that the home kind should not only not be neglected, but that attention should be specially directed to it.

With this persuasion, I purpose briefly to give an account of two portions of guano which I have lately received; for one of which I am indebted to Mr. Hodgson, of Ayton Lodge, near Scarborough; and for the other to my friend Professor Jameson: the former collected on the Yorkshire coast; the latter brought from the Skerries in the Pentland Firth, procured by Robert Stephenson, Esq., civil engineer, and manager of the Lighthouses of Scotland and the Isles.

The Yorkshire guano, Mr. Hodgson informs me, is the excrement of wild pigeons, which, in large numbers, frequent and breed in the limestone cliffs of Scarborough Head. About forty tons of it are collected annually, by men who follow the difficult and dangerous occupation of gathering eggs, and who, for that purpose, let each other down, by means of a "gin" or windlass, from the margin of the cliff, varying there in height from 50 to 200 feet. It is purchased by the farmers in the neighborhood, at the rate of 1s. per bushel, or about 2s. 6d. per cwt.; and has been used, from

time immemorial, as a manure for grain crops, in proportion of about six cwt. per acre, and with such effect, that it is held in great estimation for its fertilizing power.

It is of a light brown color—a mixture of fine powder, bits of straw and chaff, and a little sand and gravel. It has a peculiar smell, but not ammoniacal till moistened and mixed with lime, when it emits this odor distinctly. From a coarse analysis of it which I have made, it appears to consist of—

- 10 Saline matter, soluble in water, in which the muriatic, sulphuric, and nitric acids were detected, with lime, potash, ammonia, and Magnesia.
- 24 Organic matter, chiefly vegetable destructible by fire, not soluble in water.
- 60 Matter not destructible by fire, of which 21 were soluble in muriatic acid, consisting chiefly of phosphate of lime, with a little carbonate of lime and magnesia; and 39 were insoluble, composed principally of siliceous sand and gravel.
- 6 Hygrometric or adhering moisture.

100

This composition of Yorkshire guano accounts, in a satisfactory manner, for its fertilizing effect, especially when applied to grain crops.

It may appear singular, that, whilst mention is made of nitric acid and soluble salts, as present in this guano, no notice is taken of lithic acid, of which, in combination with ammonia, as is well known, the urinary portion of the excrement of birds chiefly consists. It was sought for, but in vain; or, at farthest, only an obscure trace of it could be detected. This is not difficult of explanation, remembering that the lithate of ammonia is soluble in water, and that the guano examined had been exposed to the action of rain. In another specimen, collected, at my desire, from parts of the cliff protected from the weather, and for which, also, I am indebted to Mr. Hodgson, I found a considerable quantity of lithate of ammonia.

The nitric acid present—probably in combination with lime—it may be conjectured, was derived with the soluble salts, from an overhanging surface of limestone rock, and was either scraped off in gathering the excrement, or was washed down by the dropping of water, and absorbed and retained by the guano, supposing a period of dry weather to have preceded its collection.

It is worthy of remark, that both the Peruvian and African guano, although abounding in nitrogenous compounds, are destitute of nitric acid. This circumstance is strongly corroborative of the theory of the formation of nitre, in which carbonate of lime is held to be essential to the production of the acid, by exerting a certain influence in uniting its gaseous elements.

The guano from the Pentland Firth was in firm lumps, of a dirty brown color, some of them speckled with white. It had a peculiar smell, not unlike that of sea-weed, and unmixed with any ammoniacal odor, till after having been triturated moistened with lime, when it gave off a pretty strong smell of ammonia, overpowering the odor first perceived. Broken up, after soaking in water, when it offered no resistance, and carefully examined with the microscope, it was found to consist chiefly of minute fragments of sea-shells and of sea-weed, with which were intermixed a fine granular matter, and particles of siliceous sand—leading

to the inference that it was derived from birds that feed mostly on sea-weed, and on the smaller molusca common amongst sea-weed. According to the information with which I have been favored by Professor Jameson, the birds inhabiting the Skerries are “cormorants, and a few gulls and martins.” From a rough analysis, it appears to consist of about—

- 4 Matter soluble in water, chiefly muriate of ammonia, nitrate and sulphate of lime, with a trace of common salt.
- 28 Matter destructible by fire, a mixture of vegetable and animal matter, nearly insoluble in water.
- 60 Matter not destructible by fire, consisting of 30.6 carbonate and phosphate of lime, with a trace of magnesia, and a little sulphate of lime, and 29.4 siliceous sand.
- 8 Hygrometric water, or adhering moisture.

100

Considering the proportion of carbonate and phosphate of lime which this guano contains, as well as the saline matter soluble in water, and the organic matter destructible by fire, and capable of yielding carbonic acid during its slow decomposition, it may be pronounced to be of some value as a manure, and deserving of being collected. And recurring to a preceding remark, I would lay the more stress on the value of manure of this kind, deprived of the greater part of its salts, and especially of its ammoniacal salts, by the action of rain, the earthy phosphates remaining, which water is incapable of dissolving,—seeing that a notion, far from correct, is commonly entertained, that guano, after exposure to rain, is rendered useless. Thus, in a letter from Ichaboe, recently published in the *Leeds Mercury*, descriptive of that remarkable islet, the writer of it (Mr. J. Lees) after expressing his apprehension that the great deposits of guano will soon be exhausted, and that no new ones will be discovered, as he supposes that they must be limited to rainless climates, adds—“That many thousands of tons of guano, after having been taken in. [shipped,] were cast away, when it was discovered that the rains had caused its fermentation, and destroyed its properties.” This is an opinion not less erroneous than one lately announced at a great agricultural meeting, that the effect of guano, as a manure, must be fugitive—depending on its volatile ammoniacal ingredients,—overlooking the non-volatile ammoniacal salts which it contains in large proportions, as well as the insoluble phosphates.

Considering, as has been already observed, these phosphates as not the least important of the ingredients of guano, the excrements of birds, wherever they have been accumulated, whether abounding in nitrogenous compounds, as in dry climates, or in the insoluble phosphates, as in rainy climates, must be valuable to the agriculturist, and are likely to repay the enterprising merchant who may import them. In the arctic and antarctic regions of the ocean, and those bordering on them, as birds, feeding on fish, there abound, it is probable that great stores of guano of the latter kind are laid up in accessible situations, and which may furnish cargoes to our whalers and partly remunerate them when unsuccessful in their fishing enterprise. And, nearer home, as in Iceland, the Feroe Islands, and St. Kilda, it is likely much useful guano might be collected, were the inhabitants, who depend chiefly for their support on the feath-

ered race to collect the excrement at the same time that they take the birds or their eggs.

The same view may be even farther extended. As the excrements of birds, without exception, when first voided, are rich in ammoniacal compounds, and contain more or less phosphate of lime, birds, generally, must be admitted to be fertilizers—the effect being in proportion to their numbers,—in the instance of the solitary bird not perceptible, but in that of gregarious birds, especially in their roosting-places, very manifest. I have examined the soil under rookeries, and have detected in it ammonia and phosphate of lime. And as, under old rookeries, there must be an accumulation of the insoluble salts derived from the excrements of these birds, it hardly allows of question, that it will be advantageous to collect the soil so impregnated, from time to time, at proper intervals, and to employ it as a manure, restoring in this form to the fields a great part of what was taken from them by these useful birds, in the shape of worms and grubs. It is a pleasing circumstance in the economy of nature, that the sheltering shrub or tree, and the sheltered bird, benefit each other; that the excrementitious matter of the one, which, to the incurious and uninformed, may appear offensive, and a pollution, is perfectly fitted to contribute to the growth of the plant, and its beauty. In harmony with this, is another fact, one which I have lately ascertained, *viz.*, that where there is no rain, and, consequently, where there can be no vegetation, there the lithate of ammonia, constituting the greater proportion of the urine of birds, is converted, by the action of the sun's rays, into a non-volatile but soluble salt, the perdurable oxalate of ammonia—one of the principal ingredients of the great depôts of American and African guano—instances of the most concentrated manure, hoarded in absolutely desert wastes, forming a genuine sinking fund for the agriculture of a country such as ours, wasteful of its natural manures.

The Oaks, Ambleside, August 31, 1844.

We are informed by our friend David Stephenson, Esq., Civil Engineer, that the deposit of guano on the Little Pentland Skerries, as mentioned by Dr. Davy, is about 30 yards in length, 20 yards in breadth, and one foot in thickness; and that the amount of this manure on that spot alone is, therefore, probably about 200 yards, or about the same number of tons. We would recommend the proprietors of the coasts and islands of the north of Scotland to direct their attention to this subject.—*EDITOR.*

LONDON SMOKE AT SEA.

EXTRACT FROM A LETTER FROM REV. GEORGE B. WARREN, TO DR. DAVY, RELATIVE TO A SOOTY DEPOSIT ON THE SURFACE OF THE SEA, OFF THE COAST OF DEVON.

YOUR paper in Jameson's Edinburgh Philosophical Journal on the carbonaceous deposit on the lakes of Westmoreland, recalls to my recollection a similar phenomenon which I have noticed on the sea off the coast of Devon. During a residence of five years at Sidmouth, I generally remarked, that after a calm of two or three days, the surface was covered with a deposit which had the appearance of very fine powder intermixed with soot. I at first thought it must have been occasioned by the dust and smoke from the town, but finding it equally diffused over a space of eight or ten miles, and at some distance from the shore, (indeed there

was every reason to suppose that it extended many miles in every direction,) I was obliged to look to some other quarter for the cause of so singular an appearance. The absence of all large towns or manufactories in this part of England, induced me to suppose that the matter which so extensively covered the water, must have been conveyed by the winds from the smoke of London, and this opinion was strengthened by the fact, that on every occasion when I had noticed the phenomenon in question, the wind had for some days been blowing from the east. About three years since, I observed a magnificent water-sprout cross from Torbay to the immediate neighborhood of Sidmouth, and being very near the spot where it struck the land, I was enabled to observe that the column of fine spray raised by the vortex, reached fully the height of seven hundred feet, being at least an hundred feet above the top of the cliff. The column was travelling at the time a little north of east, and as the newspapers announced the fall of some small fish in a heavy shower of rain about half an hour afterwards in the streets of Salisbury, they were, no doubt, the small fry swept up with the surface water, and which were kept suspended in the air as long as the vortex lasted. It cannot, therefore, be inconsistent with probability to suppose, that the smoke of London may be conveyed to the coast of Devon by the east wind, and deposited on the sea as soon as the quiet state of the air should allow it to subside.

G. B. WARREN.

SCIENTIFIC INTELLIGENCE.

DEPRESSION OF THE CASPIAN.—The President of the Geographical Society of London, in June last, read the note of a Russian operation for determining the actual depression of the Caspian Sea below the level of the Mediterranean—which operation had been reduced by the eminent astronomer, M. Struve, then in England, and communicated by that gentleman to him. A few years ago it was generally believed that the waters of the Caspian were at least 300 *feet* below the level of those of the Black Sea and Mediterranean. This view was adopted in consequence of a series of barometrical observations; but it having been found that, from the great number of stations across the land separating the Caspian from the sea of Azoff, small errors had become greatly magnified, a new survey was made. Three able mathematicians, Messrs. Fuss, Savitch, and Sabler, were, therefore, employed to make independent trigonometrical levellings; and their observations agreeing to within a foot or two, give, for the mean result, 83.6 *English feet* as the depression, the possible error being limited to 1.3 foot, which definitely settles this long pending geographical question.

THE CALLING OF THE SEA.—As the foreknowledge of approaching changes in the weather is of importance, especially to fishermen and agriculturists, I invite attention to a very common, but not generally known, indication of such changes.

In Mount's Bay, and probably in all places similarly situated, there is often heard inland, at a distance from the shore, a peculiar hollow, murmuring sound, locally termed “the calling of the sea,” which, if proceeding from a direction different from the wind at the time, is almost always followed by a change of wind, generally within

twelve, but sometimes not until a lapse of twenty-four, or even thirty hours. It is heard sometimes at a distance of several miles, although on the shore from which it proceeds, the sea may not be louder than usual; and yet at other times, even when the sea on the shore is louder than usual, and in apparently equally favorable states of the atmosphere, it cannot be heard at the distance of a mile. When the sound, in fine weather, proceeds from the coves or cliffs on the west or south of the observer, it is followed by a wind from about west or south, accompanied generally with rain. When it comes from the east or north of the observer, a land wind from about east or north succeeds, attended with fine weather in summer, and often with frost in winter. All my own observations during the last twelve months, confirm the above statement, indeed, none of those of whom I have inquired, and who have for many years been accustomed to observe these indications, can recollect a single instance of their failure. This sound must not be confounded with that arising from a "ground sea," which is the well known agitation along the shore, occasioned by a distant storm, and which may likewise often proceed from the direction subsequently taken by the wind, for this latter noise propagates itself in every direction, and chiefly in that of the wind; whereas the "calling" is heard only from one direction, and usually contrary to the wind. Besides, if this "calling" come from the north-eastern, or inmost shore, of the bay, and the wind afterwards change to that quarter, it could not possibly arise from a "ground sea" produced by a distant storm from that direction.

Hence it appears that the "calling" of the sea depends not on the condition of the sea, but on that of the atmosphere. I am informed, too, that previously to a change of weather, all distant sounds are heard loudest in the direction which the wind subsequently takes. The fishermen of Port-leven, who are very observant of all signs of atmospherical changes, are particularly attentive to this. They also notice the motion of the clouds, and observe whether these are moving or not in the direction of the vanes—one very singular and sure sign which they have, that the wind will change in the course of the day to the south-west, is a morning fog flowing from the Loo-pool into the bay towards that point. These last indications may possibly assist in ascertaining the cause of the "calling of the sea."—RICHARD EDMUNDS, Esq. *Eleventh Annual Report of the Royal Polytechnic Society of Cornwall.*

A RECENTLY DISCOVERED BED OF DIAMONDS IN MEXICO.—According to the report of an expert geologist, Von-Gerold, diamonds have been discovered in the great Mexican mountain range, in the *Sierra Madre*, in the direction of Acapulco, (to the S.W. of the city of Mexico.) Humboldt had conjectured that diamonds and platina occurred further to the N.W. in the gold washery of Sonora. It is also said that immense tracts of auriferous alluvium occur in Upper California, as also in New Mexico. They are principally in the possession of wild tribes, a circumstance which will accelerate the intrusion of the North Americans, and hasten the taking possession of them by strangers.*

THE COLORING MATTER OF FLINT, CARNELIAN, AND AMETHYST.—It appears from the experiments

of W. Heintz, as stated in Poggendorff's *Annalen*, vol. 60, stück. iv., p. 527, that flint is colored by organic matter: but this is not the case with carnelian and amethyst. The carnelian appears to be colored by iron in the state of oxide; amethyst by iron in the state of acid—the ferric acid.

PERICLASE, A NEW MINERAL.—M. Seacchi, Professor of Mineralogy at Naples, has communicated to the *Annales des Mines*, through his friend, M. Damour, a description of a mineral found in the ancient lavas of Vesuvius, of a vitreous appearance, obscure green color, and confused crystallization, imbedded in a calcareous matrix, like the gehlenite of Fassa. It cleaves readily in three directions parallel to the faces of a cube, whence it derives its name, Periclase. It crystallizes in regular octahedrons; is infusible before the blow-pipe. The powder is entirely soluble in acids. Hardness equal to felspar. Specific gravity 3.75. It is composed of magnesia and a little oxide of iron. Its composition in 100 parts, is

	First Analysis.	Second Analysis.
Magnesia, . . .	92.57	91.18
Oxide of iron, . .	6.91	6.30
Insoluble matter, .	.86	2.10
	100.34	99.58

—*Ann. des Mines*, 4th Series, vol. iii., p. 369.

ON THE HYENA.—The traveller, Ignatius Pallme, in his travels in Kordofan, vindicates the hyena from the charge of ferocity and cruelty, usually brought against it by writers of Natural History, most of whom assert that the animal is untamable. He says:—

"In the court of a house at Lobeid I saw a hyena running about quite domesticated. The children of the proprietor teased it, took the mutton thrown to it for food out of its jaws, and put their hands even into its throat, without receiving the least injury. When we took our meals in the open air, to enjoy the breeze, as was our general custom during the hot season, this animal approached the table without fear, snapped up the pieces that were thrown to it, like a dog, and did not evince the slightest symptom of timidity. A full-grown hyena and her two cubs were, on another occasion, brought to me for sale; the latter were carried in the arms, as you might carry a lamb, and were not even muzzled. The old one, it is true, had a rope round its snout, but it had been led a distance of twelve miles by one single man without having offered the slightest resistance. The Africans do not even reckon the hyena among the wild beasts of their country, for they are not afraid of it."

THE LEVIATHAN TELESCOPE.—Sir James South writes—"The Leviathan telescope, on which the Earl of Rosse has been toiling in his demesne at Parsonstown now upwards of two years, although not absolutely finished, was on Wednesday last directed for the first time to the sidereal heavens. The letter which I have this morning received from its noble maker, in his usual unassuming style, merely states, that the metal, only just polished, was of a pretty good figure, and that with a power of 500, the nebula known as No. 2 of Messier's catalogue was even more magnificent than the nebula No. 13 of Messier, when seen with his lordship's telescope of 3 feet diameter and 27 feet focus. Cloudy weather prevented him turning the Leviathan on any other nebulous object.

* Poggendorff's *Annalen*, vol. 62, p. 233.

Thus, then, we have, thank God, all danger of the metal breaking before it could be polished overcome. I look forward with intense anxiety to witness its first severe trial, when all its various appointments shall be completed, in the confidence that those who may then be present will see with it, what man has never seen before. The diameter of the large metal is 6 feet, and its focus 54 feet. Yet the immense mass is manageable by one man. Compared with it, the working telescopes of Sir William Herschel, which in his hands conferred on astronomy such inestimable service, and on himself astronomical immortality, were but playthings."

NEW LIFEBOAT.—A new and extraordinary lifeboat is being built upon the diagonal principle by the Patent Kamptullicon and Flooring Company, near Waterloo bridge, the planks of which are composed of India rubber and ground cork. Its specific gravity is stated to be two-thirds lighter than oak, and from which it is believed the boat is incapable of being bilged or sunk. Her length is thirty-four feet, and breadth eleven feet; is copper-fastened, and pulls twelve oars; has two lug sails, and steers with either rudder or oar. The Belgian government has directed three to be built for that coast.

THE MOA, or Gigantic Bird of New Zealand.—In relation to this extraordinary creature, of which several species have been determined by Professor Owen from the bones sent from New Zealand to Dr. Buckland, Professor Hitchcock (of Massachusetts) suggests, that the enormously large birds' nests discovered by Captains Cook and Flinders, on the coasts of New Holland, may have belonged to this gigantic biped. Capt. Cook's notice of these colossal nests, is as follows. "At two in the afternoon, there being no hope of clear weather, we set out from Lizard Island (on the N. E. coast of New Holland, and in about 15° S. lat.) to return to the ship, and in our way landed upon the low sandy island with trees upon it, which we had remarked in our going out. Upon this island we saw an incredible number of birds, chiefly sea-fowl, which we killed; and the nest of some other bird, we knew not what, of a most enormous size. It was built with sticks upon the ground, and was no less than 26 feet in circumference, and 32 inches high." Capt. Flinders found two similar nests on the south coast of New Holland, in King George's Bay. "They were built on the ground, from which they rose above two feet, and were of vast circumference and great interior capacity; the branches of trees and other materials of which each nest was composed, being enough to fill a cart." We have no known bird but the *Moa* that would require so enormous a nest; and it therefore appears possible, that if these gigantic birds are extinct in New Zealand, still they may be at the present time inhabitants of the warmer climate of New Holland. At all events the facts above stated are too remarkable not to be worthy the attention of naturalists who may visit New Holland. In connection with this statement, it may be well to mention that the gigantic birds' tracks on the new red sandstone of Connecticut, indicate that at a very remote period, species equally colossal existed; and we may add, that there has very recently been placed in the Gallery of Organic Remains in the British Museum, two large slabs with the imprints of numerous birds' tracks, obtained through the agency of Dr. Mantell, from

Dr. Deane, of Massachusetts, by whom they were discovered in a quarry near Turner's Falls. These specimens are the finest examples of these extraordinary "footsteps on the sands of Time," hitherto observed.

MISCELLANY.

MONDAY morning the East and West Indian and American mails all reached London *via* the Southampton railway. The number of letters issued for delivery was unprecedented; the number issued was upwards of 285,000.

CHRISTIAN CONVERTS.—The concessions made to the English and French ambassadors by the Porte, relative to Mussulmen becoming Christians, has not been without its effect. A young Greek, who embraced the faith of Mahomet, after some time thought proper lately to alter his opinions, and became once more a Christian. He was immediately thrown into prison, but the Turkish government immediately ordered his release, and informed the Caid that a renegade might return to Christianity without incurring any punishment.

The Complete Angler, or the Contemplative Man's Recreation, of Izaak Walton and Charles Cotton. Edited by John Major. Fourth edition, illustrated.

MR. MAJOR's illustrated edition of Walton's *Angler* is one of the most popular of the many reprints of that favorite book, on account of the number and beauty of its illustrations, and the congenial spirit which the editor brings to his task.

The present edition is embellished with so many fresh illustrations, that in this respect it is almost a new work. Creswick, with his fine sense of the tranquil beauty of rural seclusion, has scattered through its pages some charming little bits of picturesque scenery on the Lea—shady nooks by the stream overhung with trees, disclosing a church-spire topping a rustic mill, or a quiet glimpse of the meads, that he has drawn on the wood with a painter's pencil. The fish are exquisitely cut on the wood by John and Mason Jackson: they have the force and color of pictures. But the most striking feature of this edition is the new set of nine designs by John Absolon, engraved by Willmore; they have the graceful ease of Stothard; and the chaste simplicity and quietude of the artist's style are in accordance with the sentiment of the book.

THE PROTEOSCOPE AND PHYSIOSCOPE.—These are the titles of two ingenious adaptations of the powers of the opaque microscope, that vary the optical illusions exhibited in the theatre of the Polytechnic Institution. The Proteoscope, which is the newest, consists of highly-magnified paintings of heads, illustrative of Collins' Ode to the Passions; the exhibition of which is accompanied by vocal and instrumental music, but this, though perhaps more popular, is far inferior in interest and novelty to the Physioscope, which represents the head of a living person magnified to such a colossal size that the proportions of the fabled Brobdingnag race are attained by the living and moving image reflected on the disc. It was startling to see the darkness of the theatre suddenly illuminated by the radiant apparition of a benevolent and facetious physiognomy, that, judging from its size, must have belonged to an elderly gentleman of some sixty feet high! The stupendous visage winked its enor-

mous eye, opened its capacious mouth—which was big enough to swallow an attendant whose head was lifted up to its vast jaws—drank off a crystal pail full of water, and, after reconnoitring the company through an eye-glass as big as a coach-wheel, bowed benignantly a head of Jovian dimensions, and vanished, to the wonder and delight of the spectators. Some wishes were expressed to see a female head—a Juno to match the Jupiter: and so great an addition to the attractions of the physi-scope would not fail to be popular.

Apart from the amusement created by this philosophical toy, the phenomena of light and shade as exhibited on the head and face are well worth the attention of painters. This amplified exemplification of the delicate gradations of light on a head, from the point of highest illumination to that of deepest shade, demonstrates the necessity of preserving these gradations in a painting, in order to produce the appearances of rotundity and animation, and preserve breadth of effect. The pictured head of the proteoscope looked flat and insubstantial.

THE proposed sale of Voltaire's château of Ferney, seems to have given a fresh stimulus to the curiosity of tourists,—as if under the apprehension that a new proprietor may obliterate the traces of the philosopher, or shut them up from the public. Visitors of all nations, it is said, throng the gates. We learn, from Switzerland, that, while M. Bravais and his companions were making their attempts upon Mount Blanc, another giant Alp, the Wetterhorn, 11,445 feet in height, has been ascended, for the first time, by MM. Desor, Dolfus, and Strengel.

HINT FOR DISHONEST COUNTRIES.—It is very commonly rumored in the city that it is the intention of government to exclude from the court and from the ministerial parties all the foreign ministers or chargés d'affaires, whose governments have not faithfully fulfilled their engagements with their creditors in this country. Such a proceeding as this would create great satisfaction! The more reasonable among the creditors of foreign governments are perfectly aware that our own government cannot adopt forcible measures to urge the completion of a private contract, but such a plan as this, which plainly draws a distinction between honest and dishonest states, seems perfectly practicable, and no more than just. A similar spirit, if report may be trusted, has extended to some of the clubs, who have, it is said, made citizenship in a "repudiating" state a sufficient reason for refusing the admission of candidates, however unexceptionable the individual character of such parties may be. In some cases, a rule like this might fall hardly on honorable and sensitive persons, but it is no bad principle in some manner to identify an individual with his government, since, if all the individuals of a dishonest country were made to feel some practical inconvenience, a reformation would follow as a matter of course. If the report be true, there is no doubt that the clubs have adopted the suggestion in the Rev. Sidney Smith's letter.

—*Times City article.*

CHIEF RABBI.—The Hebrew persuasion in London is much agitated in consequence of the approaching election to the office of Chief Rabbi of England, which is to take place in the course of the ensuing month. The reverend candidates for the office are Dr. Nathan Marcus Adler, who has been chief rabbi of Hanover since August, 1830;

Dr. Benjamin Auerbach, who has been chief rabbi of Darmstadt for ten years; Dr. Hirschfeld, who has been for a short time chief rabbi of Wolsstein; and Dr. Sampson Hirsch, who has been chief rabbi of Oldenburg since 1831, and is at present chief rabbi of East Friesland. The whole of these reverend gentlemen are celebrated on the continent in the Christian and Jewish circles for their piety and attainments, the three first being doctors of philosophy of eminent foreign Universities.

THE *Globe* reports "a singular and rare, if not unique occurrence" in the aviary at Windsor. A Dorking fowl, which had been placed with some fowls from Cochin China has laid eggs with two distinct yolks in each. Mr. Walters, the superintendent of the aviary, placed one of these double-yolked eggs, with some others, to be hatched by the hen. In due time, two chickens issued from the egg, one a cock of the pure Cochin Chinese breed, the other a hen of the Dorking type.

THE legal journals of the French capital furnish some curious particulars of the sort of association entered into for the publication of M. Thiers' *Histoire du Consulat et de l'Empire*. A partnership fund, amounting to 525,000 francs, (£21,000 sterling,) was, it seems, provided for the payment of the copyright and expenses; and the society provisionally formed, some years ago, was to receive a regular working organization, when the author should have completed his manuscript. The society now, by public act, declares, that "M. Thiers' work being in a very advanced state, the members consider it for their interest at once to begin the publication." The author has, it is said, already received 320,000 francs, on account of his work, which was to be paid at the rate of 40,000 francs, for each of the first nine volumes, the tenth and concluding volume entitling him to 140,000 francs. M. Thiers receives, then, for his copyright, 500,000 francs,—no less a sum in English money, than £20,000.

THE *Montreal Gazette* describes what is believed to be the very earliest specimen of cotton manufacture in Canada.

"It is the produce of the British North American Cotton Company, at their mills on the Richelieu, above Chambly, the erection of which has been regarded with so much interest in the province. The article is a wadding, or thick fabric of cotton, not woven, but compressed, and rather felt; and will be found of the greatest use, in this climate, in winter, for clothing and bedding, and for other purposes, in combination with woollen or other more solid fabrics. It is a very excellent article of its kind, but, we trust, is but a beginning; for very little extension of the same machinery as that employed in producing it, will convert it into a thread; and from heavy twist, the transition, by hand or power, to the manufacture of calico, is easy. This enterprise is one which deserves all encouragement. It is a healthy and natural one; availing itself of the physical advantages the country affords, and directing its surplus labor into a proper channel."

[We find the following in the *Spectator*. Perhaps it would be unconstitutional so to treat an *American* minister.]

The *Révue de Paris* states that the emperor of Morocco, alarmed at his losses, deputed Albrizi,

an Italian renegade, to negotiate a peace, under pain of being "walled up" in case of failure.

"This punishment consists in the construction of a wall, six feet high and three wide, in which the patient is placed, allowing only a small aperture of the size of his face, through which food is given to him. The unhappy sufferer, previously to expiring, remains generally during several days in that frightful position, exposed to the gaze of the crowd. This mode of punishment, peculiar to Morocco, is reserved for state criminals."

Albrizi did succeed. Why does not Lord Aberdeen try that plan with some Ashburton and a treaty to settle the Oregon question, or other dilatory affair? The Moorish punishment, by the way, is ancient, and was, at one time, used by the Mussulman race in Spain. A beautiful lady, having audaciously refused the favors of one of the Abd-er-Rahmans, he caused her to be "walled up" with silver ingots, loose; so that, repenting, she might undo her prison, and keep its precious materials.

MARTYRS.—The ranks of the "noble army of martyrs" have received numerous recruits of late years. It may be doubted whether the veterans of the corps do not look upon the new comers as having been admitted on too easy terms. Worthy gentlemen and ladies who earned the title of martyr by undergoing lengthened fasts and flagellations in lonely wildernesses, by being exposed, naked and unarmed, to wild beasts, by being flayed alive, shot to death with burning arrows, or broiled on a gridiron, must look upon our modern martyrs with a feeling like that entertained by one of "the Old Guard" towards one of "the Young Guard," who had not received the "baptême de feu." Modern martyrdom is a much more easy process. A gentleman is sequestered for some months from his usual haunts; he is relegated to an airy, comfortable apartment; allowed to walk, for certain hours, in a garden or court-yard; has his books about him; and, like Dives, "fares sumptuously every day." He receives the frequent visits of his friends, with all the delicious sense of importance, which has been known to reconcile invalids to sickness, if not too severe. And when the period of his retirement has elapsed, he issues from his place of retreat, like O'Connell, to receive the plaudits of assembled thousands, or, like Burdett, to enjoy them by proxy, in the person of John Gale Jones, with the flattering unction that by not appearing to collect them *in propria persona*, he has conducted himself magnanimously towards his persecutors. Even beatified saints may be supposed to retain enough of mortal infirmity to grudge the attainment of their blood-bought honors on such easy terms. It is all very well saying, that, with the advance of general civilization, honors, like wealth and learning, become attainable with less of toil, and that our ancestors, if true philosophers, will rejoice to see their descendants earn easily what they were sore tasked to obtain. Men who have read Adam Smith, and Ferguson, and Paley, may understand these refinements; but St. Laurence and St. Bridget had no opportunity of reading those authors in the flesh, and, it is to be hoped, they have less tedious occupations now to fill up their time. Strenuous though O'Connell's labors have been to uphold and restore "the old faith," it is odds but the martyrs of antiquity more than half begrudge him the martyr-title he has so cheaply

won; and as for heretics, like O'Connor and Burdett, the assumption of it can never be forgiven them.

HARRIET THORPE, the "Somersetshire dwarf," a woman three feet high, has attempted to poison herself, because she was deserted by another prodigy, Pat Fitzgerald, who is without hands and yet cuts watch-papers, and who was exhibited in the same show with her. At Union Hall, the dwarf was repentant; and she is to endeavor to obtain a living by needle-work, instead of exhibiting herself.

SINGULAR COMBAT.—Last week, a hawk was observed, on an inland lake on the confines of Strathglass, to make a dart at one of a brood of wild ducks. The hawk missed its intended victim, and was instantly assailed by the old duck, which flew, Tartar-like, from some weeds in the neighborhood, and, in her devotion to protect her offspring, the fond parent nearly suffered martyrdom. The savage bird instantly seized and was about to land her, when a heron in the vicinity uttered one of those screams of terror for which it is peculiar when in danger. Curiously enough, the hawk forsook his prostrate victim, and attacked the heron, and, although the duck rallied and courageously came to her assistance, the relentless assailant exacted from the poor heron the satisfaction of death, and retired with a peculiar air of triumph, not even deigning to scalp its fallen enemy.—*Ross-shire Advertiser.*

A SINGULAR TREE.—There is a tree now flourishing in a meadow at Belphe-mill, near Whitewell, in the occupation of Mr. G. Porter, of the Mill Ash, which exhibits the appearance of two trees—one above the other—on one bole or stem. The parent tree—the willow—had been from time to time headed, or topped, and the seed of the ash by some means had been deposited on the crown of it, and had taken root, and, in the course of years, made its way down the heart of the willow into the earth. This tree or trees stands at a short distance from the Duke of Portland's coach road, and about two miles from the celebrated Green-dale Oak, in Welbeck-park, and is well worth the notice of the curious passing that way.—*Derby Reporter.*

SAGACITY OF A HORSE.—The *Edinburgh Witness* relates the following instance of sagacity in this noble animal:—"On Saturday, a young child was playing in the street, at the west end of Kirkaldy, when two carts were passing under the charge of one man, he sitting in the foremost cart, and holding the other horse by the halter, a space being between the two. The child having run in before the hindmost horse, and the horse observing its perilous condition, refused to go forward; and, though repeatedly urged by its less observant driver, rather than to do so, and prove the death of the child which would have been inevitable, the horse fell down on his knees, and lay, till a young woman, who observed the perilous position of the child, rushed out of her master's house, and snatched up the child, before the driver had left his seat. The child was unhurt."

THE joint stock company for the publication of the History of the Consulate and Empire, by Thiers, advertise their terms with him—half a million of francs for ten octavos.

From the New Monthly Magazine.

AFRICA IN FRANCE; OR, THE BEARD AND THE PIPE.

FRANCE has not made a greater impression on Africa than Africa appears to have made on France. In what respects Young Algiers or Young Morocco, have as yet copied the manners and customs of their French conquerors the accounts from the other side of the Mediterranean have not informed us; but nobody can walk through the streets of Paris without observing that a revolution is in rapid progress which is only to be ascribed to an intense admiration and a diligent imitation of the vanquished by the victors:

Gracia capta ferum victorem cepit;

and, by the same law, we now see the bombarded Moors and the subjugated tribes of Barbary, imposing their *houkas* and their beards upon "La Jeune France."

The French are turning their razors into swords; they seem more disposed to slaughter others than to shave themselves. The fierce and bearded Gaul, rushing through the Palais Royal, with his cigar flaming in his mouth, denouncing peace and Guizot, reminds one of the comet in Milton, which

from its horrid hair
Shakes pestilence and war.

Once upon a time there was a "Barbier de Paris," but the race and the trade is extinct; the "occupation is gone;" the French barbers have turned tobaccoconists, and their cutlers sell only sabres. Voltaire describes his countrymen as a cross between the monkey and the tiger. Times have changed, and the generation of to-day is rather a confusion of the monkey with the goat. The heroism of the Boulevards is downright hircine. The man is an appendage of the beard, not the beard of the man, as in the old age. When a party of young Frenchmen approach one, it is like the advance of a herd of goats, or the moving of a forest,—"Birnam wood coming to Dunsinane." If Macassar has done this, mighty is Macassar. Bear's grease it can hardly be, unless Ursa Major himself has been immolated to manure the moustaches of monsieur. Imagine a city of Muntzes, or a tribe of Ellenboroughs, or a wilderness of Sibthorpes: we know no other or clearer way to give an idea of the Paris of '44. Paris was always most attractive, but its *capillary* attractions must now be enormous. If "beauty leads us by a single hair," what must manhood do with as many hairs as there are sands in the African deserts, or stars in the galaxy! Considering how natural is the love of proselytizing, it is anything but surprising that France, having bearded herself, should endeavor to beard England. It is just the reverse of the fable of the fox who *lost* his tail, for France has *got* a tail to her chin, instead of losing one, and she quarrels with shaven states.

We never remember our neighbors so irritable as they are at present. The reason is obvious; they were never so exposed to be plucked by the beard. Fortunately, it is easier just now for England to pluck France by the beard than for France to return the affront. We are still respectable and razored. Our English *downs* may be exceedingly tame beside the French *forests*—but if beards put men out of humor, is it not better to go shorn? When we did wear our beards, we wore them merrily, and preferred

wagging them at the board to wagging them in the battle-field. The French seem to be of opinion that, because knowledge is power, and wisdom strength, Solomon and Samson ought to be united; forgetting how little the "robustious locks" of the latter served him, and how he was ultimately subdued by a Lorette with a pair of scissors. A future war with France would not be fought with the gun and the sword; her foes will meet her with the razor, and instead of mowing her ranks, shave them. The only difficulty would be to find razors of sufficient power to hew down the prodigious growth of the modern Gallic chin. Should the razor prove insufficient, we must only take a hint from the Menippus in Lucian, who proposes to shave the philosophers with a hatchet!

But it is not alone in the development of the moustaches, and the vegetation of whiskers, that we see manifest signs and tokens of the Africanization of France. Which of the fine arts have the French taught the Arabs and Algerines? It is clear that the latter have immensely improved the French in the fine art of smoking. Tobacco is no longer a luxury—it has become a necessary of Parisian life. The pipe is at once a passion and a principle; the cigar has become an institution, better established, like an article in the charter.

At the altitude of thirty or forty feet and upwards from *pavé* and *trottoir*, there is not a city in Europe more free from smoke than Paris. Mount the antique towers of Notre Dame, scale the column of Napoleon, or look down upon that gay city from the heights of Montmartre, or the dome of St. Geneviève (her patron.) How clear and bright is the atmosphere; how easily you count the chimneys; how simple you think it would be to take an exact census of the very tiles! Such smoke as there is proceeding from wood-fires, is scarcely denser than the air with which it mingle. It climbs in thin transparent curls to the sky, and seems so ethereal as to have a natural right, like the incense scattered round a shrine, to go up to the gates of heaven. What a contrast to the dense and sombre cloud which the chimneys of enormous London contribute to the gross firmament that broods over England! It is the fleshy steam from solid beef and pudding compared to the vapor yielded by the omelette, or to the savory spirit of a *vol-au-vent*. It is the atmosphere of the close tavern contrasted with that of the airy and lightsome *café*—what the Blue Post is to Tortoni's—what an eating-house in the Strand is to Véry's or *Les Trois Frères*.

Gazing down upon the Parisian streets and *places* from any of the commanding positions afforded by the public monuments, or presented by nature, the spectator can hardly believe that he is surveying the metropolis of the culinary world. The chimneys give but faint evidence of the boiling of a copper, or the simmering of a stew-pan. We miss those sable volumes which testify in our island to the activity of the kitchen, and the hospitality of the house. You would suppose that the French lived upon fruits and flowers, particularly in their delicious autumn, when Flora vies with Pomona to deck their hotels and furnish their desserts—when they might actually sweep their streets with roses and chinasters, and barricade them, if need were, with peaches and grapes.

But, alack; Paris is not the smokeless city which its chimneys proclaim it; far from it; we have only to come down from the house-top and enter the house itself, to discover by two offended

senses that the lower region of her atmosphere is polluted by a more obnoxious vapor than the smoke of coal. How many cigars of Paris are equivalent to one chimney of London in the quantity of smoke issued, and the amount of public nuisance caused, let the Michael Cassios investigate; but it is certain that the cigar-smoking grievance has become a serious one in France. You have only to pass through the Palais-Royal, or take a turn on the tumultuous boulevards, to see with your eyes and smell with your nose the universal use and abuse (convertible terms!) of tobacco in all its forms. Hear the poet of the pipe himself; hear Barthelemy proclaiming that the progress of the age and of his country is not more signal in the march of steam and railways than in the march of the cigar.

Deux grands événements signaleront cette ère
Le règne du Tabac et du charbon de terre.
D'un côté l'industrie, un compas à la main,
D'un bout du monde à l'autre aplani le chemin,
Si d'abord la routine, en sa marche rétive,
Obstrua les railways de la locomotive,
Déjà la malle-poste, humble comme un fourgon,
Sollicite une place au départ du wagon.
Et les chevaux, reduts au rôle secondaire,
Elancent, par interim, vers le débarcadère.
D'un autre, le Cigare, objet d'un long mépris
Par la raison commune est à la fin compris;
Le Fumeur, si long-temps traqué par l'étiquette,
Marche d'un air qui dit : Le monde est ma conquête ;
Et libre dans son culte admire des passans,
Sur l'asphalte public lance des flots encens.
Qu'une sainte alliance entre soit formé,
Mélons à l'avenir l'une et l'autre fumée;
Le premier pas est fait, courage ! poursuivons !
Le Progrès est le Dieu du siècle où nous vivons !

This is the testimony of a poet of the day; but let any one who doubts the progress of smoking, visit Paris, and convince his own nose and eyes. He will find that these are truly *piping* times of peace for "la belle France." We have always courted her alliance, but she never promised to be so great "at a pinch" before. The Frenchman was always a taker of snuff, but never such a smoker of pipes and consumer of cigars as now. The spirit of the age is the fume of tobacco; to look into the *estaminets* one would imagine that the dark ages had come again. There is to be seen the once enlightened Frenchman, ambitious as the sun to illuminate the world, enveloped in an impenetrable cloud of narcotic vapor, propagating darkness instead of diffusing light;—the apostle of freedom and equality caring only to make converts to cigars and proselytes to the pipe! Tobacco is the true *Roi des Français!* With his coffee, his beard, and his cigar, the Parisian seems to have made the Turk his model, and conceived the idea of advancing civilization by copying Constantinople. It is to be presumed that the tobacco-leaf will immediately succeed the lily in the arms of the French nation. They would seem, indeed, to have been fighting of late under the auspices of the *smoky* weed, if we may judge from the *puffs* that record their little sieges. Seeing the prints already executed of the French ships engaged with the batteries of Tangiers and Mogador, it was impossible to avoid remarking, "Possibly it is only the Prince de Joinville and his comrades smoking." The French smoke is more formidable than the French *fire*;—we could face their carbines easier than their cigars; can it be possible that they meditate another war of propaganda, and design to tobaccoconize, as they

formerly sought to republicanize Europe? Approaching the Rhine, the cigars of Germany offer them a powerful alliance; they would have, too, the southern states of North America on their side, and the Ottomans would support them with ten thousand houkas. Perhaps the object of the attack on Morocco, (if the bombardments were not mere smoking-matches as has been already suggested) was to force the Moors into the confederacy. If not, it was probably, like many other enterprises of the kind, a struggle for a pinch of snuff!

Time was, too, when the smoker was but of one sex, when nothing smoked that wore a petticoat, but now there is the *fumeuse* as well as the *fumeur*, and the gallant and inventive nation has contrived and executed a *cigare de dames* for the lips of the female French. Now what unsexes a woman like tobacco! Tobacco grew not in Cyprus, nor is it related that Venus cultivated the weed in the parterres of Paphos. Joan of Arc was a woman, although she wielded the sword and the battle-axe, but a single cigar or a cigarette, nay, one *cigare de dames*, would have changed her gender. Let a woman do anything human or inhuman, but smoke!—if the work-box and the dressing-box are not sufficient for her, if even the box of *bon-bons* will not content her, if she must assume the habits of a man, let her put on a white coat and take to the coach-box, or a red coat and take to the letter-box, or a black coat and take to the pill-box, but there are two boxes that she must not meddle with, which are forbidden her by the nature of things, amongst the other *propria quæ maribus*,—the cigar-box and the snuff-box.

The box of Pandora was in all probability either one or the other of the two boxes last mentioned. Madame or Mdlle. Pandora took snuff or smoked; hence the ancients represented her box to be as full of plagues as is the budget of a chancellor of the exchequer of impositions. Let the fair French take warning from Pandora. Mesdames, and made-moises, if play the deuce you must, lay your pretty hands upon a lucifer-box, and set the world on fire, but touch not the *tabatière*,—eschew chewing,—and of all seductions, avoid the seduction of a cigar.

A cigar to feminine delicacy is a Tarquin or a Lovelace. Its fire is no vestal flame. Perhaps it is because the eastern houris smoke that the Mohammedan faith bars the gates of Paradise against them.

It was something to forfeit Eden for an apple, but to hazard it for a cigarette would exceed all the frivolities of woman.

We are assuredly safe in affirming, that the light of a cigar is not the light that leads to *heaven*, although far as the eye can pierce it, it illuminates the Champs *Elysées*.

There has just appeared a brochure entitled, "De l'Action du Tabac sur la Santé," which is a gratifying proof that there are some Frenchmen not so stupefied by smoking as to defend the use of the Virginian poison. The writer is a physician who combats the *passion* for tobacco by explaining its *action*, and if a ray of light can penetrate the estaminets, we trust that the pamphlet of "Le Docteur Boussison" will be read in those dim retreats.

Dr. Boussison tells us that the origin of tobacco is enveloped in darkness,—"entourée de ténèbres." Of course, it is smoke from first to last,—the dusky tale of a cigar! It appears that in some countries tobacco, like religion, was propagated by

persecution. The doctor tells us of a pope, a grand-duc, a Sophi, and a sultan, who had the good taste and the good sense to proscribe the weed, although they went perhaps too great a length when they made smoking a capital offence. A more reasonable and most appropriate punishment was cutting off the nose, and who will say that a confirmed smoker ought not to have his nose cut off, at the very least? In the present state of France it occurs to us, that smoking might be considerably discouraged by the more merciful penalty of felling the moustaches. Every customer of the tobacconist ought to be sent to the barber, or better still, there might be a shaving establishment attached to every estaminet, and the deposit of the beard might be made part of the price of a cigar.

The doctor enumerates, amongst the *agrément*s of this charming plant, vertigo, derangement of the vision, intoxication, nausea, diarrhoea. Such are the fascinations of an estaminet and the attractions of a cigar-divan. That tobacco is a poison, is a position not overthrown by the fact that men become habituated to the pipe and the snuff-box. There is no poison to which a man may not inure his system by little and little. Such was the method pursued by Mithridates, who lived on poisons to escape being poisoned. We read in Hudibras that

The Prince of Cambay's daily food
Was asp, and basilisk, and toad.

The prince would in due time have been qualified to devour a boa-constrictor, and wash it down with a flask of prussic acid.

The rage for tobacco promises utterly to destroy all that constitutes the fame of France. It seems first of all to threaten her *cuisine*. The kitchen is in danger! This alarming tendency is manifest in its operations on the palate and effects on the stomach. It paralyzes the exquisite sense of taste, mars the appetite, and debilitates the digestive powers, by wasting both the peptic juice and the saliva. In the great affair of life, appetite corresponds with the pleasures of imagination and hope, taste with actual enjoyment, digestion with the pleasures of memory. Appetite is our Aken-side and Campbell; digestion our Rogers; we forget the poet, if any, who has sung the intermediate stage of bliss, worth the other two combined. But to the hardened "*fumeur*," what is palatable but his pipe or his cigar?—what *appétissant* but the odor of the estaminet?—what can he digest of more substance than a puff of smoke? The fathers of the French kitchen were not the votaries of tobacco. Their palate was healthy, their appetite vigorous, their stomach perfect, and their brain, consequently, busy, clear, fanciful, inventive. Upon these great and indispensable qualities they founded the culinary eminence of their country. In their days the kitchen smoked and not the cook; the estaminet presumed not to dispute the palm with the restaurant. Now, it is to be feared that France is in the decadence of her gastronomic reputation. Tobacco is, of all divinities, the most jealous, and its votaries end in being its victims.

Then, what is to become of the airy and elastic temperament of the people? The French quicksilver will soon be transmitted into the dull metal of the Dutchman or the Turk. Smoke is light, but those who smoke are heavy. Melancholy marks them for her own. What sunshine can penetrate the cloud in which they wrap them-

selves; what music awake them from their grim repose? The pipe of the smoker is not the pipe to which swains dance. The *fête* of St. *Cloud* will ere long be the only rural festival in France. Summon the moustached Monsieur from the houka to the Polka,—summon him you may,—but you might just as well invite the Abd-el-Kader to an Irish jig, or ask the Emperor of Morocco to dance Sir Roger de Coverley. Paris, in short, will soon be one vast estaminet, or cigar-divan, a European Algiers, or a French Constantinople; and it will only remain to wear the turban, read the Koran, and take an annual pilgrimage to the black stone of Mecca.

AT a meeting of laborers held at Spirthill, in Wiltshire, to consider their distressed condition, the chairman announced that any one present might speak; on which a woman, Mary Ferris, came forward, and said that the men, many of them, were afraid to speak. A voice answered, that they who were living on potatoes and water, had not the spirit to do so. Mary Ferris proceeded—

She thought a little more land would be of great service to the laborers generally. Her husband had to maintain her and five children out of 8s. per week. They had half an acre of land; but that was not sufficient, with his low wages, to maintain them in a manner fitting to do a day's work. This last summer, they had no potatoes for a considerable length of time, and nothing but the 8s. per week. Her children were often crying round her for food, and she did not know how to get any. She said the men knew nothing of their hardships in comparison to the women: they brought the 8s. home on Saturday night; but the management was left to the women, who could not supply the wants of their families from it. She stated that they did not taste a morsel of animal food for two months together.

All the laborers who did speak, complained of their miserable state.

HARDNESS OF WATER.—Dr. T. Clark, professor of chemistry in Marischal College, Aberdeen, states that there is no single quality of water to which he would attach more importance than softness. He expresses the hardness of water thus:—16 degrees of hardness means the hardness that would be caused by the presence of 16 grains of chalk per gallon; and he adds, it is of no consequence in what state of combination the earthy salt may be, the test indicates its degree of hardness correctly. The pipe-water of Aberdeen stands at only one degree of hardness—equal to that produced by the presence of one grain of chalk per gallon; the hardness of the Glasgow water is about 4½ deg.; that of Edinburgh, 5 deg.; that of Newcastle-on-Tyne about the same; the pipe-waters of London range between 11 deg. and 16 deg.; and the pipe-water of Manchester is 12 deg. of hardness. The doctor thinks that water ceases to be agreeable for washing when it is above 4 deg. or 5 deg. of hardness. When above 16 deg., he would say it becomes excessively inconvenient for washing, that being the utmost point he could conveniently go to and get a proper lather. Paris is supplied by harder water than any of those towns mentioned above. The water of the wells in London (except that of the deep Artesian wells) is generally hard, ranging from 40 deg. to 80 deg. The Artesian wells all indicate about 5·5 degrees of hardness.

From the *Examiner*.

St. Lucia: Historical, Statistical and Descriptive.
By HENRY H. BREEN, Esq. Longman and Co.

THIS is a very curious and interesting book. It has the rare advantage of being written by a man who thoroughly understands what he is writing about. Mr. Breen was resident in the island thirteen years, and all the governmental and statistical records of that period seem to have passed through his hands.

The Regent Orleans granted the island in 1718 to Marshal Count d'Estrées. King George the First retaliated in 1722 by granting the island to John Duke of Montagu. Then, respectively, the French marshal and the English duke, marched troops with aggressive intentions hither and thither, and spent thousands of pounds and tens of thousands of francs, and after a year's mutual threatenings of all kinds of dire extremities, most sensibly resolved, in 1723, that it would be a great deal better to settle matters without bloodshed or breaking of heads. So there was a treaty concluded: and the English were to withdraw first, and the French directly afterwards, and the island was to be neutral till the two crowns could reconcile their claims, and both nations were to have liberty to resort to it meanwhile for wood and water. Nor will the reader think it strange when we add that St. Lucia greatly prospered in the interval of quiet that followed, and cultivated its coffee and cocoa with beneficial effect. This serviceable interval lasted twenty-one years.

Disturbance was resumed by the French in 1744, and after sundry vicissitudes our English Admiral Rodney appeared before the island in 1762 and took serious possession, until the treaty of Paris, in vain remonstrated against by the great Lord Chatham, in the following year. The French were then supreme until the war of 1778, when Admiral Rodney insisted on the importance of St. Lucia to England. Accordingly, after a desperate slaughter, in which more French fell than the whole number of English troops engaged, we seized the island at the close of that year. Three years afterwards the French made an attempt to recover it, and were repulsed with great loss. The next year's treaty of peace again reinstated the French. In the commencement of the French Revolution we seized the place once more, and after two years' possession, were overpowered and ejected by a sudden rising of the French inhabitants. In 1796, General Abercromby again wrested the bone of contention from France: again it reverted by the peace of Amiens: and was again, and for the last time, recovered by the British in 1804. We have held it without dispute since that year.

A great element in all these monstrous dissensions is too apparent, we think, to be passed over: the reluctance of the English to amalgamate with the French inhabitants, and the imperfect character of our colonial government, which always threw

the weight of the inhabitants into the scale against us. Our government to this day, we believe, nominally administers French laws in theory, and really enforces English laws in practice. The jumble seems frightful in the extreme.

Mr. Breen is an excellent observer, and some of his remarks on the social peculiarities of St. Lucia are as humorous as they are evidently sound and just. The odd modifications of the negro character in the course of its alliance with the French, are whimsically illustrated in several very cleverly written scenes.

"From Marigot to Mabouya, from Cape Maynard to the Mole-à-chiques, respectability is the aim and end of every pursuit. With the baker in his shop, as with the butcher in his stall, it is the one thing needful—the corner-stone of social existence; and though it may not, like charity, cover a multitude of sins, it will screen a vast amount of meanness and misery. Nothing can be more amusing than to observe the talismanic effect of this word upon the lower orders: even the common street-criers take advantage of it in the disposal of their wares. Sometime ago a female servant, being commissioned to sell a quantity of biscuits of inferior quality, hawked them about to the cry of 'Mi* biscuits pour les dames respectables.' As she passed along the street the conceited recommendation did not fail to attract the attention of those for whom it was thrown out. The hawker was stopped at every door, and so great was the anxiety of the negresses to test the quality of her biscuits as a patent of respectability, that, before she reached the end of the street she had disbursed herself of the contents of her tray.

"A still more striking illustration of the charm of respectability is presented in the following circumstances which occurred in August, 1842. A dispute had arisen between the queen of the Roses and a colored woman—a warm advocate for the Marguerites. During the altercation the parties came to blows, and the queen, being a strong lusty woman, inflicted a pair of black eyes upon her antagonist. The matter soon reached the ears of the attorney-general, and both combatants were brought up before Chief Justice Reddie in the Court of Police. As the quarrel had grown out of the previous dispute about the blue flag, the court-house was crowded to suffocation by the friends and supporters of the accused—each party anxiously expecting a verdict against its antagonist. This feature of the case did not escape the penetration of the judge, who, resolving not to give either any cause of triumph, dismissed them both with a severe admonition, expressing his surprise that two such 'respectable demoiselles' should have so far forgotten what was due to themselves, as to have assaulted each other in the public streets. The word 'respectable' shot like electricity through the audience. A thrill of exultation seized every breast: the Marguerite looked at the Rose; the Rose smiled at the Marguerite; and as they retired from the court, pleased with themselves and proud of the judge, a murmur of applause ran from mouth to mouth. Since that period nothing but harmony has prevailed between the rival societies; and it would now require no small amount of provocation to draw them down

* *Mi* is a negro word used instead of "voici" and "voila."

from the niche of respectability in which they are enshrined."

However, on the whole, the St. Lucia negro's pretensions to respectability, pending this great experiment of free labor, are not inconsiderable:

" His person and his hut, apart from the influence of climate, are cleaner than those of the white peasant, his holiday dress more stylish, and his gait and attitude less clumsy and clownish ; but he is surpassed by the white man in the more solid advantages of industry and perseverance. A negro espies his fellow at the end of the street, and, rather than join him in a *tête-à-tête*, he will carry on a conversation with him, for several hours, at the top of his voice, to the unspeakable annoyance, perhaps the scandal, of all those who may occupy the intermediate houses. Should the wind blow off his hat, and warn him to depart, he will continue the conversation, and let some one else pick it up for him ; or, if he condescended to notice the occurrence, he turns round, with an air of offended dignity, puts his arms a-kimbo, takes a quiet look at the hat as it rolls along, shrugs up his left shoulder, and walks leisurely after it, until it meets with some natural obstruction.

" The general character of the St. Lucia negro, physical, moral and social, may be summed up in a few words. His person is well-proportioned, his movements are brisk, his carriage easy, without stiffness or swagger. His disposition is uncommonly gay and good-humored ; he is always singing or whistling, when compatible with his actual occupation. He is submissive, but never obsequious ; and, though born and bred in slavery, there is not a trace of servility in the outward man. Unlike the European peasant, who seldom presents himself before a clean coat without a feeling of crawling obsequiousness and degradation, the St. Lucia negro is polite to a point ; he can touch his hat to any one, but he will not uncover himself in the open air, even to the governor of the colony. He is docile, intelligent and sober ; active, but not laborious ; superstitious, but not religious ; addicted to thieving, without being a rogue, averse to matrimony, yet devoted to several wives ; and, though faithful to neither, he can scarcely be deemed debauched. His friendship is sincere, his gratitude unbounded, and his generosity to all about him only surpassed by his affectionate attachment to his children. In him the undisciplined character of the African is tempered by the accident of his birth. He is, in short, a compound of savagery and civilization—the rude production of the desert, transplanted to a more genial soil, and polished off externally by the decencies and humanizing contact of English and French society ; but without that culture in religion and education, which alone can impart either weight or moral dignity to the social man."

Mr. Breen's book is full of valuable suggestion on important points of colonial administration, and supplies every sort of knowledge that can be needed as to this particular colony in question. His contrast of St. Lucia and Martinique is sufficiently startling and instructive. And for the passages of more general interest in his volume, let us give its vigorous sketch of a hurricane in one of those West Indian islands.

" I cannot conceive any situation that presents

such a shocking picture of human misery, as that of a West Indian town during a violent hurricane. The ravages of fire, however frightful and destructive, are generally confined to property ; the danger and devastation of an earthquake are all over in a few seconds : but, during a hurricane, the melancholy looks, the wailing and wild despair, exhibited in the gradual transitions from anxiety to fear, and from danger to inevitable destruction, are appalling in the highest degree. Who has not pictured to himself the heart-rending spectacle of a shipwreck—the vessel tossed about by the fury of the winds and waves—its imminent perils—the foaming billows opening up their insatiable bowels to ingulph the devoted victims, and then, the disappearance and destruction of the vessel and crew ? This is, on a limited scale, what occurs in the case of a hurricane. By the violence of the wind, as it veers from point to point, each house is transformed into a rocking vessel ; shingles and tiles are fast swept away ; the air is darkened with branches of trees and fragments of houses ; the roofs, once exposed, begin to give way ; the beams crack ; the walls crumble down ; crash succeeds crash ; and, in the space of a few hours, not merely a ship's crew, but three, six, and sometimes eight thousand human beings lie buried, in mutilated masses, amongst the ruins of a whole city."

Last year's earthquake of Pointe à Pître, a town of the French island of Guadalupe, is afterwards described in some detail. We never read anything so appalling. It transcends all our experience in records of the horrible. This place was reckoned one of the most flourishing of West Indian cities. It had nearly 3,000 houses, (of which but 200 were of wood,) and nearly 20,000 inhabitants.

" On the night preceding the earthquake, a grand ball had been given, and many were still reposing from the fatigue of the festive scene. The Court of Assize had assembled for the administration of human justice : the principal hotel was thronged with strangers and planters from the interior, discussing matters of business, or seated together at the 'table d'hôte' ; and on the quays, and along the streets, trade and traffic were proceeding with their wonted bustle and activity. At the fatal hour of twenty-five minutes to eleven, there was heard a noise—a hollow, rolling, rumbling noise, as of distant unbroken thunder : the sea dashed tumultuously on the beach ; the earth heaved convulsively, and opened up in several places, emitting dense columns of water. In an instant, all the stone buildings had crumbled to the ground—a wide-spread heap of rubbish and ruins : and in that one instant—a dread, dreary and destructive instant—five thousand human beings, torn from their families and friends, were ushered into the abyss of eternity. But the work of desolation did not stop here : scarcely had the earthquake ceased its ravages, when a fire broke out in several places at once ; and such were the terror and confusion of the surviving inhabitants, that not a single house was rescued from the flames. In another instant, the pile was lit up—the devouring element was sweeping over the immense holocaust ; and a loud and lugubrious shriek from the living, and a long and lingering groan from the dying, had told the tale and sealed the doom of Pointe à Pître, the pride of the West !

" The scenes of horror that followed, it would be difficult to describe. Fathers ran about in

search of their children—children screamed aloud for their mothers—mothers for their husbands—husbands for their wives: and the wild and wailing multitude that wandered over the ruins, in search of a mother, a father, a husband, a child, a brother, a sister, or a friend, found nothing but headless trunks and severed limbs. Rich and poor, black and white, planter and peasant, master and slave—all lay confounded in one vast sepulchre—all were crushed, calcined, or consumed—all hushed in the shadow of death, or the silence of despair.

"The night that succeeded, was a night of wretchedness and want—of sorrow and suffering. Twelve thousand inhabitants, without food, without raiment, without money, without means, without house, or home, or hope, had sought refuge under a temporary tent, erected in the open air. Who can depict, who imagine the visions of darkness and danger that haunted these widowed thousands, walking over the burning remains of the departed city? Three days did the devouring element, fed in its progress by a forest of projecting timbers, continue with unabated fury: three nights did the funeral pile send forth its lurid glare—a beacon to mariners, pointing to where Pointe à Pitre now stood no more.

"On the morning of the 9th, the task of exploration began; but to enable the workmen to proceed without danger, it became necessary to batter down several walls and portions of houses, whose scattered impending fragments threatened destruction on all sides. In the space of one week, *six thousand* bodies were dug out of the ruins, fifteen hundred of which were still living, but mostly in a horrible state of mutilation. These were immediately removed to the town of Basseterre, and placed under medical care; yet, sad to say, not more than one third of them recovered."

It was attempted to sink the dead in the sea, but so many floated ashore that burning was resorted to. A poisoned atmosphere, then, added to the number of the deaths, and a vast many soldiers engaged in the work of digging out and burning the bodies, went raving mad with the horrors they beheld. Altogether it seems to have been a calamity almost without parallel.

SPAIN.

SPAIN is a startling country, the land of the most odd and incredible things. If people who are fond of the surprising and unnatural events to be found in novels would but give up the circulating library and take to reading Spanish newspapers, they would really get more for their money in the shape of the absurd, the unexpected, the murderous, and all the alternations of good and bad fortune. There are Zumalacarregui, Cordova, Espartero, Narvaez,—the life of any one of whom would furnish forth half a dozen novels—and Munoz—and the Count d'Espagne, whose death forms a tale that Scott never equalled. What scenes passed around Ferdinand's death-bed—women and politicians fighting for mastery, and the women beating them. Carlos' little court in Biscay was most piebald and amusing. The adventure of Olozaga in the queen's closet, an event of the other day, which lived a mere newspaper and ephemeral life—what a genuine old memoir writer would have made of it in the first instance,

and have but led the way for the dramatist to throw it into relief! Spanish doings are really not like those of our stupid, modern world, but odd, striking, picturesque, romantic, and unaccountable as events of four centuries back. Nothing on the part of Spain would surprise us, unless indeed it took a fit of honesty and paid its debts.

The last unexpected event was, that Martinez de la Rosa had assumed the most ostensible place in the government. For the last year Spain has resembled a wild and unruly steed, which, consenting to take a spirited and violent fellow on its back, has been reined in and mastered to a state of apparent quiet, whilst the glowing eye and swollen nostril betray that the fury is concentrated, not allayed, and that the animal is merely gathering strength for fresh rebellion. To see the iron Narvaez give up the reins at such a moment, and help a gentle, poor, little, puling poet, like Martinez, into the war-saddle, is surprising.

The solution of this is in the fact that Narvaez and the queen mother have fallen out, and threatened to come to a pitched battle in the royal palace, when the French court packed off Martinez from Paris to Madrid, to take office and act umpire. Poor Maria Christina has but one thought in the world, and a very proper one,—that of "saving her soul;" and Rome has driven a hard bargain with her, demanding in return for the accomplishment of the queen's pious desires nothing less than the restoration of the old Spanish church, its monasteries, and influence, and Heaven knows what besides. Poor Maria Christina is ready to give all and everything. She has sacrificed Munoz, although the Pope blessed their union; she will not hear talk of her illegitimate family. She has relapsed into the state of feeling which has been that of all Spanish monarchs, from Philip the Second down, after their days of pleasure were over, and those of bigotry commenced. General Narvaez, however, cannot abide the monks, and the prospect of receiving orders from a father confessor stomachs him; and though he but the other day sanctioned the decree restoring the church property, he menaces that he will treat the bishops as Espartero did. The church and Carlists, in return, menace Narvaez, and try to undermine him; and between the two stools the throne of the queen and the influence of the queen mother threaten to come to the ground, unless France and its envoy, Martinez, succeed in holding them together.

Poor Martinez de la Rosa stood, like Grattan, by the cradle of his country's liberty, and not only followed it to the grave, like the Irish patriot, but considerably helped to bury it. Martinez has sanctioned every breach of the constitution, every contempt of law and right. Last year a municipal law, with some little relic of freedom left, was established by royal ordonance. This does not satisfy Martinez, and he suspends even this ordonance, and with it all municipal elections and freedom altogether. It is in the breast of such men as Martinez that one would have expected to find principle taking refuge. One should hope to find, at least amongst the educated and intellectual of the Spanish revolutionists, men who, like many eminent revolutionary French, were at least consistent and high-minded in their fanaticism. But no—with the exception of Arguelles, the history of the Spanish revolution will not leave one great name for the admiration of futurity. As for Martinez de la Rosa, linked with a liberticide and

blood-shedding party, and approving their acts, he has sunk to the level of Collot d'Herbois, or of that French revolutionary dramatist, his friend, whose name we forget, and do not want to remember.

Yet Spain is evidently about to escape from her bonds, more by the parties who tied them falling asunder, than by the efforts of any sensible, liberal body of men. Where are these to be found? Where is Spain to look for the reässerters and reorganizers of her freedom! To the lawyers, whose folly betrayed it! To the Olozagas and Cortinas, who hide their diminished heads in London lanes, richly meriting their destitution; or to Espartero, whose honesty precludes our criticising his want of political talent! To these alone can Spain look. Let us hope that, unlike all political emigrants, especially Spanish ones, they may have learned wisdom and mutual toleration by experience.—*Examiner.*

OBITUARY.

JOHN DALTON, D. C. L., F. R. S.—July 27.
At Manchester, in his 78th year, John Dalton, D. C. L. Oxon., F. R. S. Lond. and Edinb., President of the Literary and Philosophical Society of Manchester.

Dr. Dalton was born at Eaglesfield, near Cockermouth, in Cumberland, on the 5th of September, 1766, of respectable parents, members of the Society of Friends. He gave early indications of mathematical ability. In 1781 he became a mathematical teacher in Kendal, from whence he contributed largely, upon mathematical, philosophical, and general subjects, to the two annual works called the "Gentleman's" and "Lady's Diary." In 1788 he commenced his meteorological observations, which he continued throughout his life. In 1793 he published an octavo volume of "Meteorological Observations and Essays." In the same year he was appointed Professor of Mathematics and Natural Philosophy in the New College, Mosley street, Manchester, and continued to hold his office until the college was finally removed to York.

In 1808 he published "A New System of Chemical Philosophy," and a second part in 1810. He also frequently contributed to Nicholson's Journal, the Annals of Philosophy, and the Philosophical Magazine, as well as to the Memoirs of the Literary and Philosophical Society of Manchester, of which, for half a century, he was an active member, having, together with his friend Dr. Edward Holme, M. D., F. L. S., been elected on the 25th of April, 1794. Indeed, they were the oldest surviving members of the society, with the sole exception of Sir George Philips, Bart., who became a member in 1785. Dr. Dalton had been President of this society since 1817. He was elected Fellow of the Royal Society in 1821 or 1822, and was also a member of the Royal Society of Edinburgh and of several foreign colleges. In 1826, he was presented with a gold medal by the Royal Society for his scientific discoveries; and in 1833 the sum of 2,000*l.* was raised by his friends and townsmen for the erection of a statue to perpetuate his remembrance. The task was intrusted to Sir Francis Chantrey, who brought to the execution of his subject a warm admiration of the man, and a proportionate desire to do him justice; and the statue when completed was deposited in the entrance hall of the Royal Manchester Institution.

The University of Oxford did itself high honor in conferring on the septuagenarian philosopher the degree of Doctor of Civil Law. During Dr. Dalton's visit to London, about 1833, it was thought by his friends that it would be proper (if not inconsistent with his private feelings) that he should be presented to the king, and in that case that the robes to which his academic degree entitled him would be the fittest costume for him at the levee. The Lord Chancellor (Brougham) being made acquainted with these feelings, not only immediately approved of them, but offered himself to present Dr. Dalton to the king. Dr. Dalton, having been made acquainted with the usual forms, agreed in the propriety of the view taken by his friends, and attended the levee. King William received the philosopher very graciously, and kindly relieved the little embarrassment of such an unusual position, by addressing to him several questions respecting the interests of the town of Manchester.

The mortal remains of this highly esteemed individual were interred on the 12th August in a vault in Ardwick Cemetery, about a mile and a half distant from Manchester. The body lay in state at the Town Hall, on Saturday, August 10, and the public were allowed to pass through the room during the greater part of the day. At 11 o'clock on Monday the procession moved from the Town Hall in the following order:—About 500 members of various societies, twenty-two carriages, 300 gentlemen, ten carriages, 100 members of the various institutions, thirty-six carriages, the last of which contained the Mayor of Manchester. The hearse, drawn by six horses. Six mourning coaches, drawn by four horses each, containing the relatives and friends of the deceased, followed by the members of the Philosophical Society. The procession moved through the principal streets of the town, and was joined near the cemetery by a large body of the Society of Friends. Most of the mills and workshops were closed, as were also the whole of the shops in the principal streets of the town. The vault in which the body was laid was allowed to remain open until five o'clock in the evening, during which period many thousand persons viewed the coffin.—*Gent. Magazine.*

THE daily papers announce the death, at Vevey, in Switzerland, after a short illness, of Mr. Nathan Dunn, of Philadelphia,—the collector and proprietor of the Chinese collection which has given the English public such familiar glimpses into the interior of Chinese life, and will, representing, as it does, so many years of that gentleman's labors, form, as long as it is kept together, his characteristic and appropriate monument.

CAPT. BASIL HALL, R.N.—With sincere sorrow we record the death of this accomplished and gallant officer, at Haslar, on the 11th Sept., in his 56th year. He was of an ancient Scottish family, and entered the service early in life. In 1818 he published his *Voyage to China* in the *Lyra*; and his visit to Coroa and Loo-Choo on his return from Lord Amherst's embassy, was full of the most novel and interesting matter. No writer ever excelled him in vivid description: and especially at sea. His constitution gave way under excitement of mind, after being severely tried by foreign climates; and it is remarkable that he was the last person to bid farewell to Walter Scott, when in a similar condition, his account of which was affecting in the extreme.

From Hood's Magazine.

INCIDENTS AND IMPRESSIONS OF A DAY'S TRIP
TO CALAIS.

BY F. O. WARD.

*Musis amicus tristitiam et metus
Tradam protervis in mare Creticum
Portare ventis.* *Horace.*

Il faut voyager quelquefois, pour rapporter les humeurs des nations étrangères, et pour frotter et limer notre cervelle contre celle d'autrui.—*Montaigne.*

—loath to leave unsought
Or that, or any place that harbors men.

Comedy of Errors.

OVE who are at this moment joyfully roving the windy moors; whipping the shallows of the mountain streams; or yachting in the Channel with a flowing sheet; reflect on the horrors of a metropolitan autumn, and pity your less fortunate fellows. While ye drink the free ocean's taintless breeze, or snuff the nutty woodland odors, they breathe the dilute typhus of the city's drain-infect ed air: while ye gloriously bronze and freckle beneath unclouded suns, they walk, darkling, in deep trenches of brick and mortar; and gradually etiol ate in shadowy excavations, till at last they look thoroughly underdone.

"My dear sir," said my physician, dropping my wrist, "this vague fretfulness that you describe creeping in your nerves is the instinctive complaint of Nature against your artificial habits. There is a physical as well as a moral conscience; and yours is at this moment reproaching you with the foul air that you have for six months breathed, and prompting you to a purer life. Drugs might mitigate these corporal rebukings, as opium dulls the moral sense; but the only cure for your physiological compunction lies in obedience to physiological law; and the physicians that I would recommend you to consult are the Sea, the Air, and the Earth."

"But, my good sir," said my lawyer, next morning, tapping a parchment, "this business positively requires your presence in town. Fresh air and all that sort of thing is highly beneficial, no doubt, and exceedingly well in its way; but business, sir," said the dry little man, taking a huge pinch of snuff, "business is the first consideration."

So stood the problem—Physic enforcing the claims of Nature—Law, the equally inexorable demands of Civilization. Expediency, the untier of knots, stepped in with her usual solution—the middle course.

"A day's run to the Continent," said I, "shall compromise for an impossible month in the moors." So, thrusting some shirts and a razor into my carpet-bag, I proceeded forthwith to London Bridge.

A steamer lay alongside the wharf, on the point of starting for Calais. As my destination was "the Sea, the Air, and the Earth," she answered my purpose to a tittle; and I got on board with the exultation of a schoolboy escaped for a holyday.

The wharf was lined with lounging spectators, whose idle indifference contrasted strongly with the sturdy toiling of the porters, and the anxious haste of the voyagers, pressing on to the various boats. The tall ships, soon to be dispersed to all quarters of the globe, lay rocking gently close beside the great buildings fixed there for centuries. The broad black chimney of the steamer silently vomited its lazy volumes of dense smoke; while the narrow roaring steampipe by its side shot forth a

viewless jet, whitening upward to fleecy cloud. Great iron cranes stretched from the warehouses like sinewy arms, each dipping its crooked finger into some teeming hold. As fast as one of them brought out a bale or barrel, it turned on its shoulder joint, bringing its prey to the gaping mouth of the hungry warehouse behind, which instantly swallowed it, and swung out its arm to seize another morsel. Meanwhile the river-steamers went panting by; and innumerable wherries cut the water with their iron-tipped beaks, shaped like inverted ploughshares. And high above the turmoil of the swarming multitude, the white tower of St. Magnus' church rose calmly full in view, standing on the river's brink, surrounded by ships and warehouses; an image of peace amidst babbling strife; a solemn hint of eternity, to moderate the clash and struggle of mundane passions and interests.

To reach the steamer, I had to traverse a ship discharging a cargo of mustard. Finding that it still wanted ten minutes to the time of departure, I went to watch the process. Six men standing in a semicircle round the hatchway hauled each a tail of the rope which hoisted the casks to the deck. They were discoursing merrily among themselves; and I begged one of them—an honest-looking, weather-beaten tar—to give me a taste of the fun.

"Why you see, sir," said the man, "Bill Splicer has been a coming one of his artful dodges over Wider Jones as keeps the chandler's shop in Goodman's Rents."

"What dodge?" I asked.

"Well, sir, Bill meets her in the street, and tips her the wink, and, says he, 'I've summat spicey for you, mother,' says he, 'so spread out your apern,' says he, 'and take this here prime lot o' mustard,' says he, 'wot I've had the luck to prig out of a broken barrel aboard the Nancy,' says he, (cos this here's the Nancy, sir, you see,) 'and give me a gallon o' beer,' says he, 'and go home and don't say naffin to nobody, for why should you?' says he, and she spreads out her ankerchief, and gives him the beer, and he cuts his lucky, and she goes home, and—ho! ho! ho!"

Here he laughed, and shook his head, and wiped the tears out of his eyes with his cuff.

"Well, and what then?" said I.

"Why, sir, it warnt mustard at all, d'ye see, but shumach (out o' the Leopard down yonder,) and Bill was a saying when she come to wash her ankerchief what a bright yaller it would be turned, and when she come to mix her mustard—ho! ho! ho!—how *werry* stiff it would be, and what a good drop o' beer it was, ho! ho! ho!"

"But why did Bill pick out a widow woman, to be down upon with such a dodge?" said I.

"Werry true, sir," he replied, resuming his gravity, "and I don't say the contrary;—but then she thought it was stole, sir, you see; so there you have it the t'other way, which brings all square you understand."

The remark showed a rough, practical sense of poetical justice. "Werry true" admitted the fault of the thief; "all square" concurred with Fate in imposing a fine on the receiver.

"And after all what has Bill done," thought I, returning to the steamer, "but imitate on a small scale the wholesale frauds of our ill-organized commerce; which falsifies and adulterates almost every commodity of life; mixes cheap substitutes

with our very bread ; and even tampers with the medicines of the sick and dying. Bill's coolness pales before the barefaced audacity which openly sells the powdered rhubarb cheaper than the solid root, though pounding it is an additional item of the cost. And, whether Bill and his comrades would have spared an honest woman or not ; Commerce, certainly, in its indiscriminate lust for gold, spares neither honesty, nor industry, nor poverty ; but poisons and plunders all alike. And in this mad competition of fraud who gains ? Bill passes off sumach as mustard, and in return gets a deleterious narcotic draught as infusion of malt and hops. The grocer sells sloe-leaves as tea, and next minute buys lard for butter—or swallows some noxious substitute instead of wholesome rhubarb. And so the juggling tricks go round ; each losing by his neighbor's cunning the penny gained by his own ; while for all, without exception, the sum of health and comfort is materially impaired."

As I mused, the roar of the steampipe ceased, the wheels began to turn, and the vessel moved sluggishly from the wharf, gradually quickening its speed. With beautiful precision she threaded her way through the mast-thronged pool ; now dexterously evading the great, slow, sullen coal-barge ; now stopping with backward wheels to let some nimble wherry dart across—as a lion might spare to trample on a mouse. But soon, emerging from the crowded pool, she gained the open river, and put forth all her strength. Then, how the creaming water rushed backward from the roaring paddles ! How fearful the doubled velocity seemed, as we whirled past some Leviathan hurrying in the opposite direction ! On we dashed. Past Greenwich' stately domes ; past trim Blackwall ; past Woolwich' steamy flats ; at length past muddy Gravesend. And now the flying spray began to leave a fresh saltiness on the lip ; and the river widened into the estuary ; and the receding banks showed through the mass of interambient air, like narrow sepia streaks, with trees and houses standing dimly up—flat shadows painted on the sky. On we went. Past Sheerness and the Medway ; past the Reculvers ; past cockney Margate ; round the North Foreland, to the open sea.

The blue water was perfectly calm ; its light ripples danced pleasantly in the sun ; no one was ill ; every one seemed exhilarated and happy. Only one old lady with a grievous face had established herself behind the leeward paddle-box, with her head conveniently disposed for action ; as you take a front place in the pit, and wait for the play to begin. But nothing came of it, though she sat there all the passage with a lugubrious aspect, as if she had made up her mind to misery, and were defrauded of her rightful due.

The assortment of passengers was as miscellaneous as usual. There were several slim young ladies, sitting apart, duly cloaked and veiled, apparently intent upon their novels ; though I fancied that the corners of their eyes were not wholly indifferent to outward things. And there were several fat mammas, who, over their newspapers and sandwiches, ceased not from slow rumination. And there was an elderly gentleman, diligently improving his mind by means of a telescope ; with which he read the names of distant ships, and counted the number of men in the rigging, and reported this to be a brig, and that a schooner, and the third a barque ; all which particulars a pale boy by his side (who reminded me of the *Diffusion*

of Useful Knowledge) seemed eagerly to drink in, and lay to heart. And on the forecastle were half-a-dozen commercial travellers, and *commis voyageurs* ; *habitues* of the vessel, to whom all was stale and familiar. One, a fat dozing fellow, told me he had brought a cargo of baskets from Metz, and was returning with west of England bacon to Paris. Another, a lean German Jew, with little keen grey eyes, was on his way to Pesth on the Danube, and gave me a flaming account of the magnificence and luxury of that city ; where, according to his statement, you may enjoy all the pleasures of Paris at less than half the cost. His pronunciation gave now and then an amusing ambiguity to his discourse ; as, for instance, when he declared that his strength had been "rejuiced" by the hydropathic treatment ; that the French would never "shoot" the English, &c., (meaning "reduced" and "sick.") A third—the most voluble Frenchman I ever met with—poured out upon me a torrent of autobiography, having especial reference to his *bonnes fortunes* ; the heroines of which ranged upwards from Parisian grisettes to Russian princesses and Italian prima donnas. And then, touched by some occult impulse, he suddenly "changed his pipings" and sang of his sorrows ; telling how he had that day undergone fraud and extortion at the hands of perfidious Albion, in the purchase of a gingham umbrella for his own use, and also a small rocking-horse for his nephew. "For my little nephew," said he, "has a lame foot, and cannot walk, and I thought that the rocking-horse would be good exercise for him, and might perhaps do him good."

"Confound the fellow !" said I to myself ; "after all that farrago of swaggering fibs, he comes in with a bit of good-feeling at last, and entirely destroys the unity and artistic probability of his character. Shall I never fall in with a thorough good study of heartless vanity—a consistent badness, that will do to put in a book ?"

The announcement of dinner diverted my thoughts into a less speculative channel ; and I descended into the cabin.

The first thing that struck me was the tremulous motion of everything on table. The boiled mutton had the palsy ; the vinegar cruet kept up a chilly chattering in their frames ; one nosegay incessantly nodded—the other, as if in contradiction, incessantly shook its head ; the beef shuddered under the carving-knife as if it were hurt ; the tall bottles of *vin ordinaire* danced like volatile Frenchmen ; only the punchy bottles of English porter stood firm, with characteristic stolidity.

The captain, a tough weather-beaten little man, deeply pitted with the small-pox, took the head of the table, and did the honors with the quaintest politeness imaginable. Perched all day on his paddle-box, and accustomed to the rough handling of the elements, the cabin dinner seemed to comprise for him all the grace and poetry of life. There was something irresistibly comical in the dainty tenderness with which he proposed beef-steaks to the ladies ; puckering all his features into smiling wrinkles, and striving to adapt his gruff tones to flute-like accordance with the soft occasion. And that tough, pale, stringy beef—he inquired if it was to your liking with such an infectious relish and hearty good faith—pressing on you by turns more gravy, and more fat, and a racier bit of the brown—that at last I almost believed in the beef myself ; and, at any rate, had toughness been toughened fifty-fold, I should have

scorned to disturb his joyful conviction, or dis-honor his so genial invitation ; but, quelling rebellious nature, would have sent up my plate with a smile.

After dinner I ascended to the deck ; and, pacing up and down, held a long "consultation" with the Sea and the Air. At last the day began to close in ; and, when we were half way across, the sun set.

It was a gorgeous spectacle. Along the sea ran a luminous path, leading the eye to the em-purpled horizon. The sun's dilated orb hung like a ball of fire in a narrow, blood-red chasm, the jagged edges of which glowed like the bars of a furnace. The upper vault of heaven was strewn with light fleeces, dipped in delicatest rose. The fire that streamed upon the sea was golden towards the horizon, but the nearer ripples sparkled like rich bronze, (an effect occasioned, I think, by the dun reflection of the smoke upon the gold-tinged water.) As I gazed and gazed, the pageant slowly faded ; the chasm closed over the sunken globe ; and the short twilight that succeeded, thickened into cold, grey night.

As the vessel hurried on through the dark, the lamplight from below streamed out at every pore. The small glazed apertures of the deck stared up at you as you passed like bloodshot-eyes. Through the open hatchway of the engine-room, the furnace projected a fierce red glare obliquely upward on the dark main-sail ; and in the illuminated space thus formed, the shadow of the crank and piston rose and fell, like a gigantic skeleton arm working some enormous winch ; while the figures of the stokers at their work below crossed and recrossed the sheet, like the slides of an immense magic lanthorn.

"Look up," said a voice by my side. Turning to see who spoke, I could discern only a dark streak in the air near me. I obeyed the phantom's instructions, however ; and, raising my eyes, saw directly over my head a long coal-black rent in the grey sky—a bottomless abyss horrible to gaze into. Suddenly a shower of red sparks shot into this gulf, followed by a thick forked tongue of pale leaping flame—which, however, instantly destroyed the illusion ; revealing the motion of the smoke, as it flowed heavily from the chimney, and stretched like a palpable black stain across the sky. I turned to thank the gentleman who had spoken, but he was gone.

It grew darker and darker. At last, happening as I paced the deck to look over the side of the vessel, I beheld a sight, the beauty of which no language can express. Torrents of pale silver fire poured backward from the paddles, and spread on the dark sea in luminous sheets, through which, at intervals, intenser lustres shone like whitehot embers. Here and there, soft greenish scintillations floated up and vanished, like bursting bubbles of starlight. Far backward from the vessel stretched a wide white track, in which the crested ripples gleamed like feathers of sunny frost. The nearer waves foamed with keen edges of undulating light, which seemed to creep and curl along the water, like spectral snakes. From the black prow the parted spray sprang up in glittering curves, which broke and fell on either side—now, fine as sifted diamond dust—now, in broad flakes of splendor.

As I stood gazing with fascinated eyes upon these beautiful phenomena, I suddenly became conscious of the presence of another 'dark streak'

by my side. He stood near the prow, leaning with his body bent half over the gunwale, in an attitude which looked almost dangerous, and gazing intently upon the sea. He neither spoke nor moved ; and for some time, not choosing to disturb his contemplation, I remained equally silent. So we stood musing, side by side, for about a quarter of an hour ; till at length I felt the situation growing awkward, and ventured a remark at hazard.

"I believe it is you, sir," said I, "that I have to thank for directing my attention a little while ago to the singular effect of the smoke. It was really a most remarkable illusion ; and at first sight the heavens seemed cloven as with a black ravine."

* He neither replied nor moved a muscle. I quite liked him for his enthusiasm.

"It is indeed a magnificent spectacle," said I. "How beautiful that rain of silver fire, continually quenched in the dark water—and continually renewed. How beautiful the dusty splendor of yon floating spray, ground by the wheels to 'elemental subtlety.'"

* No reply. I raised my voice a little.

"How beautiful the gleaming trail behind, flecking the distant void with fitful coruscations. How beautiful the jagged outline of this foaming fretwork, edging the black pall of ocean with a fringe of silver lace. How beautiful the luminous water dripping yonder from the corner of the paddle-box, like little drops of moonlight."

* Still no reply.

I was a *little* nettled.

"Perhaps he is a philosopher," thought I ; "if so, of course he takes me for a ridiculous fellow—with my fire and fretwork ; and, now I look, he is hanging something down to the water—doubtless, to catch a little of the phosphorescent spray for examination."

"The cause of these remarkable appearances, sir," said I, approaching my face towards him—

Pshaw ! it was the cathead *jutting* out in the dark, with the anchor hanging from it !

I turned on my heel in a pet.

"Well, well," thought I next moment, chuckling inwardly, "this is not the first time that silence has been mistaken for sensibility ; nor is my friend here," I added, patting the cathead on the back, "the only blockhead, by a good many, that has kept his own counsel, and passed for a philosopher."

When we neared the harbor, I looked ahead, and saw the red light of the pier, glowing, like a live coal, on the water. The vessel's speed was abated, the lead thrown, and a blue light burned, (a signal of enquiry whether there were water enough to enable the boat to cross the bar.) The effect of this pallid fire was curious, making suddenly as bright as day the deck that had, an instant before, been hidden in pitchy darkness ; lighting up with a ghastly hue the faces of the dazzled voyagers, and, in particular, bringing into fantastic relief the little rocking-horse, which reared in the midst, with wild eyes and expanded nostrils, as if terrified at the unearthly glare.

We were soon alongside the quay, among the jabbering douaniers ; and, my carpet-bag duly examined, I made my way to the hotel Richelieu.

After breakfast, next morning, I walked down to the Great Place, in the centre of the town, and found the weekly market going on.

Market-day, in a French provincial town, is like

a morning-call paid by Agriculture to Commerce. The country-folks visit the citizens, not merely to barter the fruits of the soil for the produce of human industry, but to interchange pleasant conversation and mutual civilities. As I went up and down, first, among the stalls of fruit, and vegetables, and flowers, from the country, then among the towns-people's booths of calico, and crockery, and hardware, I overheard many a cheerful snatch of gossip between the stout, bronzed peasant-girl, and the fairer and slenderer Calaisienne : the former, decked out in her red stuff-skirt, blue stockings, striped jerkin, and bright hood of printed calico, formed by a kerchief folded corner-wise over the head ; the latter, usually enveloped in a stuff cloak clasped close about the neck, and always bearing her marketing-basket in her hand.

The extreme vivacity—the smiles and eager gesticulations with which these good folks negotiated every bargain ; the enthusiasm which they threw into the description of a cauliflower's beauty—or the sale of a bunch of lettuces ; the merry laughter and animated discussions with which the intervals of their dealing were filled up, distinguished the whole proceeding from the phlegmatic trafficking of our English boors, and made it seem more like some fête, or flowershow, than a mere weekly market.

I was watching a remarkably handsome flower-girl, who stood, with glowing cheeks and happy sparkling eyes, arranging her bunches of flowers on a narrow stall,

“——a Rose

In roses, mingled with her fragrant toil.”

She had let a nosegay fall, and laughing, was in act to pick it up,—when the apparition of a creature, the most hideous in human form that I ever beheld, diverted my regard.

It was a little old woman, bent nearly double ; her face a formless mass of filth-incrusted wrinkles ; her eyes two small red holes, with tarnished lead at the bottom ; her mouth a blue slit ; her covering a heap of loathsome rags. In one hand she carried a basket, the other she stretched forth for alms. Mumbling and jabbering to herself, she moved slowly through the market, renewing at every stall her mute, mechanical appeal, and scarcely ever, I observed, in vain. One gave her a potato, another an onion, others an apple, a lettuce, a carrot : I saw no one give her money. She returned no thanks, but mumbled continually to herself ; and whatever she received, she threw, as if by instinct, into the basket. The flower-girl gave her a rose-bud, making signs to her to smell it. She did not even look at it ; but, still mumbling, dropped it into the basket with the rest.

When she had disappeared in the crowd, I inquired her history of an old potato-woman, and learned, that she had lost her reason, many years ago, through the ill-usage of her husband, who brought her to beggary, and then deserted her. “She lives all the week,” said the potato-woman, “on what she collects in the market : she begs mostly of us women ; and the little we can spare we never refuse ; for, as Monsieur will reflect, we know what hunger is, and we may all come to sorrow ourselves.”

As she spoke, I observed, near a fruit-stall, at a little distance, two women engaged in a more than usually animated dialogue. One was evidently the keeper of the stall, the other a customer, and the subject of their eager discussion was a large

apple. The stall-keeper, with innumerable nods and shrugs, and rapid vivacious utterance, was explaining something about this apple, which she turned round and round in one hand, pointing with the other, as if to an inscription on its surface. The customer, whom I judged to be a servant girl, was eagerly putting questions, and, from time to time, spread her hands in surprise and satisfaction.

Not the graven apple which engendered feud among the gods—fruit from whose fatal seeds sprang Troy's disastrous war ; not Atalanta's apple ; not the apple which man ate, and fell ; not the apple which Newton saw—and spake eternal words ; not one nor all of these illustrious apples could have dilated, with wider wonder, the damsel's eager eyes.

I approached and looked at the apple, which was encircled with this inscription in brown indented letters :—

“*Jesu Maria priez pour Nous et nos Pêchés.*”

Herein lay the mystery ; and the fruit-woman's animated explanation divulged how she had done it with a pin when the apple was yet young ; how the wounds, healing up, left brown scars ; and how the letters and the fruit enlarged together,—not without a certain crooking and contortion of the former.

At length the servant girl, hesitating much, and fumbling long in her pocket, her eyes continually fixed upon the apple,—drew forth two sous, and bought it.

While she was reading the inscription round and round, the old madwoman came up, still mumbling hideously ; and, stopping opposite the girl, stretched forth her basket for alms.

The lass felt in her pocket, and shook her head.

Still the madwoman mumbled ; and still she held forth her basket.

The girl looked at the madwoman ; then at the apple—it was a long look ;—then at the madwoman again ; hesitated : and then, suddenly depositing the fruit in the basket, walked hastily away.

“Catholic or Protestant,” thought I, with emotion, “the prayer that is written on that apple will ascend, with all its faults, and not be rejected in heaven !!”

Quitting the market, I entered the Hôtel de Ville, and looked round the state apartment under the guidance of an old woman, who seemed impressed with a deep belief in its grandeur and gorgeousness, though it was in fact but a moderate sized room, rather tawdrily fitted up. She was describing a great picture of the Siege of Calais with a vivacity which, like her phrases, seemed habitual,—a sort of enthusiasm got by heart ; and I was paying great attention,—less indeed to her description than to the curious psychological phenomenon of her half real, half routing earnestness, when a grey-headed old man, with a bunch of keys in his hand, came in.

“If Monsieur will take the trouble to ascend the tower,” said he, “I will show him the clock-work and the chimes.”

I followed him up a long narrow spiral staircase ; and at length, creeping through a trap-door, found myself in the bowels of a turret clock ; over which hung a set of bells, provided with hammers, on which the clock-work acted by wires.

The old man contemplated the mechanism with complacency ; then looked at me, evidently to enjoy my astonishment and admiration.

I was about to speak, when a detent flew back, and a whizzing sound took place among the wheels—

“Hush!” cried the old man, pointing eagerly upward; “listen!—the clock is going to strike; in a moment you will hear the chimes and see them at work!”

The great bell thundered One! and the chimes began to limp through the melody of “*La pauvre Jeanne*.”

The old man stood, with closed eyes and lifted hand, beating time with his foot to the measure; and when it was ended he drew a long breath, and looked at me again.

“Capital!” said I, willing to humor his fancy.

“Ah!” said he with a sigh, “if Monsieur could have heard them fifty years ago, when I was young! Those were the days of music. Now one of the bells is dumb. But we all grow old.”

I had indeed noticed several hideous gaps in the tune, occasioned by the recurring deficiency of a particular note.

“Which is the bell that is dumb?” I enquired.

He pointed it out; and I perceived that the hammer, falling a little on one side, caught on a projecting iron, instead of striking the bell; here lay all the mischief—*hinc illæ lachryme*.

Picking up a piece of string, I tied one end of it to the dislocated hammer, and the other to an adjacent beam. Having thus restored the hammer to its right position, I lifted it and let it fall. It struck full and true upon the bell, which yielded a sonorous tone—the first, perhaps, for half a century.

The old man was incredulous of the cure, till the next chime rang out without halt or imperfection; and then he fell into an ecstasy. The tears came into his eyes, and I thought he would have hugged me.

“So they chimed when I was a boy,” cried he; “so they chimed the day that I was married; so they chimed the night that my little Pauline was born—”

The happy recollections seemed to crowd too fast upon him, and to choke his utterance. * *

“There is no such music!” he exclaimed at last, with a smile on his quivering lip.

I looked with some pride on my handiwork,—the bit of string that could thus not only heal the gaps of a disjointed melody, but stretch across the blank chasms of a life-time and join the scattered music of an old man’s memory.

A visit to the cathedral, a walk round the ramparts, and an excursion on the pier, brought me to dinner-time. When it fell dark, I sallied forth to ascend the light-house, which stands on high ground in the centre of the town. A poor woman, living in the basement of the tower, sent her little boy to light me up the spiral staircase; at the top I found a narrow door; and, dismissing my guide, I knocked.

“*Qui vive?*” cried a voice within.

“*Un Anglais*,” I replied.

The door opened, and an old man, erect and vigorous, with grizzled hair, admitted me.

I found myself in a small round chamber, nearly filled with wheel-work, supported on a great wooden stand. The stand was hollow inside, and in the cavity was a narrow bed, immediately under the clank—clank—clank of the heavy pendulum.

“Do you sleep in that noise?” said I.

“I couldn’t sleep out of it,” he replied. “Its

stopping for an instant would wake me from the deepest sleep. *Au reste*, I sleep seldom.”

“You have been a soldier?” said I.

“I *am* a soldier, Monsieur.”

“You have seen a good deal of service probably?”

He went to the opposite side of the stand, on which were pasted a map of Europe, and a gaudily-colored print of Napoleon. Holding a candle to the map, he set his broad thumb on Lombardy; on Egypt; on Germany; on the Peninsula; on Moscow—where he made a long pause; then, turning to the print, he planted the thumb full on Napoleon’s breast; and looked at me with a grim smile.

“You loved him?” said I.

“*Parbleu!*” he cried, “I would have died for him.”

When he withdrew his thumb I observed that central spot of the print was darkened and worn by its visits—as a shrine by pilgrim knees.

“You like fighting?” I inquired.

“*A contreire—je le déteste!*” said he with emphasis.

“If he were alive,” said I, pointing, “would you follow him to battle?”

“*A l’enfer!*” he exclaimed.

“And why, if you abhor fighting?”

“Because it would be Napoleon!”

“But how came you to care so much for him, if you hate fighting?”

“*Mon dieu!* how do I know. I loved him the first day I saw him.”

“When was that?”

“We were drawn up for review. We were conscripts. We did not know the exercise. I was then sixteen. I trembled at the thought of fighting. He rode down the ranks. There was a smile on his face. As he passed he cried, *Courage, mes enfans! soyez braves, et nous vous ferons bons soldats—vous autres aussi!* That moment my heart changed. I felt eager to fight—to conquer. His smile was enough.”

“And suppose there were a war between France and England—”

“God forbid!” he interposed.

“But if there were, should you still be eager to fight?”

“*Oh! non—non—non!*” said he, shaking his head vehemently.

“What, not for the glory of France?”

“France has glory enough,” said he.

“You a soldier and say so!” I rejoined, willing to try him to the utmost. “Why the very newspaper editors in Paris, many of them, recommend war. They write with the greatest fire. In London there were even clergymen, who met the other day and spoke in favor of war. They spoke with remarkable spirit.”

“They have not seen war,” said he; “I have. They have no old wounds, aching like mine with the changes of the weather. They have never bivouacked on marshy ground—and lain raging with fever in an African hospital. They have never wiped from their faces the brains of a comrade. They have never heard the shrieks of a burning village. *Croyez-moi*, Monsieur, a soldier who has done his duty can never recommend war!”

There was a pause, during which I fancy his memory was busy with old times; for at intervals he shook his head.

“Never!” repeated the man, with a sigh.

"And if he recommend it!" said I, pointing to the print.

"*C'est différent!*" said the soldier, quickly. And there was the grim smile again!

"*Eh bien!*" said I, "*montons.*"

He pushed up a trap door; and by a ladder climbed into the chamber above; I following.

It was a great lantern, glazed with thick plate glass. A vertical axis, rising in the middle, supported on transverse arms six lamps, with great burnished reflectors; which turned steadily round, completing one revolution (he told me) in every minute and a half.

The reflectors, concentrating the light, shed a misty luminous streak obliquely downward through the air, like a ray from behind a cloud. This ray moved slowly in a vast circle round the town; now searching along the ramparts; now lighting with a mysterious gleam the roofs of distant houses. And still, as it travelled, object after object leapt into sudden relief out of the void—as at a creative touch; relapsing with equal suddenness to blank obscurity. One moment a sentinel was revealed—the next, a red chimney with its curling smoke—then a gleaming window—then a tree. Once in every revolution the quaint white cupola of the town-hall caught the full glare; and hung for a moment in the air, like a hideous distorted skull. But over the distant sea the light peered vainly out, swallowed up in darkness ere it reached the waves; like an eye baffled with infinity. And all the while I heard the great pendulum throbbing under my feet; and the sea, at a distance, lapping on the beach; and the vague murmurs of the town, a hundred feet below me.

Looking down, the streets showed, as bright intersecting lines on a dark mass beneath; a great map drawn with phosphorus. As it grew later the bright lines faded; here and there the map was effaced: at last all was dark. Only the great watchman, towering in the midst, still turned his prying lantern round, with calm unceasing vigilance.

"How many miles off can it be seen?" I inquired.

"Ten leagues, Monsieur. Sometimes more."

"And if one of the lights should chance to go out?"

"*Jamais! Impossible!*" he cried, with a sort of consternation at the bare hypothesis. "*Tenez, Monsieur,*" said he, pointing to the ocean: "yonder, where nothing can be seen, there are ships going by to every part of the world. If, to-night, one of my burners were out, within six months would come a letter—perhaps from India—perhaps from America—perhaps from some place I never heard of, saying, 'Such a night, at such an hour, the light of Calais burned dim.' Ah! Monsieur; sometimes, in the dark nights, in the stormy weather, I look out to sea, and I feel as if the eyes of the whole world were looking at my light. Go out! burn dim! oh! *jamais!*"

He put his short pipe in his mouth and smoked prodigiously.

"With how much dignity," thought I, "can enthusiasm invest even the meanest occupations; and how constantly the human heart, under every experiment of life, rises superior to its circumstances! What more monotonous drudgery can be conceived than this poor fellow's existence; pent in a narrow tower; burnishing his mirrors by day; trimming his lamps by night! And yet, as he stands, with excited imagination, in the midnight conflict of the elements; feeling the eyes of

the world upon him; holding himself responsible to all nations; his function almost rises into the sublime—dilating to moral grandeur by the force of his own conceptions."

I rose early next morning, intending to start by the first boat to England. While we were preparing breakfast, I strolled through the court-yard of the hotel into the kitchen—a long room forming one side of the quadrangle.

The walls blazed with rows of copper stews-pans, highly burnished; ranging, in nice gradations of size, from comfortable elbow-room for a sheep to broil in, whole; down to the gauge you would select to do one fritter. Among these hung here and there vessels and implements of more contorted shape, and apocalyptic meaning; culinary alembics, probably, to distil the finer flavors; "potentous engines and strange gins" applied when deep and obstinate essences are to be tortured forth, for princely degustation. They filled me with respect for the *chef de cuisine*; a meagre, thoughtful man, clad in pure white from head to foot; like to some antique hierarch spliced for sacrificial rites. He, with daring hand, had set a-going seventeen simultaneous pans; big doubtless with the fate of seventeen separate breakfasts. Among them his vigilant eye wandered up and down, active yet serene; like Goethe's planet, "without haste, without rest." Some of the pans were simmering tenderly; some frizzled in a louder key; some rumbled under cover; some, lidless, bubbled full in view. Each had its peculiar crisis, and doubtful turning-points; its special contingencies of failure and success. Yet all these complicated issues his clear mind kept apart, and severally fore-ruled. I noted with delight the nice discrimination of his artistic touches—so fine, yet so decisive. Into one pan he let fall a single drop from a cruet. Another he stirred with a spoon; frowned; and cast in three sorts of spice. One little one he tasted; and, with a smile, gently laid back the lid.

The morning's supplies of fruit, fish, and vegetables, were set forth on a table hard by. These raw materials of his art he inspected with fastidious eyes, as a painter criticises the setting of his palette. At this table a girl, with a pan of water before her, stood peeling turnips. The dull rinds fell off before the crisp passage of the knife; leaving in her hands pure snowballs; which, as fast as they were done, she set swimming in the clear water.

In a dish near the pan lay a heap of live shrimps; agitating their innumerable legs, and doubling up convulsively their speckled pellucid bodies: and among the shrimps was a little sole, about the bigness of the palm of your hand, which lay on its back and from time to time gave a vehement struggle.

When the girl raised her head I recognized her as my market-acquaintance; the pretty flower-girl who gave the rosebud to the mad-woman.

I wondered to see Flora thus invading Pomona's functions; and enquired how she, a flower-girl, came to be going astray after turnips?

"I am doing my cousin Josephine's work," she replied, laughing. "Josephine is a servant here, and has to work very hard. My work, minding flowers, is easy. So, when Josephine wants a holiday, I come to take her place."

"And the flowers, meanwhile?" said I.

"Oh! they do very well without minding, for one day," she replied.

Just then the *chef* stirred a great bubbling pan of butter, and made it frizzle violently.

At the same moment the little sole happened to have a convulsion, and flung himself half over the edge of the dish. His half-bent posture seemed particularly uncomfortable ; so I took him up, and laid him flat on the table.

I was watching the little gasping creature, divided between pity for his misery, and admiration of the delicate pinkish hue that tinged his edges, when the flower-girl, espying it, cried with a laugh—

“ Ah ! le petit drôle ! v'là une bonne bouche ! May I have it, Monsieur le chef ? ”

The *chef* nodded assent ; handed her his scissors ; and pointed to the bubbling pan of butter.

The girl took up the little fish ; and, with the scissors, coolly cut off its tail ; then, while it struggled violently, she clipped the tinted edges all round ; and lastly, laying it on the table, she set her finger and thumb on its head and tail, and with a knife made two deep cuts across its spine. She then dropped it, still alive, into the boiling butter.

I stood aghast, gazing at her in horror.

She groped in the pan with a fork ; and in a few moments brought it out on the prongs—crisp, rigid, curved—as its last agony had left it.

She took the little stiff corpse in her hand, and ate it ; the pink fins still strewn upon the table.

The girl looked at me, with a smile, after she had munched her prey. Ugh ! 'twas a repulsive, stony gaze,—a ghoulish smile ; recalling the hideous apparition of the shuddering, mutilated fish.

So might the beautiful sorceress—the “ fair girl” that “ sang so sweetly to him in the dance”—have looked at Faust, when

“ A red mouse in the middle of her singing
Sprang from her mouth ! ”

So might have leered that other mocking enchantress, who made Pan to tune his lamentable pipe—

“ Singing how down the Vale of Menalus
He pursued a maiden and clasped a reed ! ”

But, “ Gods and men, we are all deluded thus !”—happy, if never awakened from deeper dreams, by ruder disenchantments !

From the *Spectator*.

LOSERS BY EXTORTION AND ANNOYANCE TO TRAVELLERS.

FACILITY to the customer is one great help in all traffics, difficulty a heavy drawback ; and some trades are well aware of the fact, while others continue unaccountably blind to it. Surprising as it is, some of those who provide for travellers do seem to think their interest best served by subjecting their customer to the utmost degree of difficulty, annoyance, and humiliation. Not a summer passes but what, out of the thousands of grievances felt, a few are loudly denounced in the papers. Inn-bills of preposterous amount are given in detail ; though they cannot be called “extraordinary,” because enormous charging is the rule. A passenger deplores, in the *Times*, that 2s. 6d. is charged by the Dover boatmen for landing each passenger ; another complains of a tax of 3d. each for the use of a plank from the boat to the shore. Land at Ramsgate Pier, and you are besieged by a crew of bullies offering one-

horse flies at charges that would exceed the imagination of a London cabman. Land at London Bridge, on a wet evening, and, unless your own carriage has been kept in the rain for some indefinite period awaiting the arrival of your steamer, you are lost in a chaos of distracted passengers, impudent porters, noisy coachmen, and multitudinous demands for silver. In the long run, there can be no gain in this vexation and obstruction of passengers ; on the contrary, there must be a good deal of loss to all concerned.

How much loss, may be in some degree surmised by seeing the effect of the opposite conduct. Since the multiplication of omnibuses and the greater uniformity in the tariff of prices enforced by the joint influence of competition and law, the number of habitual riders has enormously increased. The cheapness has the effect of making many ride, and frequently, who never rode before ; those who rode occasionally ride often or always. The hurried mechanic commands the use of a carriage. It is not merely the cheapness, but the facility of the thing that promotes its use : the price is certain, or nearly so ; the name of the place you seek is most legibly written on the omnibus ; the conductor has not to be called down, as the old stage-coachman used to be, but is ready at the door. To look at larger arrangements : the systematic manner of receiving payment, of stowing luggage, and of disposing passengers, at the best-conducted railway-stations, no doubt contributes very greatly to the common use of railways : the readiness with which you can pop on your hat, pay your money, walk into a railway-coach, and descend at Birmingham or Liverpool without having stirred from an easy seat, and almost without exchanging a word, induces many a man to take the trip who would stay at home rather than face the “bother” of the quondam stage—the chance of not finding a vacant seat, or of losing his place if taken, with all the fees of guards, porters, and coach-office distractions. The extreme good order of the arrangements for landing passengers and luggage at Henre Bay Pier gives it the preference with some who go to that watering-place, or choose that route to other places in Kent, even if not so convenient in some respects, such as time or distance : it is “so easy.” The traveller's ease returns profit to those who cause it ; but every shilling circumvented by some entrapping ruse or extorted by impudence keeps back tens of other shillings.

It requires no vast effort of intellect to bring about an improvement. The great thing needed is some matured and fixed plan to which the traveller may confidently trust himself, without fear of more than the average sublunary accidents inherent in all human affairs. Let us consider the article of luggage alone. If you travel by a steamer that does not ply between England and a foreign port, you escape the annoyances of the Customhouse, only to endure worse. Arriving at the quay with a few packages, you must submit to have them seized by strange men, who may be banditti in disguise for anything you know ; and, after stopping behind to pay the cabman—(asking twice his fare, because he reads in your face your impatience to follow)—you rush after the ravishers of your luggage, just in time to see some of it—who can say how much or how little ?—hurried away by third or fourth parties to some mysterious abyss ; while the porter or porters bewilder you with opportunities, which they leave, without data for guidance, to your generosity—in strong hopes

that you may not know, or not remember, the usual charge. Your voyage is embittered by doubts whether half your floating wealth may not be on its way to Antwerp or Egypt, or the marine-store-dealer's. Arrived at the port, a sudden madness seems to possess the whole world. The "hold" is exenterated of a scattered mass of carpet-bags, boxes, and bundles—passengers hover round in distracted and often despairing vigilance—sailors tumble over the entire cargo ten times oftener than they need, because nobody knows what anybody wants till everybody-else's goods have been scrutinized: at last you have your packages collected in a corner on deck—and then, while an impatient sailor, taking tickets at the gangway, bawls, "Now, who's for the shore?" you see a heedless and strange porter hurry off with half your things; giving you the agreeable alternative, of trusting to fate ever to see it again, or else of following it and leaving the remainder to be seized by some other gentleman's porter, at a guess, or by some steamer-sneak as plunder. You make your election of trusting to the indiscriminate bustle which allows the ordinary porter no time for premeditated dishonesty; and after a half-hour of tortured proprietorship, find all your luggage precariously piled about you in a coach, and you do not recollect how many sixpences startled out of you by the peremptory assurance of porters unknown. How easy to abolish all this needless chaos! Let every passenger about to depart take his luggage to some building on shore, and there deposit it without further regard; let it be conveyed, in the gross, on board the steamer; and at the end of the voyage, let the whole be carried into a similar building on shore, to which only authorized porters should be admitted, and in which each passenger might at leisure pick out his own. Steam-companies might or might not make themselves answerable for the value; but it would not be difficult, with such a plan, with trusty servants, with duplicate-tickets, and with something like a rough alphabetical array of packages, to give the passenger every reasonable security that, without confusion or trouble, he would find in the building at the end of his voyage, and receive on producing his duplicate-tickets the same packages that he deposited in the building at the beginning. Knowing that all the porters in the place were authorized, he would have a further guarantee for the safety of his property in taking it away. This is but one of many improvements that might be suggested, to abolish much needless annoyance and real immorality, and to give, in smoothing the way of travel, an additional and incalculable impulse to the growing disposition for short journeys about the country. Travellers lose much—much money, much temper, and consequently much self-respect—through bullying extortion; but the owners of steamers and other travelling apparatus lose a great deal more.

From the *Spectator*.

THE QUEEN'S PRIVACY.

THE weeks have passed pleasantly and tranquilly with the Queen at Blair Atholl Castle. Early rising, constant exercise in the open air, and freedom from the usual trammels of court etiquette, have had their proper effect in the rude health which appears to have visited the royal cheek; and not the royal cheek alone, for the other visit-

ers are described as benefiting by the change of air and life. Although the utmost pains are taken to maintain the privacy of the grounds, by stationing in every part foresters who warn off intruders, yet indeed the private life of the illustrious recluse comes out more than ever. The very fact of the greater privacy begets a more piercing curiosity. Pepys raises a smile when he remarks that the Duke of York caressed his boy "like any private father of a child;" but the curiosity and the satisfaction are not quite idle; it is something for honest folks of dull imagination to learn that human instincts and sentiments are not to be accounted beneath even such exalted stations; and for the more considerate to be assured, that from those the sweetest enjoyments of human existence state restraints do not debar monarchs and princes if they choose to indulge them.

Our readers, however, will expect some sample of the anecdotes industriously gleaned on the outskirts of Blair Atholl's privacy. Here is an illustration of the daily life—

"Her Majesty seldom allows the sun to be up and stirring before her; and by the time that 'the rosy-fingered morn' has expelled the mists from the surrounding hills, her Majesty may be seen walking about the grounds, accompanied by her illustrious consort and the princess royal. The young princess is always mounted on her Shetland pony when she accompanies her royal parents in their morning walk; but Prince Albert occasionally takes her in his arms, and points out to the princess any object within view that might attract the wandering fancy of a child. Her Majesty's piper, Mackay, who came over in the Stromboli in order to attend her Majesty during her sojourn at Blair Atholl, has orders to play the pibroch under her Majesty's window every morning at seven o'clock; and at the same early hour a bunch of fresh heather, with some of the icy cold water from the celebrated spring at Glen Tilt, are presented to her majesty."

The *Dundee Advertiser* furnishes a story of an early visit to a sleeping lord—

"One morning about seven o'clock, a lady, plainly dressed, left the castle; who, though observed by the Highland guard on duty, was allowed to pass unnoticed, until after she had proceeded a considerable distance; when, some one having discovered that it was the queen, a party of the Highlanders turned out as a royal body-guard. Her Majesty, however, signified her wish to dispense with their services, and they all returned to their stations. The queen in the mean while moved onwards through the castle-grounds alone, until she reached the lodge, the temporary residence of Lord and Lady Glenlyon; where, upon calling, with the intention, as was understood, of making some arrangements as to a preconcerted excursion to the Falls of Bruar, she was informed that his lordship had not yet arisen. The surprise of the domestic may be conceived when her Majesty announced who was to be intimated as having called on his lordship. On her return, her Majesty, having taken a different route, and finding herself bewildered by the various roads which intersect the grounds in every direction, applied to some reapers whom she met to direct her to the castle by the nearest way. They, not being aware to whom they spoke, immediately did so, by directing her Majesty across one of the parks, and over a palisade which lay before her; and which she at once passed, and reached the castle—a good deal

amused, no doubt, with her morning's excursion."

The Highlanders have been relieved by the queen from their troublesome duty of presenting arms every time they see one of the royal personages: they are to present arms to her Majesty twice each day, to Prince Albert once, to the princess royal once. An amusing instance of their discipline and fidelity occurred lately. The pass-word is changed every day, and no one who is not able to give it is allowed to traverse the domain: Mr. Murray, Lord Glenlyon's brother, arrived on a visit; and not being duly provided with the pass-word, he was stopped at the gate: he explained who he was; but the Highlander on guard exclaimed, that, lord's brother or not, he could not pass without the word; and for it he had to wait.

The party have made repeated visits to the beautiful Glen Tilt; the queen riding in a carriage or pony-phæton, Prince Albert driving or riding on horseback. While the queen and her companions were riding in Glen Tilt, on Thursday, the foresters drove a vast herd of deer up the glen and along a ridge of the hills: as the majestic brutes passed along on the heights, headed, as usual, by a leader, the effect was very grand. None of them were shot on that occasion.

At times, the royal couple ride on ponies up the hills within the castle demesnes, attended only by a servant. "Her Majesty proves herself a bold and expert horsewoman; disdaining the broad winding paths of the hills, and venturing upon more direct roads with obstacles that would deter many even of the natives of the district."

The queen, however, has not been quite unpersecuted by intruders. The description of the scene in the village church on Sunday last is in perfect contrast with the unobtrusive quiet and decorum of that day week—

"On the former Sunday, it was not known that the queen would be present; only the usual motive, therefore, could have drawn the congregation to the spot through the pelting rain; and when the villagers assembled, they showed that they knew how to behave themselves. Last Sunday it was all changed: the queen had gone to church in bad weather, and would of course go in fair; there was a sure opportunity of seeing the sovereign; and, accordingly, great numbers of people from Perth, Dundee, Dunkeld, and places in all directions, poured into Blair Atholl on Saturday night and Sunday morning. They were of all classes, from the gentry to the cottager and people of the hills. The gay flaunting attire of the greater part of them, and the number of vehicles about the place, gave the usually quiet village quite an animated appearance: there was very little to remind one of a Scottish Sabbath-day. The doors of the church were opened long before the hour at which the service was to commence; but for some time previous many persons had crowded round the building, for the purpose of getting in early and obtaining the best seats. The Scottish people are usually most attentive to strangers visiting their churches; you rarely have to wait a minute before some one offers his seat, or points one out: on this occasion, the good-nature and forbearance of the usual congregation were taxed to the utmost: the visitors, more intent perhaps on sight-seeing than on the solemn office of the day, had taken possession of most of the seats which commanded the best view of the royal pew;

and the real owners or customary occupants of them were in many cases left without. The aspect of the congregation was more like that of an audience at the theatre. So great were the pressure and heat, that long before the queen's arrival it was found expedient to open all the windows,—a work apparently of some difficulty, as they were all securely cemented with paint; and the whole operation of scraping, chiselling, hammering, and pushing, was necessarily resorted to, to the edification of the sight-seers, although it might just as well have been done the previous day. At a few minutes before twelve the opening of the door behind the royal pew occasioned quite a sensation. Most of the persons in the galleries rose, and many of those in the body of the church; and there were loud exclamations of 'Hush, hush!' from the more sober part of the congregation: it turned out to be merely some of the attendants. Shortly afterwards the solemnity of the place was again disturbed by the entrance of her Majesty, leaning on Prince Albert's arm. The queen was evidently surprised at the bustle which her entrance occasioned, so different from that of the previous Sunday; and after one or two keen and observant glances round the church, she took the seat which she had occupied on the former occasion, to the right of the pew. The rest of the party also disposed themselves much in the same order as before. The queen was wrapped in a large shawl of shepherd's plaid; which seemed to be inconveniently warm: for she rose shortly afterwards, and it was taken from her shoulders by Lady Canning. Her Majesty then appeared in a black silk dress and scarf, with a small collar of white crape; and a white drawn bonnet trimmed with large roses of white crape. She looked extremely well, and her face appeared somewhat embrowned by the sun and exposure to the keen mountain-air of the Highlands. Prince Albert wore a black frock and trousers. Meanwhile, the bustle among the audience was by no means edifying. Curiosity so far got the better of decorum, that almost all who had not advantageous seats stood up, both in the body of the church and in the galleries. In some cases persons even stood upon the seats. This general movement, of course, produced a great noise and confusion. It was the more surprising, that in Scotland especially, where the people pride themselves on the respect they pay to all religious observances, a proceeding so out of character with the sacred building in which it took place, and with the object of her Majesty's presence there, should have been allowed to occur. It is due to the people of the immediate neighborhood to say that they did all that in them lay to preserve decorum. The strangers were the real offenders; and what made it worse was, that they remained crowding and peering over at her Majesty, even after the general sound of 'Hush!' and a whispered remonstrance had gone round the church. During the service, too, many persons, and those well-dressed persons, were to be seen staring fixedly at the queen, when, during the prayer, she stood up; and there were some in the dress of gentlemen who in this respect conducted themselves in a way that would not be tolerated if a private gentlewoman were the object of annoyance.

"As soon as the royal party were seated, the precentor, Mr. Peacock, published the bans of marriage, 'for the third and last time,' between the Reverend Mr. Irvine, the minister of the

parish, and a young lady of the neighborhood. The prince, it is remarked, appeared somewhat puzzled at the announcement, and applied to her Majesty for an explanation. After a delay of about five minutes, caused by the pressure of the crowd, the Reverend Norman M'Leod, of Glasgow, made his way to the pulpit, and the service proceeded. The doctor took for his text the 11th to the 14th verses of the 2d chapter of Titus. The sermon was delivered in a broad Scotch accent: the preacher deprecated religious rancor and animosity, vindicated the superiority of the Established Church of Scotland over the schismatics, and defended the doctrines of Calvinism. The sermon contained no allusion to the sovereign present. Not so the prayer; in which Dr. M'Leod separately named all the members of the royal family; and his hearty, fervid eloquence, in praying for the welfare of the queen, on earth and in the life to come, is said deeply to have affected her.

"The usual contribution for the poor having been made, the royal party rose to leave the church. There was an immediate rush to the doors, to obtain a good view of her Majesty on going out; and the crowd would have pressed upon the queen on her way to her carriage, in their eagerness to obtain another look, but for the Atholl Highlanders; a party of whom drew up in line on either side to salute, and to guard the path.

"The crowd of visitors from a distance had come merely to see the queen; they could obtain no accommodation in the village-inns; and in a short time Blair was again uncrowded and in peace."

While Lord Aberdeen and Lord Liverpool were walking in the Pass of Killiecrankie, on Thursday, the Marquis of Breadalbane drove up in his carriage, alighted, and returned with them to the castle. He came, it is understood, to invite the queen to Taymouth Castle; but her majesty did not wish to extend her excursion beyond the neighborhood. The Marquis left Blair on Saturday.

The 1st of October is named as the day of departure. "Lord Adolphus Fitz Clarence has been up to Perth, examining the charts of the Tay, to see whether it would be possible to take the royal yacht up to the 'fair city'; but it is feared that she draws too much water to do so in safety. It is therefore settled for her Majesty to reembark at Dundee; but she will probably vary her route to that port, and pass through Perth on her way towards the sea."

It is given out that the queen wishes to return to Blair Atholl often—

"Her Majesty has expressed a desire to take a permanent residence in this part of the Highlands, and to lease a forest, to which the court might make a pilgrimage every year, in order to afford Prince Albert an opportunity of enjoying the noble sport of deerstalking. Her majesty, it is said, has also directed her physician to collect statistical details and make enquiries respecting the diseases which are most prevalent in the Highlands. Sir James Clarke has, we believe, drawn up his report, by which it appears that the Highlands have obtained a clean bill of health, with the exception of a fever arising from too copious libations of whiskey. This is the only known prevailing epidemic; but there is every reason to hope that her Majesty and Prince Albert, and even the royal children, might escape the infection; notwithstanding her Majesty's avowed *penchant* for Atholl

brose,—a very pleasant composition, which consists of honey, whiskey, and *two teaspoonsful of water*." [The editor of the Morning Post here corrects his own reporter, from whom our extract is quoted; saying that he has never been able to detect *any* water in the composition of Atholl brose.]

From the Spectator.

PART OF A REVIEW OF MR. LAING'S CHRONICLE OF THE KINGS OF NORWAY.

MR LAING, though not at all an enthusiast, is a thoroughgoing or earnest man, who pushes whatever he takes up as far as it will go. There is, however, great shrewdness in many of his general arguments upon the state of Northern Europe in ancient times, and much originality, from his application of economical considerations to enforce his views. There is something of both these qualities in the following argument to show that the Scandinavians were originally Asiatics, and why the emigrations turned Northward.

WHY THE ASIATICS EMIGRATED TO SWEDEN.

The fact itself admits of no doubt; for it rests not only on the concurrent traditions and religious belief of the people, but upon customs retained by them to a period far within the pale of written history, and which could only have arisen in the country from which they came, not in that to which they had come. The use, for instance, of horse-flesh could never have been an original indigenous Scandinavian custom, because the horse there is an animal too valuable and scarce ever to have been an article of food, as on the plains of Asia; but down to the end of the eleventh century the eating of horse-flesh at the religious feasts, as commemorative of their original country, prevailed, and was the distinctive token of adhering to the religion of Odin: and those who ate horse-flesh were punished with death by Saint Olaf. A plurality of wives, also, in which the most Christian of their kings indulged even so late as the twelfth century, was not a custom which in a poor country like Scandinavia was likely to prevail, and appears more probable of Asiatic origin. But what could have induced a migrating population from the Tanais, (the Don,) on which traditional history fixes their original seat, after reaching the southern coasts of the Baltic, to have turned to the north and crossed the sea to establish themselves on the bleak inhospitable rocks and in the severe climate of Scandivania, instead of overspreading the finer countries on the south side of the Baltic? The political causes, from preoccupation or opposition of tribes as warlike as themselves, cannot now be known from any historical data; but from physical data we may conjecture that such a deviation from what we would consider the more natural run of the tide of a population seeking a living in new homes, may have been preferable to any other course in their social condition. We make a wrong estimate of the comparative facilities of subsisting, in the early ages of mankind, in the northern and southern countries of Europe. If a tribe of red-men from the forests of America had been suddenly transported in the days of Tacitus to the forest of Europe beyond the Rhine, where would they, in what is called the hunter state—that is, depending for subsistence on the

spontaneous productions of nature—have found in the greatest abundance the means and facilities of subsisting themselves? Unquestionably on the Scandinavian peninsula, intersected by narrow inlets of the sea teeming with fish, by lakes and rivers rich in fish, and in a land covered with forests, in which not only all the wild animals of Europe that are food for man abound, but, from the numerous lakes, rivers, ponds, and precipices in this hunting-field, are to be got at and caught with much greater facility than on the boundless plains, on which, from the Rhine to the Elbe, and from the Elbe to the Vistula or to the steppes of Asia, there is scarcely a natural feature of country to hem in a herd of wild animals in their flight, and turn them into any particular tract or direction to which the hunters could resort with advantage, and at which they could depend on meeting their prey. At this day Norway is the only country in Europe in which men subsist in considerable comfort in what may be called the hunter state—that is, upon the natural products of the earth and waters, to which man in the rudest state must have equally had access in all ages—and derive their food, fuel, clothing, and lodging, from the forest, the field, the fiords, and rivers, without other aid from agriculture or the arts of civilized life than is implied in keeping herds of reindeer in a half tame state, or a few cows upon the natural herbage of the mountain-glen. We, in our state of society, do not consider that the superior fertility of the warmer climates and better soils of southern countries adds nothing to the means of subsistence of those who do not live upon those products of the earth which are obtained by cultivation. A hermit at the present day could subsist himself, from the unaided bounty of nature, much better at the side of a fiord in Norway than on the banks of the Tiber, or of the Tagus, or of the Thames. Iceland, which we naturally think the last abode to which necessity could drive settlers, had in its abundance of fish, wild fowl, and pastureage for sheep and cows, although the country never produced corn, such advantages that it was the earliest of modern colonies, and was a favorite resort of emigrants in the ninth century.

To which reasons Mr. Laing might have added, the highly probable fact, that the difference between the climates of northern and middle Europe was then much less than it is now. If ancient writers are to be depended upon, we know that the winters, even so far south as France and Italy, were much severer in ancient times than at present; and the amelioration is generally attributed to the clearing of the forests, the draining of marshes, and the general cultivation of the soil. At the periods in question, Germany and Poland, covered with a vast forest, had probably no single advantage over Sweden, except in the greater length of days. The cold, measured by the thermometer, might be more intense in Scandinavia, but the dampness in middle Europe might render it more disagreeable to the frame. Here, however, is another argument for emigration to Sweden, coupled with a curious view of ancient military appointments, though pushed to an extreme.

IMPORTANCE OF ARMS IN ANCIENT TIMES.

Sweden had a still stronger attraction for the

warlike tribes from the interior of Asia, who were pressing upon the population of Europe south of the Baltic, and which has been overlooked by the historians who treat of the migrations of mankind from or to the north in the rude ages. Sweden alone had iron and copper for arms and utensils close to the surface of the earth, and, from the richness of the ores, to be obtained by the simplest processes of smelting. This natural advantage must, in those ages, have made Sweden a rallying-point for the Asiatic populations coming into Europe from the North of Asia, and from countries destitute of the useful metals in any abundant or easily-obtained supply. To them Sweden was a Mexico or Peru, or rather an arsenal from which they must draw their weapons before they could proceed to Germany. This circumstance itself may account for the apparently absurd opinion of the swarms of Goths who invaded Europe having come from Scandinavia; and for the apparently absurd tradition of Odin or the Asiatics invading and occupying Scandinavia in preference to the more genial countries and climates to the south of the Baltic; and for the historical fact of a considerable trade having existed from the most remote times between Novogorod and Sweden, and of which, in the very earliest ages, Wisby, in the Isle of Gotland, was the entrepôt or meeting-place for the exchange of products. The great importance of this physical advantage of Scandinavia in the abundance of copper and iron, to an ancient warlike population, will be understood best if we take the trouble to calculate what quantity of iron or copper must have been expended in those days as ammunition, in missile weapons, by an ordinary army in an ordinary battle. We cannot reckon less than one ounce weight of iron, on an average, to each arrow-head; from twenty to twenty-four *drop*, or an ounce and a quarter to an ounce and a half, being considered by modern archers the proper weight of an arrow: and we cannot reckon that bowmen took the field with a smaller provision than four sheaves of arrows, or heads for that number. A sheaf of twenty-four arrows would not keep a Bowman above ten or twelve minutes; and in an ordinary battle of three or four hours, allowing that arrows might be picked up and shot back in great numbers, we cannot suppose a smaller provision belonging to and transported with a body of bowmen than ninety-six rounds each; which, for a body of four thousand men only, would amount to above fourteen tons' weight of iron in arrow-heads alone. For casting spears or javelins, of which in ancient armies, as in the Roman, more use was made than of the bow, we cannot reckon less than six ounces of iron to the spear-head, or less than two spears to each man; and this gives us nearly two tons' weight more of iron for four thousand men as their provision in this kind of missile. Of hand-weapons, such as swords, battle-axes, halberds, spears, and of defensive armor, such as head-pieces and shields, which every man had, and coats of mail or armor, which some had, it is sufficient to observe that all of it would be lost iron to the troops who were defeated, or driven from the field of battle, leaving their killed and wounded behind; and all had to be replaced by a fresh supply of iron. We see in this great amount of iron or bronze arms, to be provided and transported with even a very small body of men in ancient times, why a single battle was almost always decisive, and everything was staked upon the issue of a single day; and we see why defeat, as in the

case of the battle of Hastings and many others, was almost always irrecoverable with the same troops: they had no ammunition on the losing side after a battle. We may judge from these views how important and valuable it must have been for an invading army of Goths, or whatever name they bore, coming from Asia to Europe, to have got possession of Sweden; so important, indeed, that it is reasonable to believe that if ever an Asiatic people invaded Europe north of the Carpathian mountains, the invaders would first of all proceed north along the Vistula and other rivers falling into the Baltic, and put themselves in communication, by conquest or commerce, with the country which supplied their ammunition; and would then issue armed from the north, and break into the Roman empire, and be considered as a people coming originally from some northern hive. Scandinavia certainly never had food for more human beings than its present inhabitants, and could never have poured out the successive multitudes who, by all accounts, are said to have come in from the north upon the Roman provinces.

From the Spectator.

The Modern Syrians: or Native Society in Damascus, Aleppo, and the Mountains of the Druses. From notes made in those parts during the years 1841-2-3. By an Oriental Student. Longman and Co.

THE author of this volume seems to have visited the East for the purpose of studying its languages; with what precise object does not appear. But whether a lingual taste, or the more tangible motives of literary, mercantile, or diplomatic ambition, prompted his enterprise, he possessed of necessity much advantage over the mere tourist. His preliminary studies made him acquainted with Oriental history and customs; so that all was not unknown to him on his arrival, or known only from the guide-book. In order to carry out his purpose, he engaged a native master, and often boarded in the houses of the Christian natives. By this means he mingled familiarly with the people; not only seeing their daily life and domestic economy, but becoming a part of it. What was more important, he heard and understood, deriving his impressions from the vividness of the original, instead of the dilutions and distortions of a dragoman's interpretations. With Mussulman life he was not, of course, so intimate; but his knowledge as a linguist, with the fact of his residence, made him acquainted with many Mahometans; who do not, at least at present, require such formal introductions as we in England. Our author had a further advantage in the time of his visit, which was soon after the bombardment of Acre, the defeat of the Egyptians, and their evacuation of the country—when English diplomatic agents were not only actively interfering in affairs, but some wise men of the East expected that they might have to transfer their allegiance to Queen Victoria.

The author's movements were not very extensive; but the mere shifting of his quarters, during

some three years' sojourn, gives variety enough to his peregrinations, especially as some of them were to places rather out of the common way. Briefly passing over his visit to Egypt, our traveller begins his Syrian experience at Beyrouth; whence he paid a visit to Damascus; and returning thence, took up his quarters for a time among the Druses. Again proceeding to Damascus, he made another stay at that Paradise of the Mahometans, and subsequently made a coast-voyage to Scanderoon, the port of Aleppo; then to Antioch and Aleppo, where his account terminates.

The Modern Syrians is an agreeable and lively little work; not so smart and vivacious as *Eôthen*, but more animated than the generality of books of travels; which partly arises from the writer's Oriental acquirements. The author of *Eôthen* pointed out the necessity to an Eastern of a competent skill in elocution, from the necessity which may daily arise of his having to be his own advocate. This gives to every man a command of language, more or less; the Oriental genius infuses into it a character and style; whilst the absence of authorship by profession prevents people from using mere words, except in forms of compliment; or else Eastern phrasemongery has as yet the charm of novelty for the West. Hence, in many of the conversations or reports in this volume, there seems to us a reality which European writing and discourse often want. Every sentence appears to represent some image or actual idea in the speaker's mind; and language is only a medium of transmitting it, chosen with care, not for itself, but for the substance of which it is the vehicle. The original writing, the descriptions of scenery and matters not directly pertaining to Syrians or their works, has less of this quality—smarter, but not so racy.

A good deal of information of various kinds will be found in the volume. There is a curious account of the habits, customs, and character of the Druses of Mount Lebanon, mingled with some graphic sketches of their war-feuds, at which our author was personally present. His mode of living enables him to present many traits of individual character and pretty full descriptions of Syrian domestic life; and he had the same opportunity as regards the Mahometans in reference to their out-of-doors living, and to the material appearance of their houses—from the harem he was of course excluded. The information, however, is particular rather than general: it rather qualifies or adds something to what we know already, than opens up any fresh knowledge; and, looking at the time and opportunities of the author, the book may perhaps fall somewhat below reasonable expectation. It would also have been more satisfactory to have known something of the writer. A work of argument or imagination rests upon qualities irrespective of its author's identity; a book of travels, which professes to give general sketches rather than particular delineations, may appear

anonymously; but when facts and only facts are professed to be recorded, the reader likes to have the guarantee of a name. At the same time, this remark is general. There is little or nothing in *The Modern Syrians* improbable, or smacking of the traveller's tales. Some passages regarding the Druses seem the most remarkable.

It was observed by Goldsmith, that if every traveller would direct his attention to the arts of the people he travelled among, useful inventions might often be transferred from one nation to another. An example of this kind meets us early in *The Modern Syrians*.

THE CHEAP DRUSE STOVE.

All the houses of the village were built of smooth stones, each about a foot square, carefully plastered within, and whitewashed. On arrival at the house of my host, I admired its perfect cleanliness: the upper end was covered with a gray hair-cloth carpet; in one corner was a baby's cradle, curiously inlaid with mother-of-pearl. A chiselled and indented block of black stone or marble, about eighteen inches square, occupied the floor; in one of the niches cut in the side of which was a fire, the top of the stone being cut smooth; several pots and pans were placed on it, each pot partially overhanging the fire. The front was available for roasting; and this was a very economical method of providing fire, as but a trifling addition of fuel was necessary when the stone was once heated. [It would be useful to know the fuel for this stove.]

A HOUSE AT DAMASCUS.

In order to give me an opportunity of seeing his house, the *effendi* politely sent a message to the ladies of his establishment, announcing the presence of a stranger; on which they withdrew to the upper chambers. The mulatto having duly informed us that all was in readiness, we rose, and passing through another dark passage, found ourselves in the court-yard of the harem. Then, and not till then, did I understand the warmth with which travellers had spoken of the beauty of the Damascene houses: we seemed to have passed from Purgatory to Paradise. The pavement of the immense court yard was of polished marble of various colors, beautifully inlaid. A fountain in the centre, thirty feet in length and half that breadth, into which brazen snakes' heads poured a copious supply of water, was overhung by orange, citron and pomegranate trees; and an immense vaulted recess (*Leewan*) at the further end was fitted up with a divan, which, having a northern exposure, is never subject to the rays of the sun. As in Egypt, the ground-floor was of stone, and painted in alternate layers of white, blue, and red: this, with the dark-green vegetation of parterres divided by slabs of Carrara, produced the most brilliant and captivating effect on me. The space between the basin and the recess was elaborately inlaid, and the marbles of rarer quality than in any other part of the court-yard.

The principal apartment, which opened off the lower part of the *Leewan*, was lofty, extensive, and of dazzling magnificence. Every part of the wall was of stone, cut into arabesque ornaments; the most curious object being a miniature recess of white marble, supported by tiny columns with gilt capitals, between which the Saracenic honey-

comb luxuriated in all its intricacy. The raised floor was covered with a rich Persian carpet, and the divan that ran round the room was in satin, embroidered with flowers. Large antique China bowls displayed themselves on various shelves; and altogether I felt that the often sought but rarely found splendor of the Arabian Nights' Entertainments was at length realized.

THE IMITATIVE ARTS AT DAMASCUS.

It is deeply to be regretted that Islamism forbids the arts imitative of the human form and external nature. Who knows but that this city might have had its school of painting and sculpture which would have rivalled those of the Italian capitals? Modern art dawned in an age of gross ignorance, great manual dexterity, and much real piety, along with a taste for decorating churches and private edifices, in which the ornaments were not extraneous and movable, but part and parcel of the building itself. Art soon fell from her high estate when the age of cabinet pictures arrived: and on seeing the ingenuity which some of the Damascene houses display, one cannot help regretting that the stringent prejudices of Islamism, and the oppression of government for centuries back, which has rendered the external decoration of houses foreign to the habits of the people, should have arrested progress in this vein of civilization. Of the drawing of figures and landscapes the people of this country have not the remotest idea. The Eastern and the Western styles are now too old and distinct for marriage; and I have no desire to see the introduction of European notions, which would infallibly give birth to something bastard, monstrous, and degenerate. I was recommended to visit a house newly fitted up, and denominated handsome; but was shocked to find that in several parts of the principal room the decorator had substituted for the rich native arabesque some frightful landscapes, which he had evidently copied from common blue stone-ware plates; and, as a complement of the ridiculous, the proprietor had placed in an exquisitely chiselled and inlaid recess, a couple of paltry French colored prints of L'Eté and L'Automne, worth five sous apiece.

A DAMASCENE SOIRÉE.

As there is scarcely any Frank society in Damascus, my great resource was at the "sehra" or evening parties of my acquaintances. Eyoub *Effendi*, the proprietor of some of the large gardens in the vicinity of the town, was an exception to many of his Moslem townsmen, for he was neither ignorant nor fanatical. Being a man of substance, he is very much looked up to in his quarter: he is charitable to the poor, and always opposed to the oppression of the Christians, many of whom he used to protect without a fee in former troublesome times; but his temper is occasionally hasty, and his younger brother having once had a dispute with him, was nearly mortally wounded for some insolence. Partly from normal good nature, and partly from a desire to keep up his popularity, he tolerates rather than encourages the society of some of the most turbulent characters in the *harat* or quarter. * * *

At the upper end of the divan, and in one of the corners, sits my friend Eyoub, smoking a galeoon or pipe of reed. He is about fifty years of age, slightly corpulent, and has broad features, expressive of good-humor, not without a certain air of gentlemanly ease; he dresses well, and his beard

is beginning to get gray. We respectable people sit at the top of the room, between the two corners; the disorderly characters being on the side divans near the door. Every guest, on arrival, is served with coffee; but some neighbors bring their own narghiles with them. His tall black slave, when not engaged in handing round coffee or bringing a fresh supply of charcoal, has a great deal of whispering and familiarity with the cut-throats in the lower regions.

The conversation at the soirées is of a general nature. Such a man is in arrear with the Defterdar or treasurer. The pacha said so and so on such an occasion. The locusts in the Hauran are eating up the corn, and bread will be dear. Ought Damascus, which as a holy city is exempt from the capitulation tax, to pay one of its own free will? &c. As may well be supposed, I was often asked about England; and my first impressions of the Thames Tunnel and railway travelling were duly recalled, and excited a great deal of wonderment. Adjaib, Adjaib! what a strange country! But more strange still, in their opinion, was the circumstance, of the sovereign being a lady.

"What does she smoke, a chibouque or a narghile?"

"Neither the one nor the other."

"Adjaib! (wonderful.) When she transacts business, does she show her face to the divan?"

"Yes."

"Adjaib!"

I attempted to explain, in answer to another question, that the queen alone reigned, and that the emir her husband did not interfere with state affairs. But this seemed to be the most incomprehensible of all arrangements, and the Franks the most extraordinary people.

Known as a stranger, I was of course often asked how I liked Damascus; and this enabled me to make myself popular by a verdict sufficiently flattering by implication without a departure from truth; for except occasional inconvenience from the climate, I enjoyed myself bravely; but the company would not admit that Damascus had a bad climate, and confessed to only a few fevers in September, which the bath easily cures.

"Do I look like an invalid?" said my friend Eyoub, chuckling with good-humor. Once on a time, a French doctor came to Damascus to seek his fortune; when he saw the luxuriant vegetation, he said, "This is the place for me—plenty of fever." And then, on seeing the abundance of water, he said, "More fever—no place like Damascus." When he entered the town, he asked the people, "What is this building?" "A bath." "And what is that building?" "A bath." "And that other building?" "A bath." "Curse on the baths! they will take the bread out of my mouth," said the doctor: "I must seek fever practice elsewhere." So he turned back, went out at the gate again, and hied him elsewhere.

ORIENTAL BEGGARS.

I went to a bath, and was struck with the appeals of the beggars; the most usual formula being, "*Allah yezbor be haterak ya fa'al-el-khair*—May God accomplish thy wishes, O doer of good." A Christian beggar near my house asked for alms in the name of the Virgin Mary: a Moslem near the Grand Mosque apostrophized the passengers with, "*Ahsan ly l'illah taly wu Moulana Mohammed Emir el Morseleen*—Assist me for the sake of the Most High, and of our Lord Mohammed the Prince of the Apostles."

THE PRIEST ON THE PRINTING-PRESS.

We went to pay our respects to the Mufti; but as he was not at home we entered the divan of his deputy, or, as he is called, Emin-el-Fetwa. He was a fat, middle-aged shereef, or descendant of the Prophet, and as such wore a green turban. He was seated in a low dark apartment, smoking his pipe, and surrounded by ponderous folios on the law; some of them being the editions of Mehemet Ali's Boulak press. On my alluding to them, he said, "If the Egyptians had cast fewer bullets, and printed more of these, it would have been better for us all."

DIVORCES IN SYRIA.

During our visit several parties came in and laid their cases before him; of which he took a note, appointing them to return in a few days. One of them, a woman, stated that she had heard nothing of her husband for three years, and, being without the means of support, wished to marry again. The deputy asked for her witnesses; who came forward and said they had heard her husband swear a triple divorce. The deputy then said, the fetwa, or legal document on which the cadi bases his decisions, should be made out; and on being asked what fee was required, answered, "Two piastres" (fourpence-halfpenny.) Memorandum: Divorces are cheaper in Syria than in England.

A MUFTI'S REPARTEE.

I made the acquaintance of the Mufti, Jabreh Effendi; whom I found a perfect gentleman and a man of the world: his age might be sixty-five. I recollect no individual in Syria who had so fascinating an address. His receiving-room was at the top of the house, which commanded a view of the environs of Aleppo. We often talked of religion. One day he said, "You believe Jesus to be the Son of God?"

Author—"Yes."

Mufti—"That is a mistake; he was a prophet sent by God, at a suitable time, and endowed with suitable qualifications. Our Lord Moses wielded the enchanter's rod: our Lord Jesus effected miraculous cures. When the Prophet was sent among the Arabs, the intellectual energy of the nation was bent on the language, and the Koran was accepted as a miracle of eloquence when Arabic was in the zenith of its richness and magnificence."

A few days after this, the Mufti was in the Mehkeneh, or Court of Justice, when a blind man, who was nonsuited, said, in a tone of great exasperation, "I cannot see you sitting on the bench, but, *inshallah*, I shall see you in hell."

The Mufti, instead of resenting this contempt of court, said, with great composure, "Ah, my good man, you will see many a greater man than myself there."

LEARNING AT ALEPOO.

Public instruction is grossly neglected in Aleppo. As a matter of course, the Egyptian Nizam school has ceased to exist. What a contrast does the present state of Syria offer to the period when the Arabs were the successors of the Greeks in polite learning! I rarely see any work in the hands of the natives except such books as the Egyptian edition of the "Arabian Nights' Entertainments," and some popular poets. The first Arabic scholar in Aleppo was Sheikh Akeel, of the Grand Mosque; of whom I took lessons; for his income as professor at the mosque was insufficient for his

subsistence, and he eked out his income by doing a little in trade. He had lately come from Mecca, and brought with him a stock of coral beads and porcelain bangles, worn by women of the poorer class at their ankles.

SPRING BLEEDING.

THE people of Suediah think it necessary to lose blood in the spring of the year; but neither cup, lancet nor barber have any part in the operation. A man takes off his clothes, and walks right into a leech-pond in the neighborhood; the animals fasten upon him; and when he thinks he has lost enough of blood, he walks out again.

To comprehend the following extract, it should be borne in mind that the Pagan Druses are divided into two classes,—Akkals, wise men, or initiated, and Djahils, ignorant or uninitiated.

DRUSE LAW OF DIVORCE AND ADULTERY.

A female Akkal is not allowed to marry a Djahil: if she do, she is excluded from the *haloué*, or temple, for a year or two. If a man divorce his wife, he cannot take her again, or even see her face. If both, man and wife, agree to a divorce, it takes place; if not, there is a secret meeting held of the friends of the parties, called *Jemya-el-Tahkik*, or assembly of verification. If the fault be on the side of the male, he must, on separation, give the wife the half of his property; and *vice versa*. One of the most singular customs of the Druses is, that, if news, true or false, go abroad that a man has divorced his wife, the Cadi sends for him, and says, "The news of your divorce having gone abroad, it must take place." And if the man should say "I have not divorced my wife," it is of no avail.

If any female make a *faux pas*, the whole family is so disgraced that no other will intermarry with them, and they become utterly contemptible; but the brother, the uncle, or, if no nearer relation exist, the cousin, by putting her to death, wipes out the disgrace, and the family is restored to its former position. In a case like this, the civil authority rarely or never interferes to punish the murderer. The best illustration I can give of this subject, is an anecdote related to me by the deputy of a local governor.—"I was asleep in bed, when, in the middle of the night, I heard a rap at the door of my room. 'Who's there?' said I. A voice answered, 'Nasreddin.' I opened the door; and in came a Druse, bearing a sack on his shoulders. 'What brings you here at this untimely hour?' said I. 'My sister has had an intrigue, and I have killed her. There is her horn, and other ornaments in the sack; and as I am afraid the governor will do something to me, I want your intercession.' 'Why, here are two horns in the sack,' said I. 'I killed her mother, too, for she knew of the intrigue.' 'There is no power but in God Almighty! if your sister were impure, was that a reason for killing her mother? But lie down and sleep.' In the morning, I said to him, 'I suppose you were too uneasy to sleep.' 'By Allah! O my uncle, (a usual phrase,) so unhappy has dishonor made me, that, for a year, I have not slept soundly until last night.' I then went with him to the governor, and said, 'Will you give Nasreddin the handkerchief of amnesty?' The governor said to Nasreddin, 'Speak without fear.' Nasreddin recounted his story; and the governor said, 'La bas,' (no harm.) On which, he kissed the governor's hand, and went away."

[We copy this from the *Examiner*—as our readers may be interested in both names.]

TO CHARLES DICKENS.

Go then to Italy; but mind

To leave the pale low France behind;
Pass through that country, nor ascend
The Rhine, nor over Tyrol wend:
Thus all at once shall rise more grand
The glories of the ancient land.

Dickens! how often, when the air
Breath'd genially, I've thought me there,
And raised to heaven my thankful eyes
To see three spans of deep blue skies.

In Genoa now I hear a stir.

A shout—*Here comes the Minister!*
Yes, thou art he, although not sent
By cabinet or parliament:
Yes, thou art he. Since Milton's youth
Bloomed in the Eden of the South,
Spirit so pure and lofty none
Hath heavenly Genius from his throne
Deputed on the banks of Thames
To speak his voice and urge his claims.
Let every nation know from thee
How less than lovely Italy
Is the whole world beside; let all
Into their grateful breasts recall
How Prospero and Miranda dwelt
In Italy: the griefs that melt
The stoniest heart, each sacred tear
One lacrymatory gathered here;
All Desdemona's, all that fell
In playful Juliet's bridal cell.

Ah! could my steps in life's decline
Accompany or follow thine!
But my own vines are not for me
To prune, or from afar to see.
I miss the tales I used to tell
With cordial Hare and joyous Gell,
And that good old Archbishop whose
Cool library, at evening's close
(Soon as from Ischia swept the gale
And heaved and left the darkening sail,)
Its lofty portal opened wide
To me, and very few beside:
Yet large his kindness. Still the poor
Flock round Taranto's palace-door,
And find no other to replace
The noblest of a noble race.
Amid our converse you would see
Each with white cat upon his knee,
And flattering that grand company:
For Persian kings might proudly own
Such glorious cats to share the throne.

Write me few letters: I'm content
With what for all the world is meant;
Write them for all: but, since my breast
Is far more faithful than the rest,
Never shall any other share
With little Nelly nestling there.

W. S. LANDOR.

From the Spectator.

LETTERS OF MARQUE.

"In contradiction to the principles now recognized in Continental wars," says Martens, "the right to seize and detain merchant ships and their cargoes belonging to the enemy's subjects, to condemn them as good prize, and adjudge them to the ships of war or privateers which captured them, is still rigorously enforced in maritime wars, in which it is not so easy to impose contributions on private individuals. So tenacious of this right are most states, that they do not permit the captors, except in a few very particular cases, to hold their prizes to ransom."

The parties entitled to make prize of the ships and goods of the enemy's subjects, are ships of war, and privateers. Privateers are ships fitted out by private individuals as auxiliaries to the armament of the state. The individuals or companies equipping privateers must take out letters of marque, and give security that they will not exceed their instructions. After these preliminaries, the enemy is held bound to recognize them as legitimate fighters, and their prizes become their property. Private individuals, unprovided with letters of marque, committing hostilities at sea, may be punished as pirates either by the enemy or their own sovereign, and acquire no right of property in their prizes.*

The letter of marque is a relic of the rude ages of Europe, in which the imperfect organization of governments and the vague notions which prevailed respecting the functions of government, weakened public authority, and frequently imposed upon private individuals the necessity of taking at their own hands that redress which in our times they are only entitled to receive through the instrumentality of the public authorities. In the middle ages, reprisals by private individuals on the subjects or territory of a foreign state were of frequent occurrence. This practice being found to endanger the stability of peace, the right of making reprisals came to be restricted during the fourteenth century to individuals who had obtained letters of marque or of reprisals from their sovereign, authorizing them to redress their wrongs by the *lex talionis*. These letters might be and were frequently granted against the subjects of a peaceful or even an allied state: gradually the power of issuing them came to be restricted by treaties to times of war.†

The encouragement held out to privateers is comparatively a modern innovation. The old letter of marque was adopted as a convenient form of license for those new and questionable allies of a legitimate government. During the eighteenth century, letters of marque continued to be not unfrequently taken out by wealthy merchants or companies for their trading-vessels, to authorize them to retaliate when an opportunity offered, for ships of their own captured by the enemy, by snapping up some of his stray merchantmen. There was perhaps little to object to in this practice; it kept alive a daring and hardy spirit in our seamen. But it is better to prevent theft than retaliate; and the growth of the practice of sailing under convoy has latterly superseded the use of letters of marque on this footing. In proportion as those in whom the employment of letters of marque, if an offence at all, was a venial offence,

have relinquished the use of them, the sordid privateers have come to fill their place. They have not the apology of seeking an irregular redress; for their only connexion with the sea is that of hired plunderers. The capture of the enemy's merchantmen is not an episodical adventure in their voyages—it is the sole purpose for which they go to sea—it is their trade. Government, for a portion of their spoil, sells them a license to plunder.

In considering the question of privateering, therefore, the utility of licensing a restricted right of retaliation to private individuals may be entirely left out of the question. In a war, the only parties likely to be engaged in capturing and plundering the merchantmen of the enemy are government-ships and privateers by profession. Both are hired servants of the state, with this difference—that the government-ship is expected to attack, take, or destroy the fighting-vessels of the enemy, as well as the merchant-vessels of the enemy's subjects; the privateer is only expected to attack, take, or destroy the latter class of vessels. The man-of-war's men have regular pay, an allowance for every fighting-ship they capture from the enemy, (proportioned to the number and calibre of its guns,) and the proceeds of the merchant-vessels they take, after deducting a percentage for the government. Privateers have no pay: they do not engage fighting-ships; their booty (deducting, as in the case of the men-of-war, a percentage for government,) is their only recompense, which is shared among the mariners and speculating capitalists as they may have agreed among themselves. The parties engaged in privateering are more inevitably a demoralized class than the men-of-war's men; but the encouragement held out to the latter to prey upon the merchantmen of the enemy has a necessary tendency to lower them in this respect to the level of mere privateer's men.

The cause of demoralization in both cases is the encouragement of plundering practices by governments. In land-wars, the plunder or destruction of private property has become the exceptional case. It is tolerated only,* first, when private property cannot be spared without embarrassing military operations; second, when property required to carry on the war can only be kept from the enemy by destroying it; third, when property cannot be left to the chance of falling into the enemy's hands without reinforcing him; fourth, when it is necessary to waste a country in order to force the enemy out of it or retard his pursuit; fifth, in retaliation. In all other cases the rights of private property are respected: regulated contributions in goods or money, exacted under the penalty of military execution, are substituted for irregular and unbounded pillage. The conquering force steps for the time into the position of the native government: it is despotic, but with all its despotism it never interferes with private rights except to promote a political end, and even then it proceeds according to fixed and known rules. The consequence of this arrangement is, that, in the first place, the army escapes the demoralization engendered by plundering habits; and in the second, the war is less embittered—assumes more the character of a regulated political struggle than a disruption of all the bonds of society and resolution into anarchy.

Why is not the same law of war adopted at sea as on shore? Nothing is gained by the universal

* Martens, *Droit des Gens*, liv. viii. c. 4, § 289.

† Martens, liv. viii. c. 2, § 260.

* Martens, liv. viii. c. 4, § 279.

confiscation of private property found at sea: if any two nations at the end of a long war balance the accounts of what each has lost to privateers, they will be found nearly equal. The government percentage on prizes taken is a poor return for the national impoverishment by prizes lost. The war is embittered and prolonged by privateering: so long as private property is respected, the private citizen supports his government when at war from national pride, or a belief that the war is a just one. The plundered and broken merchant and mariner become privateers for want of better employment, or sense of private wrong, and go to swell the numbers of the trading war-faction. The license to plunder converts the regular navy, and still more the privateers, into buccaneering squadrons.

All nations have an equal interest in putting an end to the indiscriminate confiscation of private property found at sea. Not only would the morals of their navies be better preserved, wars rendered less productive of personal hatreds, and less noxious to the private citizen; the relinquishment of the practice of plundering all merchant-vessels would put an end to some controversies which have more than once caused or prolonged a war. For example, the question whether "free flag makes free goods" could never arise after the plunder of private merchantmen had been discontinued.

The idea of abrogating the system of maritime plunder during war is not new to governments. In 1675, the discontinuance of letters of marque, in the event of a war between Sweden and Holland was an article in a treaty concluded between those two powers. In the war of 1767, Russia abstained from issuing letters of marque, though it had recourse to them in 1770. In 1785, Prussia and the United States of North America pledged themselves not to interrupt commerce by their men-of-war, and not to issue letters of marque against each other's subjects on any occasion of their going to war; though the article was silently withdrawn on renewing the treaty in 1799.* These and all similar attempts to suppress privateering failed, because two or three states could not without disadvantage to themselves abandon a practice in which all the rest of the world persisted. But their experiments may be turned to account: Holland, Sweden, Russia, Prussia, France, and the United States, have all in turn proclaimed the expediency of placing private property at sea in the time of war on the same secure footing as private property on shore. It is to be hoped that peace is not to be interrupted; but there are feverish symptoms abroad, which admit of the opening of negotiations tending to regulate and humanize war, without awaking suspicion. Could not the British cabinet avail itself of this opportunity? If it succeed, henceforth the sea—the highway free to all nations—will be a neutral territory, on which the private citizen is secure from hostile attacks while engaged in the pursuit of peaceful industry. Should it fail, then in the event of a war, will Britain be warranted to use her unquestionable naval ascendency to crush forever the hateful practice of private spoliation.

A MADRID journal states that a quarry of lithographic stone of the best quality has just been discovered at Mirallet, in Catalonia.

* Martens, vol. ii. pp. 199 and 216—the notes. (Edition of Paris, 1831.)

From the Winter's Wreath.

THE HOUSE OF PRAYER.

"Howbeit God dwelleth not in temples made with hands."

Not in buildings made with hands
Hath Jehovah placed His name;
In hearts contrite His temple stands,
Where through the Spirit's holy flame,
True worshippers adore their Lord,
Instructed by His living WORD:
But whose the heart that we may dare
Denominate a "house of prayer?"

Not his who but *profession* makes,
In whom the world still holds its sway,
Who here his consolation takes,
Unheeding truth's more narrow way
That path of light and life he shuns,
And blindly to destruction runs
Then whose the heart that we may dare
Denominate a "house of prayer?"

Not his, who rich and full has made
Uncertain wealth his chiefest joy;
His darling treasure soon will fade,
And prove at best a gilded toy;
Whose heart luxurious has grown,
The seat of Mammon's sordid throne:—
Then whose the heart that we may dare
Denominate a "house of prayer?"

Not his, who rigidly pursues
Mere forms of worship and of prayer,
Who stumbles like the outward Jews
At the true throne of David's heir:
Whose holy kingdom is within,
Perfecting peace by conquering sin:—
Then whose the heart that we may dare
Denominate a "house of prayer?"

"T is his—that poor and contrite one,
Who feels his wants and humbly craves
The bread which comes from heaven alone,
Sustained by which the world he braves;
Obedient to his Master's voice,
He makes the daily cross his choice:—
Behold the man whose heart we dare
Denominate a "house of prayer."

Infirmities may oft oppress,
But still the Spirit's aid is nigh
And can a holy prayer express,
In the meek language of a sigh;
So great a price our Lord hath placed
Upon a heart with meekness graced,
That such a heart we boldly dare
Denominate a "house of prayer."

MANY of our readers will, we think, be as much surprised as we were, to learn that, in the nineteenth century, there exists, in a department of twice-revolutionized France, an anniversary festival, of a week's duration, in celebration of the dreadful massacre of Saint Bartholomew! The little town of Belpach, in the department of the Aude, has the honor of this commemoration; in which the brand of universal history is overlooked or defied, and the orgies are worthy of their detestable object. The French journalists, whom it more immediately concerns, call indignantly on the civil authority for its interference to abate the disgraceful nuisance.

From the New Monthly Magazine.

THE LAST OF THE CONTRABANDIERI.

It was Saturday afternoon, the hour of vespers at Bedonia, in the Val di Taro. The service had already commenced, and not a soul was to be seen out of church. A stream of female voices gushed out of the open windows of the choir. Outside, not a sound, not a living object astir. It was a scene of ineffable calmness and silence. Only near the portals an instrument of destruction was leaning against the wall,—it was the redoubted carabine of Paul Moro, the last of the bandits of the Apennines.

Religion in the country is a matter widely different from what it appears to foreign travellers in most of the Italian cities. In town the Italians have hardly any preaching at all, except in Lent, and even in that season attendance on sermons is not among the absolute commandments of the church. High mass is only continued for the edification of a few pious old ladies, and for the amusement of curious English travellers. But for the generality of the faithful every priest celebrates a daily mass, and as priests are tolerably numerous, you may perform your Christian duty at any hour of the day, having only to choose between the old parson, who blunders through the service in an hour, and the young chaplain who glides through it in ten minutes.

Accordingly before daybreak, before the opening of the church, a half drowsy crowd is besieging the door, coughing, stamping, storming, for admittance. The doors are thrown open. Enter traveller and his valise, driver and his whip, housemaid and her basket, sportsman and his hound,—supposing him to be civil enough to have left his gun at the entrance. Two meagre candles are lighted, a huge folio is open, some buzzing prayers are muttered, and thus ends what is called, "La messa degli affrettati."

Exactly at noon, all the ladies' toilets being over, all the new suits of clothes being donned, a large concourse of fine people repair to their favorite chapel,—generally a small, insignificant building, but from that very cause, secure from vulgar intrusion. The ladies kneel at random on low benches, or are helped to chairs by their cavaliers. These latter stand at the extremity of the nave, a various, gaudy, ever-fluctuating group, bearing some resemblance to the loungers of Fop-alleys at the opera-house, talking and laughing and from their eye-glasses darting death at the beauties on the right and left. In the interior of a small screened altar, something is going on which nobody sees or hears, and which may be Latin or Greek, prayers or curses, for aught anybody cares. When that something is over, off walks the male part of the audience, and ranges itself in two long rows at the church-door, leaving a narrow avenue for the passage of the females, who appear, radiant, edified, sanctified, ready for the promenade.

This is the fashionable mass, called "La messa dei belli."

Last of all the tradesman, who has been at work behind the half-closed shutters of his shop, to supply the luxuries of the wealthy, is hurried by the last peals of the bell to the nearest church, where he arrives in time to get his two thirds of a mass celebrated for the accommodation of the people of his class, and which is called "La messa degli ostinati."

In the afternoon, all that the town possesses of proud steeds and gilt chariots, is prancing and glancing up and down the Corso; in the evening the cafés are dazzling with glaring lamps, the theatres are trembling with intoxicating music, the saloons are glowing with social entertainments.

Such is the Sabbath in town. In the country, in many a sequestered village of the Lombard plain, in many a parish of the remotest Apennine—nowhere more so than in the unexplored district into which we purpose to introduce our readers—is easily found as true, as pure, as ignorant a piety as could be in the times of the earliest Christianity. The manners of those people are stationary, and know no progress either for good or evil. It is still, therefore, the fashion among them to keep holy the seventh day. No distance, no hardship of road or weather, were ever known to deter the Lombard peasant from his devotional duties. In the morning a long mass, with evangelical preaching; in the evening psalms, hymns, and the Blessing of the Host.

The church services are not, however, so long, that before and after them, time may not be left for enjoyment. In the morning there are the sports of the wood; in the afternoon athletic exercises; in the evening, the whole village assemble, in winter in a large parlor, in summer on the threshing-floor by moonlight—and there, with the music of self-taught fiddlers and pipers, seniors and matrons sitting gravely around, they appoint managers and partners, and with jigs, tarantellas, furlanas, and a variety of dances and country-dances, they go on till they feel completely rested and refreshed for the toil of the morrow. In all these sports the pastor is expected to join, and no joy is complete unless he is there to take his share.

I must confess I have never seen an Italian minister dance, though a Spanish padre I have, but I have seen more than one on the Apennines, rising very early with a gay company, on a bright Sunday morning, loading and shouldering his gun, and hallooing after his hounds, shooting his hare with tolerable skill, and remarkable good luck, and at the ringing of the bell hurry back to the parsonage at full gallop, wash his bloody hands at the vestry, put on in great confusion his surplice, his gown, the hundred paraphernalia of his Levitical attire, and ascend to the altar, as venerable in the eyes of his flock and fellow-hunters, as holy and infallible as ever.

The bandit himself, as we have seen, with a reward on his head, does not believe himself exempt from attending church-service, and the carbine of Paul Moro, clearly announced the presence of its owner among the pious flock of the parish of Bedonia.

Italy has not, nor indeed Europe out of Switzerland, a region of more romantic mountain scenery than this same Val-di-Taro, in the Parmesan Apennine, and it is, perhaps, from the church door of Bedonia, that its beauties are viewed to the greatest advantage. The Taro, the mightiest of Italian torrents, there, almost at its sources rolls full and wide, several hundred fathoms below, bounding from rock to rock in a hundred cascades. In front, behind, on all sides, spreads its immense valley, imperceptibly sloping downwards, an endless succession of wild, dreary scenery, of fields, heaths, forests, and cliffs, with towns and hamlets scattered at various intervals; with steeples of convents, ruins of castles—a world of numberless objects on a measureless space. On the right, some twenty miles off, the river hides its sources in the crest of the Apennine, which bending boldly to the south-west, rises gradually up to the stupendous heights that encircle the Holy Lake, which, seen as they are from Bedonia, have the appearance of an immense eagle, stooping on his eyrie, and slowly unfolding his mighty pinions in the act of winging its flight. Beneath are the passes of La Cisa, and further, a long range of impervious crags, the coasts of Berceto and Cassio, down to Pietra Nera, behind which glimmers the light, ocean-like haze, eternally lingering on the Lombard plain.

Nowhere, perhaps, not even in Abruzzo, or Calabria, are to be found such a tall, handsome, active family of men as in the district we have attempted to describe: and nothing can be more deplorable than the contrast between that wild population, and the stunted, half-starved specimens who are to be seen as organ-players and showmen all over Europe, decoyed from that their native region by unconscientious rogues, a kind of white slavers, trading in human flesh.

The mountaineers of the upper districts of the Val-di-Taro, no matter what may otherwise be the condition of Italy—are an independent race. They are the same stubborn people against whom the rage of the victorious French armies, under the guidance of the bloody Junot, had for many years to struggle with dubious success; and although brought to allegiance after the Restoration, they are still virtually at war against all governments; and gendarmes, gaugers, or excisemen, seldom venture with impunity within the stronghold of their mountain fastnesses. Too poor for taxation, too testy and stubborn for military service, the government of Parma would hardly deem it worth while to interfere with them in any manner, and would gladly leave them to the rule of their priests, and their traditional, clan-like, social com-

pact, were it not for the alarming extent to which they carry on their contraband trade.

Placed on the confine between the Tuscan, Sardinian, Modenese, Parmesan, and Lucchese states, every highlander of that district is at heart a smuggler. Naturally a people of the most peaceable disposition, frank, patriarchal, hospitable, as the Arabs of the desert, they are only induced to take arms for the vindication of what they consider, their inalienable right of free trade. The Italian governments have in their improvidence laid the heaviest duties on salt, tobacco, gunpowder, and other articles of the same description, and raised toll-gates and custom-offices at every corner of their Lilliputian states. To evade the exactions, and to baffle the vigilance of the officers, to convey the forbidden articles from one state to another, to counteract the mean spirit of monopoly on the part of the governments, and establish a kind of unlawful Zollverein throughout the country, is the main occupation, the dearest object, the pride of the Val-tarese. Whoever defrauds the revenue by clandestine smuggling is held a clever man and a worthy one; but whoever carries on the contraband in full daylight, by main force, in the very teeth of an armed authority, is looked upon as a hero.

Of this latter description, there never had been, from time immemorial, a more daring pattern than the one who was now attending vespers in the parish church at Bedonia.

Paul Moro was notorious throughout central Italy. He owned a score of mules of the best Genoese breed. A hundred mountaineers were ever ready at his beck to join his band for any desperate enterprise. He entertained a wide correspondence with masters of smuggling vessels in Corsica and Port Mahon. At the head of his trusty outlaws, he would ride on a fine moonlight night to some desert spot on the Riviera of Genoa. Bales from Havana or Virginia would pass from the hold of a tempest-tossed schooner to the backs of his sure-footed cattle. Then making straight for La Cisa, or Mount Cento Croci, the mighty caravan travelled day and night, without intermission, on the main road, announced at a considerable distance by the hundred bells jingling at the necks of its gaily-caparisoned mules; till on its arrival at the toll-house on the borders, the reckless chieftain would march forward alone, and knocking lustily at the bolted door with the butt-end of his rifle, tauntingly call out to the trembling gauger within to come out and smoke one of his best Havanas with him.

Strong bodies of gendarmes and even detachments of regular soldiery had been posted at those often violated stations. Ambush and military stratagem had been resorted to. Combined manœuvres had been planned by the officers of different governments to circumvent and surprise the lawless band in its roving expeditions. The consequences had been bloody affrays, from which the

contrabandist had invariably come off with signal success. His perfect knowledge of every inch of ground, his cool intrepidity, the consummate discipline in which men and beasts in his suite were trained, and the unerring aim of his rifles enabled him to withstand the attack of widely superior forces. Entrenched behind their heavy loaded mules, the smugglers could at any time improvise a fortified camp, even where the bare rocks, or the level heath offered no better shelter, and there was no instance on record of any of the band, dead or alive, or of any part of the cargo being suffered to fall into the hands of the enemy. By degrees, the suddenness of his movements, the impetuosity of his onset, and the ruthlessness of his executions, (for no quarter was given on the battle-field,) had completely demoralized all his opponents, and the name alone of Paul Moro had power to disband a whole regiment in sheer panic consternation.

It must not, however, be supposed that personal bravery or strategic abilities could alone have raised him to such a formidable extent of power. The secret of this long career of success lay in the popularity of his character and pursuits. In a land of smugglers he was the king of smugglers. He was a personification of the spirit of the wild population among whom lay the scene of his exploits. He was the life and soul of that "free trade" by which alone Val-di-Taro could flourish and thrive. No one had ever carried it on with such open defiance, with such enlarged views, with such systematic perseverance, with such constant prosperity. Every man felt that contraband had been nothing before him, and no one could say what it might become without him.

Every inhabitant of the district, therefore, watched the life of Paul Moro with all the zeal and activity of self-preservation. Every herdsman on the hills, every fisher in the streams, would have walked a hundred miles to convey him timely information of the presence of an enemy; every laborer in the field, every charcoal-burner in the woods, would have forsaken himself a thousand times to mislead and bewilder his pursuers. A party of Red Indians on their war-path do not display half the inventive powers employed by those mountaineers to secure their champion against any chance of surprise. Flags by day, fires by night, broken twigs in the forest, signals and sounds without number, constituted the language by which those volunteering spies and auxiliaries communicated with the band on every stage of its march. The whole region, indeed, seemed organized into a kind of Providence hovering with parental solicitude on the progress of its venturesome children, so readily and so seasonably every crag and thicket seemed to produce a bare-footed messenger, breathless with the momentous tidings it was his good fortune to bear.

So much for the smuggler on his campaigns. At home he could be under no apprehension of

danger. His house, his native village, the whole territory for twenty miles around was inviolable land of refuge. Bailiffs and gendarmes trod upon it as on a smouldering volcano. No sooner had any of these worthies set his foot on that dreaded territory, than he felt nearly as comfortable as Damocles under Dionysius' sword. He met, indeed, with no show of hostility, no insult was offered him,—nay, so long as he evinced no unfriendly disposition, the highlander's hospitality was bountifully extended to him. Only all his steps were numbered, his movements closely followed, and at the slightest alarm the very ground on which he stood would have yawned under him; and his annihilation would be so certain and sudden, that his fate would remain a mystery to the end of time.

It was long, however, since any such event had occurred. It was long since any attempt had been made at an invasion of that privileged district. Government had long since been deterred from any interference with those unsophisticated children of nature, and the officers of justice, satisfied with an occasional ride through the valley, intended, as it were, for a vain assertion of nominal sovereignty, had long been accustomed to look on those sequestered villages as placed beyond the limits of their actual jurisdiction.

It was then rather as an ornament than for any expectation of its being pressed into service, that Paul Moro's carbine was left in waiting at the church door of Bedonia. Indeed, were even an assault meditated in any other part of the country, against any malefactor, the sacredness of the house of worship would, in any instance, screen him from danger; the women and children, and the very parish priest himself would, under such circumstances, turn out and fight for his defence.

The carbine, however, was there. That weapon had its ample share of its owner's reputation. It was a long-barrelled, silver-mounted rifle, the like of which is not easily to be met with in the civilized world. The moors of Abd-El-Kader and the guerrilleros of Cabrera might be so equipped for war; but in any other country, old-fashioned instruments like that are laid down as mere curiosities of ancient armory. Paul Moro would not have exchanged his rifle against the best of Mantua's master-pieces. The barrel bore the name of its maker, Lazzarino Cominazzo, an armorer who flourished in Italy long before the renowned Spanish foundries attained their ascendancy. It was soft and smooth as velvet, and it seemed as if time and rust could never impair its rich brown, or affect the rings of its snake-like damaskeening. The stock, or at least its curious inlayings, were of more recent workmanship—most probably renewed according to the taste of its successive owners, the names of several of which were engraven on silver plates near the lock. The fame of all those owners lived in the wildest traditions of the country, and in the hands of each of them, as well as in

those of its present possessor, "La Lazzarina," as the rifle was called, had performed such prodigies, as could hardly be expected of a barrel merely cast in mortal forges, and tempered by human contrivance.

Meanwhile, the elevation of the Host had closed the ceremonies of the evening service. As the last tinkling of the bell died off, a faint rush was heard, announcing the rising of the congregation from their kneeling posture. Presently, bareheaded, silent, and with downcast eyes, they began to issue from the church, and after crossing the little church-yard, they all heaved a sigh, as they found themselves in the open air, as if glad to be relieved from the long constraint of overwrought devotion. The old people tarried awhile on the threshold to escort their beloved pastor to his dwelling, but the more impatient members of the new generation filed off in a bustle, and paired off in different directions, engaged in genial conversation.

It must be observed, that amongst the rural population of Italy, where primitive manners to a great extent prevail, the Sunday is a day set apart for amorous, no less than for religious, purposes. Love and piety are so closely connected in that country, that ever since the days of Petrarch and Boccaccio, connubial transactions were wont to begin, where they ought to finish—in a church. Even at the present day, in the country, the companion a swain chooses for a walk home after vespers, is understood to be his intended partner for life. All affectionate intercourse between rustic lovers is limited to that day and that hour. Engaged in their laborious pursuits, they have, in week days, hardly leisure to acknowledge each other's presence, when meeting, by a hasty good morning; but the seventh day is sacred to the interchange of soft feelings. The church-door is a universal trysting-place. Parents and guardians never presume to interfere with acquaintances contracted under its sacred auspices. Such a system of courtship, of course, precludes all possibility of secrecy. Indeed, the Italians—I mean the people of the old school—do not admit of the coexistence of love and mystery. Two walks home from vespers with the same girl on successive Sundays, and you are booked for life.

Paul Moro was among the first to leave the church; he shouldered his piece with unaffected carelessness, and a few steps brought him by the side of the loveliest creature in Val-di-Taro.

They were a remarkable pair, and formed rather a pleasing contrast. The contrabandist was tall, dark, athletic. He was in his thirtieth year; the hue of exuberant health glowed on his bronzed cheek. No trace was on his look of the violent life he led. He had a manly, open, and cheerful countenance, expressive of all that gentleness and benevolence which is inseparable from genuine valor.

His companion had the complexion of an angel; somewhat pale, perhaps, but dazzlingly fair. Her eyes were deep blue, and locks of the purest gold fell on a neck and shoulders of unblemished whiteness. She had an exquisite cast of features, animated by an expression of consummate archness. Her eyes beamed with an intelligence and energy which might appear somewhat premature and unfeminine. She was aged eighteen, and her name was Maria Stella.

There was an awful story connected with the birth of that singular girl. Her mother, a milk-maid of the neighborhood of Borgotaro, had fallen

in with a party of marauders from some of the invading armies of the allies in 1814; whether Cossacs or Croats, it was never satisfactorily ascertained. She remained with them three days, after which she succeeded in effecting her escape. She repaired to her mother's home, haggard, dishevelled, in a state of raving insanity; and continued a helpless maniac for nine months, at the end of which period she was delivered of a daughter, and died in giving her birth. The child was christened Maria Stella.

The miserable orphan was brought up by her grandmother, an indigent widow, who was her nearest relative. In her infancy, Maria Stella was removed to Bedonia, where she had grown up unconscious of her origin. Her aged relative and guardian had done all in her power to spoil her. Indulged in all her childish whims, and early made aware of the charms of her person, she had become as arrant a coquette as those innocent mountains had ever beheld. Paul Moro, to whose liberalities her grandmother was indebted for her subsistence, had centred all his thoughts on that blooming girl. He was not, indeed, blind to the waywardness and wantonness of her disposition; but he attributed it to the natural buoyancy of her age. In his native honesty and singlemindedness the good contrabandist was far from penetrating to the depth, and estimating to its full extent a character which seemed, in fact, as yet hardly developed, and which was too easily concealed under the appearances of girlish petulance and self-will.

"It is a lovely evening," observed Maria Stella, as she drew down her *veletta* on her brow,* and spread her rustic fan to screen her face from the rays of the setting sun, well knowing at what a high premium her snow-white complexion was in that southern climate; "we will have a stroll on the Pelpi, and come back by moonlight."

"And what," asked Paul, "is to become of your grandma' all the while?"

"Oh, Nonna knows very well how to take care of herself," said the girl, pettishly. "She will be telling her beads till bedtime. Amusing, is it not? I wish you would go and keep her company. I can find my way very well without you—and, by the bye, you are not going to take that rusty old scare-crow with you," she said tapping contemptuously with her fan on the barrel of the rifle, till it rang again like a silver bell.

"Why," said Paul, "I never knew you object to Lazzarina before."

"But I tell you I won't have it:" insisted the spoiled beauty; then pointing to a countryman that met them on the road—"there comes Bonagiunta, the cowherd, in good time," she said. "Trust it with him. Now then make up your mind: you part with your gun, or you part with me."

"Be on your guard, Paul Moro," whispered the rustic, walking up to the contrabandist. "I have just come from Compiano. The garrison has received a reinforcement of dragoons from Borgotaro. Captain Scotti is with them. Be on the look out, I tell ye. Mark my words, they are after no good."

"The dragoons are loath to cross my path, Bonagiunta," said Paul, coolly. "As for Captain Scotti, there are old scores to settle between us."

* A picturesque head-gear used by the peasant girls in several mountainous districts in Italy, and consisting of a square top laid obliquely on the crown of the head, with wide folds falling gracefully on both sides and behind.

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I have spared him twice. It is for him to beware.—But what ails thee, wench!" he said, turning suddenly to Maria Stella. " You look pale; fear not, my child; they will not interfere with us, and if they do, why Lazzarina is a friend in need. Now, you see, we can't very well dispense with it."

The girl bit her lips. The two betrothed continued their walk, the smuggler glancing occasionally at the road before him, the girl with her eyes on the ground; both silent. The path wound athwart the Pelpi, a vast extent of meagre pasture ground, sloping boldly to the river, all bare and bleak, without one bush to break its monotonous nudity. After an extent of above three miles the coast broke into a narrow glen, beyond which there arose a lofty forest of old chestnut trees, spreading on a wide extent of land as far as the ancient fortress of Compiano. Here was the foremost station of civilized life. That castle, which was also a prison of state, was tenanted by a thin garrison, occasionally strengthened by a body of gendarmes, or as they are there named, dragoons. Further down the broad valley is situated the town of Borgotaro, the little metropolis of the whole district. In the centre of the above-mentioned glen, and about half-way between Compiano and the village of Bedonia, embosomed in a cluster of luxuriant trees, was a chapel dedicated to St. Mary. The shrine stood still and solitary, venerable with age, awful with its unbroken silence and gloom.

By the time the two lovers had arrived in sight of the chapel, the girl had rallied her spirit, damped, as her lover thought, by the announcement of danger, however remote; she walked by the side of her protector, skipping and bounding like a very child, railing and teasing him in her desultory conversation.

" But, my dear child—" remonstrated Paul.

" But, dear papa, this evening I am in the humor for a very, very long walk; we will go, at least, as far as St. Mary's."

" But, child," insisted the contrabandist, " you 'll hardly be back at midnight."

" Well, and what of it? Are you afraid of being with me alone in the dark, or—on my word, I believe you are afraid of ghosts: they do say, indeed, the old chapel is haunted."

" Afraid!" said Paul, without swaggering; " I should be sorry to believe that I am afraid of any man, alive or dead."

" You do believe in ghosts, though!"

" And why should I not?" replied the brave man, in the simplicity of his heart. " Am I not a man and a Christian? Is not the soul immortal and God omnipotent? But I fear them not; an uneasy conscience needs alone fear them. I never harmed any living being. I am a quiet man, and follow a peaceful trade. If an evil-minded gauger chooses to act the part of the highway robber, and cross an honest muleteer on his path, why his blood be on his head. It grieves me, though, to hear you trifling with matters connected with another world. The books they gave you at Borgotaro—I never looked into them—I am a poor, ignorant mountaineer—but I fear they can do you no good. There are men who study till they learn to fear neither God nor the devil, and—"

" There now," interrupted Stella, " what a good parson you 'd make."

" I do not like your books," continued Paul Moro, with rising warmth, " and I do not like the company you frequent at Borgotaro. It was ill-

advised of your grandmother to allow you to go alone to that idle town; had I been in the way, this should never have been. We have heard of your fine doings there. You have no regard for me, Stella, or you would not forget yourself so far as to be seen dancing and flirting with Captain Scotti, or any other thief-taker with epaulettes like him."

Again the girl turned pale; but, immediately recovering, she retorted angrily,

" There now; a jealous man never hits on his real rival. Why do not you mention Dr. Bisturi, he who gave the ball for my sake? He who swore by the light of my blue eyes he would make a lady of me! Ha! ha! the old doctor ready to lay his wig and spectacles, and his hoards of crowns at my feet. I tell you what, sir, you had better beware how you worry me, or I shall begin to think that the doctor, old as he is, could hardly make as grumbling a husband as you. You know I can't bear scolding, and won't put up with it. As for the officers," she added with a faltering voice and an averted face, " what if I accept them as partners for a *monferrina*, or if I seem to listen to the nonsense of their townbred gallantry, is it not all for your sake? that I may know their designs and watch their movements. Wherever I be, am I not always concerned for your safety?"

" I beg," replied Moro, earnest and haughty, " that you never again trouble yourself about it. Your friends, the officers, are but too happy to leave me alone. They know that I am neither deaf nor blind, and that Lazzarina is not a distaff. He must indeed be tired of life who ventures within reach of its shot. And were the rifle even to fail," added the bandit, raising his arm, and pointing to a long Genoese knife peeping out of his pocket on the left side, " there is enough, I hope, to settle any sbirro who would court a closer hug with the bear. No, they know they cannot have me, unless they catch me asleep, and they cannot take me by surprise unless they find a traitor in these mountains; and I could as soon apprehend treason from any man in Val-di-Taro, Stella, as I could suspect you."

Maria Stella winced.

" No," continued the bold mountaineer, in a softened tone, " it is not such services that I expect from you, it is not by such means that you can provide for my tranquillity. My hand is sufficient to take care of my head. It is my heart that is left in your keeping; and if for our mutual happiness—"

" Hush, hush; see there!" exclaimed the girl, with her usual levity, pointing with her fan to a mountain hawk which was sailing loftily over their heads.

" You see, yonder, that kite, or buzzard, or whatever it is!" said the girl.

" It is a noble hawk," said the contrabandist, with the veneration for that bird peculiar to the mountaineers. " Its pinions are as broad as an eagle's."

" Make haste with your rifle and bear him down!"

" The bold falcon does us no harm," remonstrated Paul Moro, who himself a rover, had a fellow-feeling for the daring pirate of the air.

" It is a fine shot," insisted the wilful girl, " and I long to see a trial of your skill. Do you bear, sir! Down with your rifle and fire."

The good-natured lover complied reluctantly with the girl's caprice. He raised the muzzle of

his gun to a level with the bird, and followed for a second its rotary soaring in the air. Suddenly his heart seemed to smite him. He lowered his piece, and turning to his impatient mistress, "Grace," he said, "grace, for the harmless creature!"

"Harmless plunderer of dove-cots and poultry-yards forsooth. I have no patience with you."

"Every living being follows the instinct with which God Almighty has gifted him," returned the bandit, solemnly; "we have no right to sit in judgment against him."

"None of your nonsense," urged the girl snapishly, "fire forthwith, or I'll dispense with your company in my way back."

The contrabandist again took his unerring aim. The hawk was by this time right over his head, at a very great height. He wheeled round and round, lingeringly and almost imperceptibly, courting as it were the fate that awaited him, unfolding his mighty wings to their utmost extent, and offering thus as wide a target as the marksman could desire. Paul fired. The report of the rifle awakened the distant echoes on both sides of the wide stream. The hawk made an upward start, then suddenly sinking heavily, helplessly, he bounded down, turning over and over through the air, until he plunged with a dead splash into the roaring torrent, many hundred feet beneath the ground on which his destroyer stood.

While Paul with a melancholy eye followed the downfall of the bird, Stella cast a hurried glance towards the forest.

"The brave soaring falcon will never go back to his eyrie," said Paul, turning away his head. "His race is run, and the messenger of death reached him just, perhaps, as he exulted in the full consciousness of his powers. So much for those who put their trust in mortal strength."

"I am only sorry we can have none of his feathers," observed the girl, with great coolness. "I wanted a plume for the cap of my own champion. But come," she added, taking hold of his arm, and hurrying him away, just as he prepared to reload his piece. "We are not a hundred yards from the chapel, and we must not go back without kneeling to the image of our Lady."

The mountaineer followed her without a reply, but in a state of unusual depression. Stella, aware of the gloominess of his disposition, endeavored to dispel it, by her incessant volubility.

"There is the enchanted forest," said she, "the nest of sprites and goblins, the haunt of ghosts and ghouls, and all evil spirits that roam by night." Then raising her merry voice amidst peals of laughter, she sung:—

"Day or night, no man should rove
Through the dismal chestnut grove."

"Prithee, Stella, not that silly song," interrupted Paul Moro. "Sing me rather some staves out of the Lay of San Pellegrino."

* These absurd lines are a literal translation of an old popular song once introduced in a comic opera, "La Grieselde," "La Camilla," or some other in that style. A few scraps of the original I can even now recollect:—

Auf di giorno, nè di sera
Non passiam la Selva Nera.
* * *
Un di carco il molinazo
Al mulin se ne tornò,
Era notte ed il somaro
Alla selva lo portò.
* * *
V'era l'ombra di sua Nonna
Che pel naso lo pigliò, &c.

But the heedless girl continued, raising her voice to the highest pitch.

"Once Joe Miller on his donkey
Late at night was jogging home,
It was dark, and he saw double,
As the forest he did roam;
In its flowing blanket shrouded
On his path a phantom rose;
'T was the ghost of his grandmother
And it took him by the nose.
Ahu! the grove, the dismal grove,
Is no place where men should rove.

In the forest once a maiden
Her sweetheart had gone to meet,
She walk'd trembling and heard rustling
The dry leaves beneath her feet;
An old owl from an old pollard
Thrice sang out its mournful note;
And she started as the brambles
Pull'd and tore her petticoat.

Ahu! the grove, the chestnut grove—"

"Peace, Stella!" interrupted the smuggler, drawing her back hastily.

"Mercy, what is the matter?" faltered the girl, ready to faint with terror.

Every trace of color had fled from the cheeks of Paul Moro. His first movement had been to lower the muzzle of his gun in the direction of the chapel; his hand next ran to the hilt of his dagger, but his self-possession instantly returned, and, ashamed of the moment of weakness he had evinced,

"Pah!" he exclaimed, "I am growing chicken-hearted, I believe, as I am getting old. Did n't I fancy I saw a bayonet gleaming through the branches of that old chestnut-tree?"

"I told you so," retorted the girl, who had rallied her spirits as soon as her companion. "The grove, the dismal grove! that is the place for strange sounds and queer sights."

They had reached the outskirts of the forest, and stood in front of the chapel. The sun had set behind a huge mass of summer clouds, and the moon was yet struggling through a dense haze down in the east. It was the first and yet the darkest hour of night. The last peals of the Ave Maria from many a parish church on the hills, died languidly away mellowed by distance, and the soft sigh of eve seemed to spread over the silent landscape. Obeying the influence of the ineffable calmness around him, the contrabandist laid his carbine against the wall, and threw his cap on the rude stone bench which ran all along the front of the shrine. He sat down, drew the pale-faced girl on his knees, and rested his head on her shoulder, musing.

The chapel was a plain, square, stone building, roofed with slate, with no opening but the front door, which was secured by a heavy gate of iron rails, fastened by a latch outside. The building was in a dilapidated state, notwithstanding the high repute of the miraculous powers of the hallowed image it enshrined, and the yearly pilgrimages and processions it received from the neighboring parishes. Right before the door it had a clear semicircular space about thirty yards in diameter; but beyond that, as well as behind and on both sides the little sanctuary, the forest, dark, frowning, and almost impervious, invaded the ground.

"Come, Paul," said the girl, in a voice which appeared subdued by the solemnity of the hour and of the place. "Let us go in. Three Ave

Marias, and then we'll see what Nonna has got for our supper."

The man rose. He lifted up the latch, and pushed the gate open. The girl followed on his footsteps and yet, even yet, as she set her foot on the sill, she stopped for a few seconds to take a survey of the surrounding trees.

They knelt side by side on the bare pavement in the centre of the chapel; they bowed their heads before the rudely-carved and gaudily-dressed image on the altar-piece.—The clear, silver voice of Maria Stella could be heard responding to the deep tones of the pious contrabandist. The girl was many shades paler than usual as they emerged from the shrine. Paul was about to resume his cap and his rifle when his mistress laid her hand on his arm.

"Stop, dear Paul," she stammered, "I have left my fan in the chapel."

The contrabandist hastened back to the spot they had just left. As he was stooping to raise the fan from the ground he heard the iron door violently slammed behind him. Maria Stella stood laughing outside.

"Come, child, none of your pranks," cried the mountaineer, his eye flashing with sudden anger. "This is neither the place nor the time for trifling. You know I cannot brook confinement, not even in jest."

As he said this he laid his powerful grasp on the iron rails, and gave them a hearty pull but in vain.

"There now, you are my prisoner," shouted the wild girl, clapping her hands in all the enjoyment of her mad frolic. "I have half a mind to leave you there to spend the night with the ghosts."

The countenance of the contrabandist became now terrific. "Lift up the latch, giddy girl, or by Heaven—"

Maria Stella was appalled by that menacing scowl; she hastened to comply with his desire, and fumbled for some time at the latch, but, after a few ineffectual efforts she drew back impatiently.

"The devil is in the lock, I do believe," she exclaimed, "lend me your knife, Paul; my fingers are all a-bleeding."

Paul thrust the handle of his dagger through the bars of the door. The girl clutched it eagerly. In that instant the grove became alive with armed men.

"There he is!" said Maria Stella, addressing her words to their leader. "He can't help himself now. Don't hurt him at least. Remember you promised!"

Seven years had elapsed since that new Dalilah had delivered her lover fast and bound (for Paul was too much stunned by her treason to offer even a show of resistance) into the hands of his enemies. Matters bore now a different aspect in the upper regions of Val-di-Taro. There was an end of "free trade" since the last of the contrabandists had disappeared from the scene of his daring achievements. The fate of Paul Moro had daunted the most valiant of his band. A sneaking smuggler would yet occasionally steal through a wolf-path over the border with his pack of prohibited goods on his shoulder; but the fair, gentlemanly practice of highway contraband had been gradually discontinued, and seemed now to have become utterly impracticable.

By what fatal stratagem Paul's capture had been brought about remained yet, in great measure, a mystery. But however artfully Maria Stella might contrive to avert from herself the odium of that dark transaction—however loudly she bewailed her lover's fate, and her own bereavement, she was soon made aware that the tide of public opinion was setting hard against her, and, as if apprehending that the air of Bedonia had all at once become too keen for her constitution, she prevailed on her grandmother to repair to Borgotaro.

The strong suspicions that were current to her discredit, received ample confirmation by the heartless and almost riotous life into which she plunged as soon as she saw herself safely re-established in her native place. Captain Scotti, he, it was surmised, who commanded the expedition against Paul Moro at St. Mary's chapel, became now her constant attendant. The flatteries of that gay admirer induced her to a course of dissipation which could not fail to give great offence to the sober community that witnessed it. Whatever may be, or rather may have been the manners of the idle nobility in town, licentiousness is very rare in Italy among the middle and lowest classes. Maria Stella found that she had no longer a right to raise her face before her equals, and in vain urged her gallant swain to restore her good name by the only means in his power. In a moment of despair, advised also as it seems by the captain himself, she yielded to the repeated solicitations of her ancient suitor, Dr. Bisturi, an old miser, aged three score, who had buried three wives, and did not shrink from the contingencies of a fourth nuptial experiment.

The wedding took place about three months after the arrest of the contrabandist. Tidings of his trial and sentence at Parma, had recently reached Borgotaro, and the announcement of his execution was hourly expected.

Merrily rang every bell from the crazy old steeple, as the doctor and his youthful bride, now made one flesh for life, issued from the main door of the church; the old country town of Borgotaro had put on its best holiday look, glad of its share in a festive ceremony, no matter how unpopular the parties it was called upon to congratulate. And the boys shouted, and the mortars thundered,* and the flags waved from the balconies, and the roads were strewn with flowers. The whole bridal company got on their mountain nags, and a long stream of people followed in disorderly procession. Captain Scotti as bridesman, bestriding the proudest of his chargers, pranced gallantly on the left of Maria Stella; his radiant countenance and martial bearing affording no common contrast to the shrivelled face and vaulted figure of the old bridegroom, as he sat crouching on his ambling mule. The gay cavalcade had well-nigh reached the doctor's residence, near the half-tottering gate of the town, when it was met, and owing to the narrowness of the street, momentarily checked by another party, coming from an opposite direction, and presenting quite a different aspect.

It was a large convoy of grim-visaged male-

* Mortari, or Mortaletti, as they are called, in Italy, are certain tubes of iron, which are crammed with gunpowder, and fired off on the main square of the towns, with all the noise of artillery, and not without danger to the bystanders. This practice is prevalent on the Apennines, and all along the sea-coast, on all occasions of public or private rejoicing, as well as in religious solemnities.

factors, tied together on a long string, bound for the bagnios of Genoa. They were escorted by a band of alguazils, armed to the teeth, and their limbs were loaded with several coils of clanking chains. Each of these felons muttered his coarse joke as he brushed by the white palfrey of the gaily-attired bride. Only the last—he came alone, and held his eyes on the ground, as if unconscious of the interruption,—only the last would have walked silently on, had not his attention been suddenly roused by a faint exclamation of the bride herself—it was Paul Moro!

On the morning of his execution at Parma, the cart on which he was conveyed to the scaffold, had *happened* to meet the carriage of the reigning duchess, and that gracious encounter, in accordance with a long-established custom was interpreted as a signification of reprieve. His sentence was commuted into hard imprisonment for life, and he had received order to join a band of criminals, who were then on the eve of their transportation to the galleys of Genoa.

At that cry of surprise, which the sight of her victim elicited from Stella's heart, Paul raised his head, and seemed to awake from a lethargic sleep. He gazed at his late betrothed, he gazed at the sparkling cavalier, who, on the first symptoms of alarm, had thrown his right arm round the lady's waist, as if to steady her on her saddle; and as he gazed, he turned quickly round to address them, by that sudden start communicating a backward movement to the whole gang of his fellow-captives. His guardians, however, pressed on his heels, and drove him onward with oaths and blows.

Then the fiend of impotent rage was roused in the heart of Paul Moro. He cast a savage look on all surrounding objects, as if anxious to include the whole of creation in one sweeping malediction. Then, with the fury of the wolf of the Apennine, when, wounded by the huntsman's lead, he drives his fangs through his smarting flesh, the miserable convict snapped at his left arm with his teeth with such rabid ferocity, that the blood flowed copiously from the arteries of his lacerated limb. Faint with the loss of blood, and the exhaustion of his passion, he was conveyed to the gaol of Borgotaro, where a month elapsed before he was so far recovered as to reach his ultimate destination.

The best part of seven years had now gone by since Stella's wedding had been saddened by that ominous meeting. She was now seated by her bedside, in her chamber, watching the slumbers of her only child, a blooming girl, born within the first twelvemonth of her wedlock. The doctor, her husband, was from home. It was late at night, and her attendant had retired. Unrest and anxiety stood on the face of that solitary watcher. And yet, her uneasiness could hardly arise from any maternal concern for the health or well-being of her daughter, for the dewy roses of thriving freshness, and the seraph smile of happy innocence, were on the face of the sleeping girl. Moreover, her eye wandered often from the cradle to the half-closed door of her apartment. She rose also, not unfrequently, and paced the room with the agitated step of fretful expectation.

Her countenance had lost much of its native liveliness, and the incessant worming of latent care seemed even to have undermined her gracile constitution. The advantages of the comparative affluence and ease of her present situation had fallen miserably short of her sanguine anticipations. The dulness of her husband's home was but a sad

refuge against the withering scorn which awaited her, whenever she ventured out into a society, for which her origin as well as her conduct unfitted her. The very man for whose sake she had sunk so low in her own and the world's estimation, Captain Scotti himself, had but coldly requited her boundless, though guilty, devotion. Not many months after her wedding, that officer had been removed to a distant part of the province. He had left her letters unanswered, and all intercourse had, for a long lapse of years, ceased between them.

But he had come back, at last; suddenly, unexpectedly; an interchange of billets had taken place, and the doctor's absence offering a rare opportunity, that very evening had been appointed for a reconciliatory meeting.

Trembling with anxiety, sat the guilty wife by her daughter's cradle. That girl, she knew, had more than her ample share in that cold and selfish man's affections. Since his last clandestine visit, years ago, the helpless infant had grown into a lively and rational being. Stella looked on her own girl, who, she hoped, was to become a pledge of renovated tenderness. To the mother, she thought, he might show himself overbearing and tyrannical; but that child's smiles, the very sight of its sleeping loveliness could not fail to subdue him, to win him back to his wonted allegiance.

Outside, the night was dark and squally. The moaning gusts of the autumn wind shook the old mansion with incessant fury. A solitary star would glimmer, for an instant, through a breach opened between the drifting clouds, but huge black masses, as if of Stygian vapors, immediately thronged upon the vacant space, and all again became more compact and deeper gloom.

Maria Stella, now at her window, contemplated the revel of the raging elements. A shiver ran through her veins, as the cold blast howled through the crannies of the shattered shutters, in the sound of a hungry wolf, prowling at dead of night round the palings of a lonely sheep-fold.

On a sudden her countenance beamed, her hands were clasped with ecstatic joy; for the form of a man was descried advancing rapidly down the silent street. Stella recognized that lofty figure, that martial step, that proud bearing of his head. Her eyes had not deceived her. Yet a few moments, and the stately officer stopped on the threshold of her house. It was an old seignorial mansion, almost a castle in appearance, but sadly out of repair, which the griping physician had bought out of the wreck of a ruined family. The main-door in the street remained open day and night, the doctor's household being only protected by the doors at the entrance of the habitable apartments. The captain entered. There was a short interval of trembling expectation, and presently a light foot-tread stole rapidly up the marble staircase. Maria Stella hurried to the door with outstretched arms. The door flew open, yielding to a hasty impulse from without. In stalked the nocturnal visiter—and Maria Stella fell back, uttering a shriek—a piercing, rending, unearthly shriek, as if her heart-strings had snapped asunder.

Paul Moro stood before her!

During six years and nine months Maria Stella never had once heard of, never alluded to the transported contrabandist. Thought of him, however, she had; and his sudden appearance, in that guilty moment, called back, by an instantaneous

rush, a whole age of secret terror and stifled remorse. Great Heaven! was it the phantom of the dead rising before her an avenger? or if it was, indeed, Paul living and breathing, how had he broken his chains and travelled safely back to his mountains? And Paul had met him! for her eyes had not deceived her, and the captain stood but one minute since on her threshold. They had met. Her lover had fallen by the hand of his rival.

Such were the first thoughts that crowded on the mind of the distracted woman. Something awfully mysterious, inexplicable, was blended with the consternation of that terrific surprise. It was a consciousness of certain, sudden, inevitable annihilation, the foreboding of an overwhelming evil, of which it was not in the power of her startled mind to guess the real nature, or to calculate the appalling extent.

Maria Stella staggered back. Thrice did she press both her hands on her heart—thrice did she grasp convulsively, as she reeled backwards towards her daughter's cradle. Her marble-pale countenance in an instant became overspread with flaming scarlet. But that sanguine hue immediately gave place to a dark purple. There was a spasmodic throbbing at her temples: a gurgling and rattling at her throat; she tottered backwards and backwards, with her glaring eyes riveted on the blasting apparition—fascinated as if Medusa's head had suddenly offered itself before her gaze; thrice she faltered in smothered voice, "Paul! Paul Moro!" and sank overpowered across the couch of her child.

That which caused that misguided woman such a trance of cruel perplexity is, however, for us, a problem of easy solution. Only three days before, the port of Genoa had been thrown into an uproar by the announcement of the escape of six galley-slaves from the *Darsena*. They had been seen prowling along the sea-shore towards La Spezia. They were all bandits and smugglers from Parma; Paul Moro was their leader, he had projected and promoted their bold scheme of escape. They had seized on a fishing *tartana*, and five of them sailed for the opposite coast of Barbary. But the leader remained behind. He resisted the warm entreaties, the tears and threats of his comrades. He had a vow to fulfil, he urged. He stood long gazing after their receding sail, as wind and wave were rapidly wafting them to a land of freedom and security. He wished them speed and success in their voyage. But he envied them not; he did not mourn over their unavoidable separation. His fate awaited him on shore.

Then he moved homewards. He trod on his native hills; he plunged into the depths of his forests; from an overhanging cliff he hailed the broad valley which had so often witnessed his triumphs. He stood on the ruins of his dismantled dwelling, he toiled through the thorns and nettles luxuriating on his deserted homefield. The desolation of his own heart seemed equally spread over the scenery around.

But he had not come to mourn over ruins, or to wail over the devastation of inclement seasons. He had a sacred duty, a solemn vow of revenge to accomplish. Three days and three nights he wandered, biding his time, and watching the movements of his victim. The doctor's absence, the captain's return, the secret messages between the two lovers, their appointed meeting—he knew all—he guessed all, as if gifted with a miraculous power of divination.

At the appointed hour he hid himself behind the portals of Stella's house. Behind a pillar in the dark hall Paul Moro awaited the arrival of the expected guest. He heard, he recognized his tread, he perceived his tall figure, he fancied he could discern his features as the captain passed him in the dark, groping up to the staircase. The contrabandist laid hand on his dagger, and followed close on his footsteps.

But passion is hasty and inconsiderate, guilt is suspicious and cowardly. The captain heard the footfall of his pursuer. He stopped short, he held his breath. He was far indeed from dreaming of the real nature of his danger; but he was assailed by a thousand vague terrors. He apprehended the doctor might have detected his clandestine connexion with his wife, and waylaid him; he even dreaded the vengeance of Maria Stella herself, whom he felt he had wronged, and whom he knew by experience capable of the most dangerous extremes. A sudden faint-heartedness stole over the frame of the gallant captain. He resolved to give up the interview. This change in his disposition was but the work of a moment; he stole through a back staircase into the yard, and through a coach-door glided out of the house.

Paul Moro knew nothing of this retreating movement. He felt sure he was following on the track of his mortal enemy. He held him safe. Thirst for revenge blinded and deafened him. Thoroughly acquainted with every turning in the house, he rushed to the door of Stella's chamber, into which his rival must in that very instant have preceeded him. He pushed open the door, and was scarcely less surprised than Stella herself when he found her alone.

He could hardly believe his own eyes. He cast a hasty glance round the room, and that rapid survey satisfied him that his victim had vanished. He stood amazed on the spot.

His dress was torn, soiled, and squalid, the consequence of his rambling days and nights in the woods. His face was hollow and haggard, the result of long hours of fast and sleeplessness, and his features had been hardened, the expression of his countenance had grown wild with years of weary toil, with the constant intercourse with degraded beings. He was a miserable no less than a formidable object to look upon; and even independently of the fatal circumstances under which he presented himself before Maria Stella, he might easily have suggested to any other beholder the idea that he was only the spectre of his former self.

Paul Moro recovered from the astonishment in which the inconceivable disappearance of the captain had thrown him, only to be paralyzed by the effect that his presence seemed to have on the former object of his affections. He flew to her assistance, he caught her up in his arms. He called out her name loudly, frantically. He roused the house by his alarming cries.

In his moments of maddening despair in the condemned cell—in his hours of gloomy loneliness in the *bagnio*—in his first entrancement of emancipation—in his deeply meditated scheme of revenge, the name of Stella had never been associated in his mind with feelings of rancor and animosity. He came not to harm her. Her unnatural defection grieved him to the very core of his heart. He mourned over the abyss into which an angel had fallen. Her treachery had called forth unutterable anguish, irrecoverable misery, but he could not

hate her. He could never have the heart to hurt her.

His long-cherished revenge had a far higher aim ; his wrath ran in a far different channel. He came to strike her seducer dead at her feet. Him who had poisoned the atmosphere in which innocence breathed, by the foul breath of his base flattery—who had whispered treason into the incautious ear of an unsophisticated country maiden, and made love an instrument of the darkest perfidy—who had darkened the sun in his firmament, and shaken his belief in God's own justice and wrath—him he came to stab to the heart !

And meanwhile his designed victim seemed to have sunk underground, and Stella was fainting—dying before him. Dying ! for all his endeavors, and those of the servants who had been startled from their sleep and ran to her assistance, were equally vain. Stella's eyes were still wide open, and seemed to follow every movement of the contrabandist, as with violent gestures, with bursting sobs, he solicited every person in the room to lend a helping hand. But the chill of death was on her darkened face, in her stiffened limbs ; still forever was the heaving of her breast. The conflict of violent emotions had produced instant suffocation.

A fortnight after that disastrous night, Paul landed in Bastia, in Corsica. Notwithstanding his cropped ears, the runaway galley-slave was enlisted in the foreign legion, which the French government was then fitting out for Africa. At the head of the forlorn hope, Paul Moro distinguished himself for a few months against the Moors of Algiers. The violence of his onset, the weight of his prodigious strength, and his recklessness of all dangers, enabled him to come off, single-handed, from many a desperate engagement. He was heard of as promoted to the rank of a serjeant, and decorated with the Legion d'Honneur, by the hand of the commanding marshal. These honors, and more perhaps, the activity of that desultory campaign, seemed to have effaced from his heart all painful reminiscences, and reconciled him to existence. One morning as he was sent to reconnoitre at the head of a small detachment of light infantry, he was struck on the head, and carried away into captivity by the Arabs. He must either have died in consequence of his wounds, or been deliberately put to death by his barbarous enemy, as for many years he has never been heard of.

Captain Scotti has risen to the rank of a colonel in the service of the Duchess of Parma.

NOVELTY IN MANUFACTURES.—The French have lately made a discovery, well worth notice in this country, by which they are enabled to make ornaments from " peat ! " It appears that the peat, " when taken from the bog," is reduced by beating to a fine pulp, and is then placed under a press, to force out all humidity except such as is necessary to keep it sufficiently moist to receive impressions in the mould in which it is placed. In this state it may be converted into ornaments of every kind, such as are made in embossed leather. Rendered firm by a solution of alum, or other adhesive material, it forms flooring of a cheap and durable kind. Of billiard tables, too, there are various specimens ; a rich and beautiful one has been produced in France, valued at 15,000f. May not Ireland, with its ample bogs, turn this novelty in manufactures to advantage ?

From the Gentleman's Magazine.

Hymns and Poems for the Sick and Suffering.
Edited by the Rev. T. V. FOSBERRY, A. M.

THIS is a very pleasing and judicious selection of Sacred Hymns and Psalms, including the most honorable and esteemed names, from Herbert and Vaughan and Quarles, to the writers of the present day. Some of the modern poems are new to us ; and, presuming that the works of the older poets are familiar to our readers, for it would be little less than a shame to be ignorant of Norris or Gascoigne, or even those less illustrious, we shall extract from p. 357, " Miss Barnet's Sleep."

Of all the thoughts of God that are
Borne inward unto souls afar,

Along the Psalmist's music deep ;

Now tell me if that any is,

For gift or grace, surpassing this,—

" He giveth his beloved sleep."

What would we give to our beloved ?

The hero's heart, to be unmoved,—

The poet's star-tuned harp to sweep,—

The senate's shout for patriot vows,—

The monarch's crown to light the brows,—

" He giveth his beloved sleep."

What do we give to our beloved ?

A little faith, not all unproved,

A little dust to overweep,

And bitter memories to make

The whole earth blasted for our sake,—

" He giveth his beloved sleep."

Sleep soft, beloved ! we sometimes say,

But have no power to chase away

Sad dreams that through the eyelids creep ;

But never doleful dreams again

Shall break the happy slumber when

" He giveth his beloved sleep."

O earth ! so full of dreary noises !

O men ! with wailing in your voices !

O delved gold ! the wailer's heap ;

O strife ! O curse ! that o'er it fall,

God makes a silence through you all,

" And giveth his beloved sleep."

His dews drop mutely on the hill,

His cloud above it saileth still,

Though on its slope men toil and reap ;

More softly than the dew is shed,

Or cloud is floated overhead,

" He giveth his beloved sleep."

Yes ! men may wonder while they scan

A living, thinking, feeling man,

Sufficient such a rest to keep ;

But angels say, and though the word,

The motion of their smile is heard,

" He giveth his beloved sleep."

For me my heart—that erst did go,

Most like a tired child at a show,

Seeing through tears the juggler leap—

Would from its wearied vision close,

And child-like on His love repose,

Who " giveth his beloved sleep."

And friends,—dear friends,—when it shall be

That this live breath is gone from me,

When round my bier ye come to weep ;

Let one, most loving of you all,

Say, " Not a tear must o'er her fall,"—

" He giveth his beloved sleep."

From the Quarterly Review.

The Historical Geography of Arabia; or, the Patriarchal Evidences of Revealed Religion: a Memoir, with Illustrative Maps. By the Rev. CHARLES FORSTER, B.D. 2 vols. 8vo. London, 1843.

If there be truth in that celebrated saying, that "whatever makes the past, the distant, or the future predominate over the present, advances us in the dignity of thinking beings," then surely the generation in which we live may lay no small claim to intellectual advancement. The past has of late occupied much attention: men have especially recurred with eagerness to those sublime speculations into the origin of nations, for which ample food has of late been afforded by the discoveries of travellers in various parts of the globe. Egypt and Etruria in the old world, and Mexico and Yucatan in the new, have been compelled to utter from their long-forgotten sepulchres sounds of mysterious import, the prelude, it may be, to detailed and lucid annals, but at all events of sufficient significance to bespeak the serious consideration of those who have a rightful sympathy for their species. At the same time it must be allowed that the attention excited has been for the most part rather that of an intellectual curiosity than of a moral interest. It is true that phenomena such as these must afford materials for thought even to the most unthinking; yet thought is often but a pastime, and may be degraded to functions little better than animal. By many the antiquities of the primitive world are viewed in the same spirit which attracts our holiday fold to the Indian or Chinese Museum: the vermillion and the alabaster, the grotesque images, the colossal forms of the Memnoniums, the sculptured monsters of the teocallis, the cumbrous ingenuity of the hieroglyphics themselves, become the toys of the mind, which, under the delusion of being usefully occupied, is in fact indulged and enervated: and the unprofitable result is shown by the speedy abandonment of one plaything for another, of Egypt for Etruria, of Etruria for Palenque or Uxmal. We say this, however, without the slightest wish to disparage such objects of attention, when viewed in the true spirit of a manly philosophy. No reflective mind can doubt that some great result is intended by Providence in the simultaneous concurrence of these startling discoveries; and in the progress of the development of these "veterum primordia rerum," we may eventually look for the completion of that still infant science, the history of human nature. Still, even the study of an individual nation, if pursued without reference to more comprehensive results, will often prove but unprofitable. The antiquities of Egypt and of Central America exemplify the truth of another saying of our great moralist (which the author of the work before us has made the appropriate motto of a former publication) that "there are two objects of curiosity, the Christian

world and the Mahomedan world; all the rest may be considered as barbarous." In Egypt, we see indeed the evidences of a widely-spread prosperity, of a state of society minutely organized, but not therefore highly civilized in any just sense of the word: for an artificial state of manners or of policy may indicate barbarity by the very complexity of its system. Now in that extraordinary country we find arts but imperfectly developed, and for centuries remaining stationary; in Egyptian ingenuity there was nothing germinant or expansive; human industry was bestowed, with a stupendous diligence, upon ends comparatively insignificant, upon useless tombs, upon a childish worship of shapeless monsters, upon the record of dry annals, which hardly repay the labor of decipherment, and which, from the intermixture of impudent forgeries, almost baffle the researches of the most acute. The parallel so often drawn between ancient Egypt and China might be proved more accurate than is commonly supposed, were the history and literature of the former country fully known. In China, as Dr. Wall has amply shown, there has been the same stolid stagnation for centuries of imperfect arts, the same application of a clumsy ideographic system to lying annals, and to a literature, the only valuable portions of which are palpable but unacknowledged plagiarisms from classical and European sources, its indigenous productions being vapid and childish in the extreme.* In Mexico, again, those astonishing monuments of human industry, their gigantic temples, which at a distance might be regarded as evidences of an advanced civilization, are found, on a closer view, to be subservient to the horrors of the bloodiest superstition that the world has ever known. And it is to be suspected that were the histories of these barbarous countries fully known, they would afford little matter for interest, except when connected with the annals of Scriptural or classical antiquity: they would present little to engage the nobler sympathies of our nature, but would be the mere records of mean policy and cruel wars. But again, in tracing the origin of the nations of the new continent, the pursuit has hitherto proved ineffectual. There are no interesting traditions, connecting sacred and profane history, of sufficient strength to support the superstructure of any probable theory: one speculation is succeeded by another, equally plausible, so that both are neutralized; or equally contradictory to collateral facts, so that both are to be rejected: the vague and flexible analogies of language, of habits, of traditions, are successively used to support theories the most opposite; now the goal seems to be close at hand, the next mo-

* We allude to the "Examination of the Ancient Orthography of the Jews," by the present Professor of Hebrew in the University of Dublin. Surely we have much cause to be grateful for the service rendered by that University, within our generation, to the cause of Oriental learning, in the persons of Hales, Magee, McCaul, and the author of the present work.

ment it disappears from sight: and the pursuit is as delusive, as changeable, and as ineffectual as that of a man in a dream:—

ώς δε δριπος οι διαρατη φιλογονα διάστη.

Far different are investigations such as those to which Mr. Forster invites us. In contemplating those ancient nations of the East, whose origin and settlements are matters of revelation, and whose subsequent history is clearly drawn out by classical research, the enquirer enjoys the great advantage of having truth at the starting-point as the unerring indicator of the direction in which he is to proceed: and, in his further progress, the tendency to diverge into theories, so natural to a discursive intellect, is checked by the appearance of certain landmarks, which, though few and far between, are sufficient to assist the observant eye in discovering the less obvious but still accurately defined boundaries of his path. But besides these advantages in the mode of pursuit, so highly valuable to the lover of truth, to the real philosopher, the object pursued has a deep and intrinsic interest. Thus the history of Arabia is no insulated record; it is indissolubly connected, from the earliest times to the latest, with the birth, the growth, and the maturity of man. Whether as the conservator, for many ages, of a patriarchal faith, as the neighboring witness and sister of the chosen people, as the nurse of commerce and navigation, as the probable colonizer of illimitable regions, as the rival of Christendom in arms, and her instructor in the liberal arts, or as the propagator of that mysterious heresy which still entralls half the civilized world, conquered by her children,—in each of these several aspects, Arabia presents an object of attention more than sufficient to occupy faculties the most comprehensive.

From various causes, however, and especially from the exclusive jealousy so characteristic (at least in former times) of the Mahometan religion, the vast territory of this interesting people has hitherto been comparatively unknown to Europeans. And the history of its colonization has been vague, undefined, and contradictory: it would be more accurate to say that it has never been systematically written. This most difficult task Mr. Forster has prosecuted with consummate diligence, and, we feel convinced, with answerable success. He has demonstratively vindicated the truth of her geographical records, both sacred and profane, and placed them beyond the cavils of the skeptic, which in this department of knowledge had been eminently plausible. The service thus rendered to the intellectual world, acceptable at any time, we consider to be of peculiar advantage at the present day, when we seem to be threatened with a revival of skepticism in a new and insidious form; not now, as heretofore, the offspring of ignorance or of irreligion, but the creation of those well-meaning though captious minds, who, justly jealous of the arrogant assumptions of Evi-

dence to be the sole arbiter of moral or religious truth, will hardly allow her to exercise her subordinate, yet just and necessary functions, in the external support of either. In addition to this palpable disinclination to weigh religious evidences on the one hand, we see, on the other, an unhealthy habit of mind engendered by the attractive works of historians like Niebuhr, which views with suspicion the most consentient traditions of the world; so as almost to assent to Sir Robert Walpole's flippant dogma, that true history has no existence whatever. In what result these misgivings and doubts may issue, it is impossible to say. But we are persuaded that Truth, however intrinsically strong, ought ever to have within call her legitimate allies: that the accumulation of proof can never be a superfluous labor: that Providence, ever economical, has delivered the evidences of religious and moral verities into our hands, if not to be used as the weapons of a present warfare, yet to be stored up against contingent aggression.

It is evidently under the gravest conviction of the importance of these sentiments that Mr. Forster has constructed his work. The method of argument, indeed, both in its general features and in its details, is altogether original; but the writer is not satisfied with producing a brilliant effect; he strengthens the line of reasoning, to use his own expression, by a three-fold, or rather by a manifold cord; in every available instance having recourse to the testimony of Scripture, of classical antiquity, of local tradition, of modern science; to the analogies of language, the resources of etymology, and to other collateral arguments. His reasoning may indeed appear redundant to the superficial; but by the lover of truth, it will be recognized as complete, exhaustive, befitting such a subject. In establishing, by fulness of evidence at once demonstrative and analogical, those widely germinant facts relative to the origin of so influential a portion of the human race—the nations of a continent rather than the tribes of a nation—he has perhaps written the first chapter of the History of the Colonization of the World, its plan affording a model for future labors, which may usefully employ the patient industry of many learned lives.

The very nature of his treatise, consisting as it does of close consecutive reasoning, is such as to admit of but imperfect and inadequate exhibition within the compass of a Review. We must content ourselves, therefore, with a brief view of the colonization of Arabia, and a few observations upon some of the more remarkable portions of the work.

The population of Arabia, as is well known to the merest sciolist in history, is composed, not of one, but of various stocks, which immigrated at five successive periods, or six, according to Arabian tradition. The first immigration took place before the confusion of tongues, under Cush, the son of Ham, with his two sons and five grandsons. Ac-

cording to uniform tradition, the colonization of this primitive race began at the head of the Persian Gulf.

"Colonization would naturally commence in the neighborhood of Mesopotamia, from which the descendants of Noah originally emigrated, or in the parts of Arabia adjoining the Euphrates and the Persian Gulf; but emigration once commenced, the colonists, in the progress of uninterrupted, because unopposed, settlement, would not less naturally select, as they advanced into the peninsula, the most fertile districts or the most commodious sites—principles of choice, it may safely be affirmed, common to all new settlers in all countries and ages of the world. This point taken for granted, the physical character of Arabia, which must have always suggested, or rather compelled, an appropriate choice of situation, becomes, with no low degree of probability, our guide in tracing, antecedently to proof, the course of colonization likely to be followed by the sons of Cush, and their own immediate descendants; for all descriptions, whether ancient or modern, of the Arabian peninsula, agree in representing the country as a vast wilderness, encircled by a belt of fruitful mountain districts—its mountain belt, again, being enclosed on three sides by a still vaster circuit of coast, facing, in as many directions, rich, wide, and accessible fields of commerce."—vol. i., p. 16.

Starting from this point, Cush and his sons formed their settlements, in places where their names may still be traced, along the Arabian Gulf, occupying the district now called the Bahrein; from thence advancing to Oman, and along the north-eastern part of Hadramaut, at the base of the peninsula of Arabia. These territories, as bearing the most frequent and continuous traces of their first possessors, seem to have been the strongholds of the race; although there still remain considerable evidences of their settlement in Yemen, and on the southern borders of the Hedjaz, and some fainter indications of their name as far as the head of the Gulf of Akaba. They appear never to have occupied the central portion of the country.

The next immigration was that of Joktan, the fourth in descent from Shem, the brother of Peleg, in whose days "the whole earth was divided;" that is, the general dispersion took place consequent upon the confusion of tongues. That there were partial emigrations from the primitive post-deluvian habitation, before the dispersion at Babel, is clear, not only from the instance of Cush, but from the presumptive evidences that are afforded by general history. The settlements of Joktan are found to have been made strictly in localities where *à priori* reasoning would induce us to look for them.

"This distribution of the aboriginal Cushite tribes necessarily determines, antecedently to other proof, the direction, in the first instance at least, of the subsequent settlements of Joktan. The Joktanite families, finding the coast preoccupied, would naturally seek abodes and pasture-grounds in the interior. From the great northern deserts, (formed, as it were, to be the cradle or primitive refuge of the Bedouin Arab tribes, still in their infant state,) we might confidently reckon, *à priori*, on their spreading gradually inland towards the south, whose fruitful hills and fertile valleys would be sure, in process of time, to invite the aggressions of their full-grown strength, until, in the eventual issue, the tribes from Joktan had founded colonies and kingdoms by the subjugation or the expulsion of their Cushite predecessors. Such, according to all antecedent probabilities, and according to every known historical analogy, was the course likely to be followed."—vol. i., p. 96.

The facts of the case fully bear out this assumption. The strongholds of the Joktanites are shown, by the clear traces of the names of Joktan and his sons still existing, to have been situated in the central part of Arabia, in the Nejd; their settlements extending to Hadramaut and Yemen—where the powerful Hamyarites preserved the name of Hamyar, grandson of Joktan—and their northern boundary being Mount Zames, in the 26th parallel of latitude. They pushed their branches also into Oman, where they largely supplanted the Cushite. In this part of his inquiry Mr. Forster has thrown a remarkable light upon the Scriptural definition of their boundaries:*

"Their dwelling was from Mesha, as thou goest unto Sephar, a mount of the East." The situation of these two mountains, especially of the former, has been a matter of most vague conjecture to geographers. Bochart happily pronounced Sephar to be identical with the mountain range in the south-west corner of Arabia, the Mount Climax of Ptolemy: a decision which is borne out by the testimony of the last-named geographer to the existence of the Sepharite in that district, and by the fact that the name Sabbar is now found there. In this very locality dwells one of the tribes of the great family of the Beni Kahtan, whom immemorial tradition identifies with the Joktanites, the initial *I*, or *J*, being ommissible, according to the genius of Oriental languages. Mr. Forster fairly assumes that Mount Mesha is naturally to be looked for in a contrary direction to Mount Sephar, that is, in the north-east. Now north-east of Mount Sabbar, or Sephar, and in latitude 26°, is found a hill, which is actually the northernmost boundary of the Beni Kahtan tribes, due south of which occurs a potent division of that race, identical in situation with the Catanite of Ptolemy; thus corresponding exactly to the Mount Mesha of Scripture as a boundary of the sons of Joktan. It is remarkable that in the immediate neighborhood of this range, due north, Ptolemy places the Massemanes, (clearly the Ishmaelitish tribe of Mishma or Masma,) from which tribe it would appear that Mesha derived its name; and from Massemanes its classical name of Zames; a conjecture confirmed by the existence of the tribe of Beni Shanan in this neighborhood. We must, however, differ from Mr. Forster in considering the classical name in this instance as an anagram of the Scriptural. Although fully convinced of the prevalence of the anagram in Oriental denomi-

* Genesis x. 30.

nation, we think that the two denominations are merely taken from two parts of the same word; the Scriptural from the former part, the classical from the latter. We can but thus cursorily notice his very ingenious method of settling a disputed point of ancient geography, which he corroborates by abundant evidence to be derived from a comparison of the classical and Arabic names of the surrounding tribes.

The third colonization of Arabia was by Ishmael, the child of prophecy, in whose widely-spread and powerful descendants was fulfilled the divine promise that he should be a great nation: a nation known under the interchangeable designations of Ishmaelites, Hagarenes, and Midianites; his twelve sons being the progenitors of twelve great tribes, whose existence is attested alike by Jewish and classical antiquity, and whose names can yet be traced throughout the peninsula; the two principal being the Nabatheans, or children of Nebaioth, and the Kedarites; the latter the acknowledged progenitors of the Koreish, or family of Mahomet, and of the Arabian Caliphs, who occupied the seat of their forefathers. Taking their rise in the wilderness of Sin, and the peninsula of Sinai, they extended across the neck of Arabia to the Euphrates, invading the Cushite settlements of Havilah in the Bahrein, along the upper and middle coast of the Persian Gulf, and thus literally fulfilling the Scriptural definition, "They dwelt from Havilah unto Shur that is before Egypt, as thou goest towards Assyria." They also occupied the western side, on the Arabian Gulf, as far as the boundary of Yemen, and that part of Arabia Deserta north of Mount Zames. But though the northern parts of Arabia were the peculiar settlements of this vast and powerful family, considerable traces of their colonization are to be found south, both in Oman and in the opposite quarter, Arabia Felix.

The author shows convincingly that the name of *Hagarite* was the acknowledged designation of the sons of Ishmael:—

"By his abandonment, although in compliance with a divine command, of Hagar and her son, Abraham had clearly forfeited all natural claims as a father. Hagar, in virtue of this act, became, as it were, the sole parent of Ishmael, and the rightful mother of his future progeny. That the progeny of Ishmael therefore should, among other national appellatives, preserve and perpetuate his mother's name and memory, would seem only a just consequence and natural anticipation."—vol. i., p. 181.

Accordingly we find that the name of Hagar prevails in every quarter of the Ishmaelitish territories. Mount Sinai, in the time of St. Paul, was called Hagar,* as it still is by the Arabs to the present hour; and both Scriptural, classical, and Arabian testimony, as Mr. Forster demonstrates by accumulated proofs, identify the children of Hagar, as they are called in the first Book of

Chronicles (ch. v.) with the Agræi, Gerræi, and Aragite of Ptolemy and Pliny; and one of their principal seats with the town of Hedjram in Arabia Felix, the classical Agarena (the hard *G* of Greek and Hebrew being represented in Arabic by the soft *G* or *Dj*;) and the occurrence of these various modifications of the same word takes place invariably in the locality of Ishmaelitish tribes.

Connected with this verification is a discovery of the real origin of the classical designation of Arabia Petrea, the principal seat of the Ishmaelites:—

"The capital and kingdom of the Nabatheans were known to the Greeks and Romans by the familiar names of Petra and Arabia Petrea, and both have been generally supposed, by the learned world, to have derived these appellations from the *stony* character of the country; but however applicable to the site of the Nabathean metropolis, the classical name has little peculiar appropriateness, as extended to the surrounding districts of Nabathene. Reference to the original Arabic suggests a very different explanation, namely, that Petra and Arabia Petrea are simply misnomers, owing to a very natural and intelligible mistake of the Greeks of Syria in attempting, unawares, the translation of a *proper name*. Hagar, with the initial *H*, in Arabic, signifies a rock or stone; but Hagar with an initial *H* (the word almost always used by the Arabs as a local denomination,) is the name of the mother of the Ishmaelitish tribes. * * There seems every reasonable ground and authority for the belief that Petra and Arabia Petrea are classical mistranslations of the proper name Hagar."—vol. i., p. 237.

The fourth colonization was by a second stock of Abraham, his sons by Keturah. These were intermixed with their brethren the Ishmaelites, their habitations being mainly across the neck of the Peninsula, with partial settlements in Yemen and on the Persian Gulf. Their most remarkable tribe was the Midianites, whose greatness was such indeed that their name was frequently adopted as the common designation of the Ishmaelites also. The names of Shuah and Sheba are connected with the Book of Job, both being tribes in the neighborhood, on the borders of Chaldea; the former, that to which Bildad the Shuhite belonged; the latter, the Sabeans, or hordes of Bedouin robbers, whose incursions are mentioned in the first chapter of that most ancient poem. The children of Keturah, as well as those of Hagar, and of Sarah, (as we shall presently show,) bore the name of their mother as a generic designation. Mr. Forster has recovered the name of Keturah in the Katara of Ptolemy, the Katarae of Pliny, and the Katura of D'Anville, amid the settlements of the Hagarenes on the Persian Gulf.

The fifth settlement was that of Esau; whose descendants, under the names of Edomites and Saracens, or *children of Sarah*, occupied the territories adjoining the Holy Land, and were the northernmost neighbors of the Hagarenes. Of this powerful nation the most eminent tribe was

* Gal. iv. 22.

that of the doomed Amalekites, under which generic designation are included many of the circumjacent tribes of the same parentage. One of these, the children of Omar, fleeing from the divinely-ordained war of extermination, made their final settlements in Arabia Felix, where the name of their progenitor was preserved in that of the famous nation of the Homerites.

One of the *revera questions* of Oriental history is the origin of the word Saracen. Its popular derivation from *Sarah* has been condemned by many writers, by the learned Pococke especially, and by Gibbon, and by Assemann, but upon grounds altogether insufficient. The objection of Assemann, that the proper derivative from *Sarah* is not *Saracen*, but *Saræn* or *Sarite*, is met, first, by the fact obvious to all Oriental scholars, that the *h* is continually interchangeable with the *ch* or *k*, (as *Jerach* for *Jerah*, *Khaulan* for *Haulan*); and secondly, by the identification of the *Saraca* of Ptolemy with his *Saræa*. Gibbon's remark that in the age of Ptolemy the Saracens were an obscure tribe on the borders of Egypt has no foundation. There were three settlements of Saracens, as appears from Ptolemy and Stephanus, one at the head of the Arabian Gulf, the other in Arabia Petraea, a third in Yemen:—

"And thus Mr. Gibbon's 'obscure tribe on the borders of Egypt' becomes in Ptolemy a flourishing and wide-spread nation, occupying seats, at one and the same time, in the centre, and in the north-western, and south-western angles of the Arabian peninsula! So much for the vaunted geographical accuracy of the historian of the Roman empire."—vol. ii., p. 14.

But that the Saracens derived their name from *Sarah* Mr. Forster proceeds to show at considerable length from the following facts:—1st, that the midland parts of North Arabia, where Ptolemy had placed the Saracens, were familiarly known to the Jews of the first century, under the title of the *Mount of Sarah*, as appears from a passage in the first book of the Maccabees: 2ndly, that Idumea was by the same authority identified with the same name; 3dly, that the Saracena of Ptolemy is the land of Amalek of Scripture, that is, of the descendants of Esau; 4thly, that their boundaries coincide; 5thly, that the names of the sons of Esau are legibly inscribed on that whole tract of country; 6thly, that the Saracens of the age of Mahomet were known to the Greeks as *Amalekites*; 7thly, that the Saræa and Sarite of Ptolemy, the modern names *Al Saruat*, and *Ayel Sarah*, (the people of Sarah,) belong all to the same district of Yemen.

Such is the outline of his masterly argument, which will set at rest forever this question, by demonstrative proof establishing the beautiful analogy that subsists between the three Abrahamic races of Arabia, in their generic designations, each derived from a female ancestor.

It remains to mention briefly a sixth source of

colonization, which, indeed, admits of no Scriptural or classical proof, the race having disappeared in very ancient times. The steady and uniform traditions of the Arabs, however, mention a colony which settled in Oman after the confusion of tongues—the famous tribe of *Ad*, the son of *Aws*, or *Uz*, the son of *Aram*, the son of *Shem*; and of this tribe Mr. Forster thinks he has discovered a trace on the coast of Yemen, as we shall mention in its place.

The verification of the above sketch of the Arabian colonization forms the first and most important of the two divisions of the work. The spirit by which he has been guided throughout, may be best stated in the author's own words. Would that all writers of history, or of anything which has to deal with truth as the primary element, were actuated by the same high principles!—

"Patient investigation, close comparative criticism, implicit faith in the historical details of Scripture, and a strong disposition, grounded on experiment, to place reliance on the general trustworthiness of the ancient geographers, are the only qualifications which he can pretend to bring to a geographical discussion."—*Introduction*, p. xix.

His estimate of the use to be made of Oriental tradition, is too remarkable to be passed over:—

"Of the Orientals in general, and of the Oriental writers in particular, it may be justly observed that they are commonly as loose and inaccurate in preserving the details of history, as they are faithful in transmitting, from age to age, the voice of tradition. Tradition is, in truth, their history—the magazine from which their chief historical materials are drawn. Now, it is the ascertained and acknowledged characteristic of all ancient tradition, that it preserves the substance, but alters and confounds the circumstances, of historical truth. This character eminently belongs to the traditional history of Arabia, both in its merits and in its defects; and, from actual experience, the present writer can pronounce confidently of the Arab historians, that they are trustworthy, commonly, while they deal in generals, but seldom to be relied on when they descend to details."—vol. i., p. 22.

Keeping these cautionary remarks in view, we proceed to state the two important canons by which he has guided his investigation:—

"The writer has governed himself by two canons, from which he has himself derived uniform satisfaction, and which, from his own limited experience, he feels assured will prove still more satisfactory, when put more largely to the test by future inquiries. These are: first, to account the ancient authorities right till they be clearly proved wrong; secondly, in identifying ancient places and tribes, not to rest satisfied with mere resemblances, or even identity, of ancient and modern names, until confirmed by every available collateral evidence, both as to the positive sites and the relative localities."—*Introduction*, p. xxxvi.

With respect to the first of these canons, his investigations have succeeded in vindicating the accuracy of Ptolemy, even in those instances

where he had been hitherto supposed most open to censure. The apparent mistakes of Ptolemy, in placing certain tribes in an opposite part of Arabia from that which in reality they occupied, is explained by the now discovered fact, that portions of the same tribe are actually found in both localities, viz., the Catabeni or Cottabeni of Oman and Yemen. But, by a more curious discovery, he has succeeded in vindicating this ancient geographer from more serious error, in his delineation of the southern and eastern portion of Arabia, hitherto involved in apparently inextricable confusion. It has been generally supposed that Ptolemy has blundered in filling up the uninhabited deserts of Al Ahkaf with towns, and by dislocating the sites of the provinces and towns in Hadramaut, Oman, and the Bahrein. Mr. Forster shows that the confusion is attributable, not to Ptolemy, but to Mercator, who professed to project his chart after the description of that geographer. It must be borne in mind, that Ptolemy's method is, in the first instance, to follow the coast from the head of the Arabian Gulf, round to the head of the Persian, before he describes the interior. Now, in delineating his descriptions, several misapprehensions occurred. In the first place, the two long reaches of strand on the southern coast of Yemen, designated by Ptolemy the "Great and the Little Strand," which modern surveys show to be 100 miles in length, were mistaken by Mercator for two towns, close to one another. Again, the Mountains of the Moon, beyond the Syagrian Promontory, (which is identified with Cape Farash,) instead of stretching eastward round the coast in a semi-circle, (whence their name,) embracing a coast of 120 miles long, are made by Mercator to run inward. Thus, by these two mistakes alone, there is made a contraction, on the southern coast, of at least 220 miles. From this and similar blunders, the hypotenuse of the Arabian triangle is diminished, and, consequently, its sides brought to an approximation which Ptolemy never intended. And from "the invincible dislike to large blanks in a map," which actuates modern geographers, (to use the words of a writer quoted by Mr. Forster,) Mercator was induced to fill up the desert with names whose true position was much more easterly. Hence the confusion which Mr. Forster has completely disentangled. Prolong the coast, and insert the desert of Al Ahkaf, and the names of the Alexandrine geographer all fall into their right places; and the correctness of his description will then appear, not only by a comparison with Pliny, and with the traditions and still existing names of the country, but with the chart lately executed by the surveyors of the whole Arabian coast, under the direction of the Indian government.

As to Mr. Forster's second canon, he has closely adhered to it in his application of that fascinating, but often delusive science of etymology. When used as the sole method of proving the

filiation of nations, nothing can be more unsatisfactory. Such is the acknowledged flexibility of language, (proved in the variation and corruption of names known to be derived from the same root,) that it is equally difficult, in innumerable cases, to refuse the claim of plausibility on the one hand, or to allow the claim of probability on the other, when the adduced instances are unsupported by collateral facts. Without such support, a breath of wind from any point of the compass will lay prostrate the fairest theory. As an instance, it is allowable to make a claim for the derivation of *Cuzco*, in Peru, from *Cush*; of *Yucatan* from *Joktan*, (to recur to the now popular topic of American antiquities;) of *Dodona* from *Dedan*; of the *Rhone* from *Rhodanim*; but the claim, if adduced upon its own merits alone, must be conditional. It is but one side of the yet unformed triangle; it is at best the latitude without the longitude, the musical note without the signature. But the true philosopher, far from decrying such conjectures, will notice them, and store them up to be brought forward and tested whenever any facts apparently corroborative are discovered.

Now without such collateral evidence our author never moves a step. Thus he proves the parentage of a name by the following methods:—
 1. By the fact that names of a kindred origin are found in the immediate neighborhood. 2. By the real correspondence between the classical and the Arabic designations, apparently dissimilar, but reconciled by the application of certain laws, which allow change of letter, transposition and abbreviations, common to Oriental dialects, but less usual in European languages. 3. By proofs to be derived from the circumstances of the locality. But when using these or other collateral proofs, (and there are few instances in which they are not all combined,) he invariably has respect to such *à priori* reasoning, or *à posteriori* verification, as in itself would afford strong presumptive evidence. As an instance of his first method. If we find in the same quarter of the peninsula those three names in close connection, Seba, Dedan, and Raamah, the names of three of the sons of *Cush*, surely that would be a skepticism impenetrable to any argument which could doubt that *Aúal*, (the simple and acknowledged abbreviation of *Havilah*,) a name found in close connection with the former, denotes *Havilah*, another son of *Cush*. And these four names established, there can be as little doubt that the *Hammeum* littus, in the same region, (identified with *Maham*,) is denominated after their progenitor *Ham*. Again, to test the same instance by his second method. Granting that *Aúal* means *Havilah*, there can be no reasonable doubt that the *Eblitei Montes* in that neighborhood contain the elements of the same name; since a curious chain of etymological proof can be shown from the dialectical license of the Arabs themselves to justify this modification; the insertion of the T, the change of the V into B. But if the

sites of both the Arabic and Greek designation can be identified by separate and independent evidence, then this application of the third method completes the argument.

The modifications of letters, abbreviations, &c., allowed by the common usage of the Oriental dialects, cause frequently so great an alteration as to leave to an European eye no discernible trace between the parent and the child. Yet every scholar knows that similar changes, of a nature as striking, are to be found in the filiation of European tongues; and this frequently by the operation of regular laws, which prescribe characteristic changes peculiar to different nations.* Thus, who would believe that the Spanish *Hijo* was derived from the Latin *Filius*, till he had learned that *h* is the regular Spanish substitute for the Latin *f*, at the beginning of a word, and that the guttural *j* is the frequent representative of the medial liquid; or that *filius* is the legitimate progeny of the Greek *ἱδιος*, having been originally *fidius*, and the *d* being in ancient Latin the regular stop-gap of the hiatus, and *f* the ancient digamma, represented by the more modern Greek aspirate. In like manner *ἱλη* is *sylva*: the *povo* of the Portuguese is the Spanish *pueblo*: *obispo*, *évêque*, *bishop*, *esgob*, are all modifications of *episcopus*.

The phenomenon of the interchange of letters, which so much influences the languages of the East, is one which has never been satisfactorily explained. It is comparatively easy to understand the regular substitution of *d* for *z*, *th* for *sh*, *t* for *s*, the interchange of the hard and lisping (blæsæ) letters, or the *B* for the *V*, which largely prevails in the Romanesque dialects, or even the *m* for *b*, or the *l* for the *r*. Even the interchange of *u* and *b*, (as in the well known Scripture instance of *Az̄ib̄d̄* and *Az̄ib̄d̄*,) though less obvious, may be accounted for. But one phenomenon exists throughout most parts of the world, which cannot be accounted for by the slightest organic connection of the sounds, in the use of the letter *G*. In Europe, while the hard use of this letter uniformly prevails before certain vowels, it is modified before *e* and *i*: in Spanish, indeed, by being changed into a cognate guttural, in the other Romanesque languages by taking the soft, and totally dissimilar, sound of *J*. Now similar instances are found in the Eastern tongues. Thus the hard *G* of the Hebrew and of the West is represented by the *Dj* or soft *G* of the Arabic. The *Kh* of the latter language is dialectically interchanged with *Tsh*. Add to this, that the *G*, and *Dj*, and *Y*, are also in their derivation of words frequently confounded; and the aspirate *H* is sometimes omitted, sometimes changed into a hard guttural.

Another peculiarity of the Arabian etymologies is the use of the anagram, which is shown in such frequent instances as to become a settled license

in that language. Of this, instances are not wanting in other tongues. Thus we have *Kuqas* for *Khosru*; by many *Latium* is considered the anagram of *Italy*, *Athena* of *Neit*, the Egyptian *Minerva*; the Latin *dulcis* (after an analogical change of letters) is the Greek *γλυκύς*. The Spanish *milagro* is *miraculum*: and, to quote an instance familiar to our northern neighbors, the word spelt *Restalrig* is pronounced *Lesterrick*; the latter is quite a case in point, with respect to many of the Arabic mutations.*

Again, the abbreviations are frequent; as the rejection of the *J* at the beginning, which being a mere prefix, is likewise so frequently rejected in Hebrew, as *Coniah* for *Jeconiah*. The instance of *Kahtan* is obvious. Sometimes the first syllable only is retained, as *Ras-al-Had*, for *Hadoram*, *Jok* for *Joktan*, of which the author shows a familiar instance in the name *Gibraltar*, which is the abbreviation for *Jebl-al-Tarik*. The *Stamboul* of the Turks, and *Brighton* (for *Brightelmstone*) among us, are cases in point. And lastly, the customary suffixes of *n* or *t* still further perplex Oriental etymology; as *Haulan* for *Havilah*, *Khault*, for *Khaul*, or *Haual*. Of the nunnation, or addition of the *n*, we have instances in the Hebrew, where *Aijelon* is identical with *Aijelath*, *Cushan* with *Cush*.

These derivations we have thought it necessary to make, for the purpose of vindicating Mr. Forster from the obvious charge of fancifulness. The licenses of the Arabic idiom would entitle his derivations, in most cases, to the claim of plausibility, even if they stood alone; but connected, as they uniformly are, with collateral proofs, they amount in very many instances to demonstration, in most to at least strong presumptive evidence. We proceed to give a few of the most remarkable and important.

Havilah, which read without the points is simply *Huile*, is found in the *Huela* of *Ptolemy*, the *Huala* of *Niebuhr*, and in the *Nabathean Aâul*. Of this latter word the modern Arabic modifications are known to be *Hual*, *Chaul*, *Khau*, *Khault*, *Chaulan*. These names occur along the coast of the Persian Gulf, the ancient seat of the *Huoileans*, the sons of *Cush*. Now in the same localities, the ancient geographers mark the *Chaulosii*, *Chau-lohei*, *Chablasii*, *Chablatæi*. Again, there are identified with all these names, the seats of the far-spreading tribe of the *Beni Khaled*, the identity of the latter word with *Khalt* being sufficiently plain. And this is the neighborhood of the ancient *Chaldeans*; *Chaldone* being a name in the same quarter noticed by *Pliny*. These accumulated materials for

* A careful examination of the proper names in the Hebrew Bible will show that the anagram was of frequent occurrence in very ancient times. Thus it appears (Deut. iii. 19) that *Sirion* was synonymous with *Sheur*; *Timnath-serah*, in Joshua xix. 50, is *Timnath-heres* in Judges ii. 9; the same name is at one time *Zerah*, another *Izhar*, in the same chapter (1 Chron. vi.); *Ahi-moth*, in verse 22 of 1 Chron. v. is *Mahath* in verse 33; and *Betah*, in 2 Sam. viii. 8, is *Tibhath* in 2 Chron. xxviii. 8, &c.

* On this subject some curious and interesting remarks are made in the introductory chapter of Mr. Harcourt's "Doctrine of the Deluge."

proof, out of which Mr. Forster realizes a regular induction, surely afford a strong argument for identifying all these designations with Havilah, being all found in the region so designated in Scripture, (Gen. ii. 11,) namely, the Bahrein, or north-east coast of the peninsula, a country formerly compassed, as the testimony of Pliny and Texeira assures us, by a river, the Pison of Scripture, which ran parallel to the Persian Gulf, and fell into the sea near the islands of Bahrein. The Chaldeans Mr. Forster identifies with the Beni Khaled, and applies a passage in Isaiah (xxxiii. 13) to the establishment of the Bedouin Arabs in cities, by the king of Assyria. "Behold the land of the Chaldeans, the people that was not, till the Assyrian founded it for them that dwell in the wilderness;" the Beni Khaled being near the Euphrates to this day. The Hebrew name for the Chaldeans, (*Chasdim*.) for which no satisfactory etymology has yet been found, and which can have no affinity to the word Chaldean, (*l* and *s* not being interchangeable,) our author considers to be an appellation, after the Eastern custom, descriptive of their pastoral habits, not of their parentage. (Introd., p. xv., note.)

By the simple and unforced use of the anagram, he has felicitously recovered the identity of many names. Thus the *Thaabeni* are shown to be the *Beni Thaab*—the *Ayubeni*, the *Beni Ayub* or sons of Job; and by a similar process, the far more important fact, that the *Catabeni*, *Cottabeni*, *Catabania*, &c., of Ptolemy, Pliny, and Strabo, are no other than modifications of the name of that vast tribe, the *Beni Kahtan*, or Joktanites; a discovery which has hitherto eluded the research of geographers; a theory which the comparison of the sites and circumstances of the ancient and modern names converts into a demonstrable fact.

The seats of the Joktanite Hadoram, he shows, by a convergence of curious proofs, to have been at the extreme eastern side of the peninsula. The Drimati on that coast Bochart had already identified with the Hadoramites (who are elsewhere called Darræ, or Adramitæ.) He referred to the same patriarch the classical anagram *Corodamum*, but failed to notice a fact which Mr. Forster has brought to light, namely, that the name *Ras-al-Had*, which that cape now bears, is an abbreviation of the same word. Commodore Owen, in his late survey, on doubling this promontory, discovered the bay of *Bunder Doram*, or *Djoram*, which thus exhibits the latter portion of the name, as *Ras-al-Had* does the former. Thus the name of Mecca appears to be an abbreviation of the ancient *Macoraba*, which again was derived from the *Carba* or *Harb*, the powerful tribe, otherwise called *Kedarites*, who occupied that surrounding territory, and from whom the Arabian Caliphate had its origin. The word is formed by the prefixing of *m*, a well known usage in the Oriental formation of nouns.*

* To some few of the author's derivations we must,

We now pass to Mr. Forster's verification of the various races of *Sheba*, or *Sabæans*, concerning whose origin great confusion of opinion has prevailed. Among the colonizers of Arabia, there was *Seba*, the son of *Cush*, and three *Shebas*, a *Cushite*, a *Joktanite*, and a grandson of *Keturah*. Mr. Forster has assigned to each of these, by proofs into which we cannot afford to enter, his distinct locality. The sons of the *Cushite Seba*, the *Asabi* of *Ptolemy*, occupied *Oman*, where they were surrounded by other *Cushite* tribes. From *Sheba*, the son of *Joktan*, were derived, according to general consent, the *Sabæans* of *Yemen*; and Mr. Forster is of opinion, that the "kings of *Sheba* and *Seba*," mentioned in the 72d Psalm, designated these two potent monarchies at opposite sides of Arabia; that in *Oman*, possessing the land of gold; that in *Yemen*, the land of incense. The name of *Sheba*, *Cush*'s grandson, is discoverable, in connection with that of his father *Raamah*, in the north of *Yemen*, under the designations *Sabe*, *Sabbia*, and *Marsuaba*; while the *Sabæans* of *Job*, on the borders of the Euphrates, close to the *Æsitæ*, (or inhabitants of the land of *Uz*,) are the descendants of *Keturah*.

The queen of *Sheba*, by the common tradition of Christian and Jewish antiquity, is allowed to have been the sovereign of the *Sabæans* of *Yemen*. Mr. Forster accounts for her having heard of the wisdom of *Solomon*, from the communication which arose between the ports of *Yemen* and the navies of *Solomon*, on their passage to the coasts of *Oman* for gold. The queen of *Sheba* is mentioned, in connection with this expedition, in 1 Kings xxx. Two facts make it very probable that the land of *Ophir* was in *Oman*; the first, the statement of *Pliny*, that in the "Hammeum litus" (which is known to be in *Oman*, near *Ras-al-Had*) there were "auri metalla;" the second, that in the same region, the name of the city and district of *Ofor*, or *Ofir*, appears in the maps of *Sale* and *D'Anville*. Mr. Forster puts it as a query, (which we think might reasonably be answered in the affirmative,) whether the *Obri* in *Oman*, which was the termination of the late Mr. *Wellsted*'s adventurous journey through that unknown region, is not identical with *Ofor*. Its locality appears to be nearly the same, lat. about 23, long. 56.

By another process, altogether different—from an attention to the meaning of the names, to their descriptive character, and to their correspondence to classical translations—the localities of several places are fixed. Thus, the *Syagrian* promontory,

however, demur—e. g. the *Sinus Leanites*, from *Havilah*, or *Chaulan* (i. 48;) the *Larendani*, from *Jerah* (i. 130;) of *Apphana* from *Al Pheleche* (ii. 213;) *Sabatha* in one place (i. 57) is derived from *Sabah*, the *Cushite*, in another, (i. 155,) from the *Joktanite*, *Sheba*; an evident oversight. The fact is, as we apprehend, that they were two distinct names of the *Sabæan* capital, imposed by its successive masters. The *Hamirei* (i. 67) surely did not derive their name from *Ham*, but rather from *Hamyar*, or possibly from *Ramah*, by a not unusual anagram.

a long disputed locality, he fixes, with Dean Vincent, at Cape Fartash, on the coast of Hadramaut ; supporting his opinion by strong geographical evidence, and confirming it by etymological : since the Arabic Fartash means "a boar's snout," being thus identified in meaning with the *Σταύρος* of the Greeks. The shape of the promontory suggested the name. Thus again, the Mount Climax of Yemen, identified on other grounds with the Nakhil of Niebuhr, coincides with it in sense, *nakhil* meaning to climb : both designations obviously referring to the stone staircases, or terraces, by which the hill is ascended. In like manner the Isle of Trulla is in shape exactly what its name in Latin imports, *a spoon*. The determining the location of this island is one element towards verifying the important site of the ancient Canæ emporium, now Hassan Ghorab. And the Prion promontory of Pliny, shown to be the same as Cape Biorni, on the same coast of Hadramaut, accurately answers to its name :—

"The etymology of Ptolemy's names * * * led me once more to the chart, where, to my great satisfaction, I found *Prionotus mons*, *the serrated mountain*, explained to the eye by the singular appearance of Ras Broom, which, on its north-eastern side, where it forms the port, is most curiously *serrated*, presenting some projecting rocks, exactly resembling *the teeth of a saw*."—*vol. ii., p. 205.*

The modern names of some of the Arabian tribes and localities do not correspond to their ancient designation. Thus the great tribe of the Beni Harb (the classical Carbæ) occupy the ancient country of the Cedreni, or Kedarites, of whom they are the descendants. But it is clear that their present designation is strictly a *nom de guerre*, meaning the sons of war. Analogous to this is our author's identification of the tribe of Kademah with that of Nodab, mentioned in the First Book of Chroonicles (ch. v.) as a Hagarite tribe, but occurring in none of the genealogies. The signification of *Nodab* is the "vibration of a spear," which formed their *nom de guerre*. The title of Beni Kelb (or dogs) is in like manner assumed by the tribe of Dumah. This assumption of a surname largely prevails, not only among the Arabs, but the American Indians, (who, in many respects, have points of agreement with the Bedouin Arabs,) as it did among the Highland clans of old. The Clan Chattan of Walter Scott will occur to our readers as a familiar instance.

Our limits will not permit us to notice many topics of deep interest connected with the Scripture history, such as the country and posterity of Job, (still to be traced in the Nejd,) the country of the wise men of the east, &c. For the same reason we are obliged to dismiss the second part of his work (the classical geography of Arabia) with but a passing notice. In this part the reader will find ample materials for interest in his notification of the expedition of Ælius Gallus, in the time of

Augustus, in which he traces the course of his circuitous advance, by Mariaba in the Bahrein (lat. 26°,) to Marsuaba in Yemen, and his retreat by the coast. This detour, which is verified by the correspondence of modern names with those recorded by the historian, fully accounts for the difference of time occupied in the advance and in the retreat ; six months in the former case, two in the latter. He has also performed the essential service of clearing up the difficulties that have hitherto obscured the classical delineation of the whole southern and eastern coast, plainly identifying the Canæ Emporium with Hassan Ghorab, and Mœfa with Nakab al Hajar, the places where the Hamyaritic inscriptions, presently to be noticed, were discovered, and the Athimoscata of Pliny, with the Muscat of Oman, the capital of our friendly ally the Imâm Sayid Said.

These particulars must give place to the notice of a very striking portion of the work, which, though not originally contemplated, and though forming merely an accidental appendix, is, we think, likely to attract full as much attention, from the deep importance of the discovery which it announces, as any of the preceding portion. Our readers will readily agree with us when we inform them that the discovery is nothing less than the *decipherment of the ancient Hamyaritic language*, the most primitive of the two leading dialects of Arabia, which prevailed throughout Yemen, as the Koreish, the parent of modern Arabie, did in the Hedjaz. The language, it is commonly (though as Mr. Forster thinks, erroneously) considered, has been long obsolete, even as a spoken dialect ; at all events its literary records had been long forgotten. Inscriptions were traditionally said to exist in the ancient character, but no one could decipher them. It was reserved for British enterprise to discover them, and for British scholarship to interpret them.

In the year 1834, during the prosecution of the masterly survey, now completed, of the coast of Arabia, some officers of the Palinurus made a discovery of inscriptions on the south-western coast, in the neighborhood of Aden and Sanaa, in a character unknown and hitherto undeciphered. The site and circumstances of the place where the first of these discoveries was made are accurately described by the late Mr. Wellsted of the Indian Navy, (who assisted in transcribing them,) in his very interesting "Travels in Arabia." In the course of their expedition along the coast of Aden they anchored in a short and narrow channel, on one side of which was a lofty black-looking cliff, called Hassan Ghorab. They landed on a sandy belt, where there were numerous ruins of houses, walls, and towers ; the rooms small, square, and of a single floor. Along the slope of the hill ruins were thickly scattered. There were *two harbors*, and numerous ruins which bore the appearance of having been magazines and storehouses ; and the place gave indications of having been at one time a

strongly fortified town, and a great trading port, for which purpose it was admirably adapted. Over the ruins there was an ascent by a steep and difficult path to the summit, on the precipitous verge of which was a square massive tower. Parts of the rock were in many places *washed away* by the violent action of the sea. One third of the way from the top, on the ascent, beneath the upper precipice, they found, *on the face of the rock, which had been smoothed away for the purpose*, an inscription in ancient characters, resembling in some respects the Ethiopic, of two and a half inches in length, executed with great care and regularity. Of this inscription a copy was taken by each of the three discoverers, (the narrator and two companions,) from one of which Mr. Wellsted has given a plate in his work. Mr. Forster has republished this, having carefully collated it with the other copies in MS., to which he was permitted access. The inscription consists of *ten lines*: the characters are square and detached, and there is an interpunction, sometimes of two, sometimes of one dot, but apparently not placed between each word: thus somewhat resembling the Ethiopic system.

On reading this description, Mr. Forster, with the happy readiness which characterizes his mind, bethought himself of comparing it with a passage in the "Monumenta Vetustiora Arabiae," where Schultens gives an Arabic version of two very ancient poems, one of *ten lines*, another of seven, found on the *coast of Hadramaut* in the seventh century, with a Latin version (but not a very faithful one) of his own. The record from which Schultens copied is an Arabic MS., in the possession of the University of Leyden, by Alkazwini, a celebrated geographer, who relates that these two inscriptions were discovered by Abderrahman, Viceroy of Yemen, in the reign of Moawiyah, the first of the Ommiadan Caliphs, about A. D. 660—670, while making an official voyage along the coast of Hadramaut. The coincidence between Alkazwini's narrative and the document which he exhibits, and Wellsted's account, and the inscription discovered by him, is in all points most remarkable. To give Alkazwini's words, Abderahman "arrived on the shore of Aden, at two castles, of the castles of Ad. In that sea are treasure hidden and gold, for the space of a hundred parasangs (360 miles) along the shore of Aden, as far as the neighborhood of Kesuin. And he saw a castle built upon a rock, and two ports; and, upon the ascent of the height, a great rock, partly washed away, on which was engraven a song." Then follows the translation of the inscription of the *ten-lined* poem, upon which we shall make observations presently.

But first we must do Mr. Forster the justice to state, that his decipherment of the inscription had been completed before he had the abundant confirmation which this extract from Alkazwini's *narrative* afforded. He had made his identification of

the two documents and descriptions, and had completed his translations of the newly-discovered inscription, together with the explanatory glossaries, &c. (vol. ii., pp. 81—106, and 336—442,) with the aid of Schultens' very imperfect notification, and faulty copy, of the Arabic. Schultens mistakingly ascribes the translations to Novaïri, and he heads them with this inaccurate title:—"Carmina Antiquissima in Arabiâ Felice inventa, super marmoribus arcium dirutarum, in tractu litoris Hadramutteni, prope Emporium Aden;" from which would be inferred, that both inscriptions were found in the same place, and near Aden. And the poems which he gives are written, the first in ten, the second in seven, *couples*. It was not till the greater part of his work was printed off that Mr. Forster applied to the authorities of the University of Leyden for a copy of the original document which Schultens had consulted, and the result was, first, that the poems proved to have been written, not in couplets, but in *lines*; secondly, that Alkazwini not Novaïri, was the narrator; thirdly, that the two documents were not found near Aden, nor in the same place. Alkazwini's context shows that "the coast of Aden" is an expression identical with the coast (the western coast at least) of Hadramaut, for a distance of 360 miles from Aden, consequently that Hassan Ghorah is within that range. But the circumstances of the second inscription (the original of which has not yet been discovered) are too curious to be passed over. "Then he proceeded to the other castle, distant *four* parasangs. He beheld its state, battered by winds and rain. He says, they approached the south side of the rock, where it proved of stone; and the waves of the sea had left evident vestiges upon it. And he saw on its gate a great stone, and engraven on it, &c. &c. &c." Mr. Forster, after suggesting the correction of *forty* parasangs instead of *four*, (a mistake which might easily have arisen from the omission of two letters in the Arabic, by the Persian scribe, who had made many mistakes in the Leyden MS.,) shows, by aid of Captain Haines' survey, that there is no castle or fort of any kind for nearly eighty miles E.N.E. of Hassan Ghorab. Two castles, however, are further on, both on the sea-shore, both bearing the name of Misenaat, or Messenaat. The most distant of these, in lat. $15^{\circ} 3'$, long. $50^{\circ} 43' 25''$, is 155 miles, or *forty* parasangs distant from Hassan Ghorab—a ruined castle on the sea-shore, built of a stone of a different kind from any found in the neighborhood. In all probability the researches, which will doubtless be prosecuted with the view of further discoveries, will recover the desired inscription, if not destroyed by the inroads of the sea.

Now assuming the identity of the former of the places described by the Arabian geographer with that discovered by the British officers, several facts force themselves on our attention. The place had obviously been one of great commercial impor-

tance; the port of a rich and powerful kingdom. The antiquity was great; the style of architecture, in its massiveness, in the absence of the arch, of columns, and of upper stories, assimilates it to that primitive architecture (commonly called Cyclopean) which is found in so many parts of the world, all indicating a remote and mysterious age. In the seventh century of the Christian era these were in ruins, and their history had apparently been lost. They were known, however, as the castles of *Ad*; of that Adite race, whose founder was fourth in descent from Shem, and who had, according to prevalent tradition, settled in Yemen shortly after the confusion of tongues; one of the most ancient monarchies in the world!

But these presumptive arguments from the antiquity of the place are considerably heightened by the evidence afforded by the inscription itself. In order to enable the reader to judge for himself, we subjoin Mr. Forster's translation of the Arabic version of the first poem:—

“1. We dwelt at ease, for ages, within the halls of this castle, a life without straits, and above want.

2. The sea flowed in upon us with bounteous tide; and our rivers poured forth their hill torrents.

3. The stately palm-trees lifted their heads aloft: their cultivators sowed dates, both the green and the dry.

4. And we hunted the game by land with gins and reeds; and we drew forth the fishes from the depths of the sea.

5. And we walked proudly in silks, richly brodered with the needle; and in white silks, and in green striped robes.

6. Kings reigned over us, far removed from baseness, and vehement against the people of perfidy and fraud.

7. They sanctioned for us, from the religion of Hûd, right laws; and we believed in miracles, the resurrection, and the life to come.

8. When enemies descended upon our soil to invade us, we went forth together with straight and dusky spears:

9. Ardent and bold defenders of our children and our wives, on long-necked steeds, dun-colored, and chestnut, and bay;

10. Wounding those who fell upon us, and would do us violence, with our swords, until they turned their backs.”

In this inscription, paraphrastic and inaccurate as Mr. Forster shows it to be, there are strong traces of a primitive state of society. A patriarchal faith, uncorrupted by idolatry, traditionally the primitive belief of the Arabs, mentioned in the 7th line,—the magnificence of dress, in the 5th, so analogous to the descriptions in the song of Deborah and the Psalms,—the occupation of hunting,—the art of equitation, known in the country of Job, though unknown to the Greeks and Trojans, are all noticed by Mr. Forster, as confirmatory of extreme and patriarchal antiquity. The second seven-lined poem exhibits still more striking features:—

“1. We dwelt at ease in this castle a long tract

of time; nor had we a desire but for the region lord of the vineyard.

2. Hundreds of camels returned to us each day at evening; their eye pleasant to behold in their resting-places.

3. And twice the number of camels were our sheep, in comeliness like white does, and also the slow-moving kine.

4. We dwelt in this castle *seven years of good life*. * * * How difficult for memory its description!

5. Then *came years barren and burnt up*; when one evil year had passed away, there came another to succeed it.

6. And we became as though we had never seen a glimpse of good. They died, and neither foot nor hoof remained.

7. Thus fares it with him who renders not thanks to God: his footsteps fail not to be blotted out from his dwelling.”

Here is the patriarchal wealth of sheep and oxen; and here an expression occurs, employed by but one writer, sacred or profane, and but in one place, (as Mr. Forster remarks:) “And Moses said, Our cattle, also, shall go with us: there shall not *one hoof* be left behind.” But the mention of *seven years of prosperity*, and succeeding years of famine, obviously reminds us of the dearth of the world in the time of Joseph. We must here refer the reader to Mr. Forster (vol. ii., pp. 100—105) for a very curious account from an ancient Arabic writer, (cited by Pococke,) of a sepulchre in Yemen, laid bare by a flood of rain, in which was found the embalmed body of a princess, ornamented (as in the Etrurian sepulchres) with a profusion of royal jewels, together with an inscription, giving an account of her having sent successive embassies to *Joseph*, during a period of famine, for corn; and of having been refused; in consequence of which, she had shut herself up in the tomb. This extraordinary coincidence of the same tradition, from two independent authorities, in two parts of Yemen, affords reasonable ground for a hope, that the veil may yet be raised which has hitherto concealed the history of one of the most ancient nations of the world.

But to return to the inscription. The inferences already noticed, naturally suggested an attempt to discover, by the aid of its supposed counterpart, the character and meaning of the unknown inscription. The strength of the collateral circumstances would fully justify an *a priori* presumption as to the signification of words and letters, which, without the aid of such circumstances, would be absurd; and, from the flexible nature of Oriental orthography and etymology, would be vague and delusive to the last degree. Mr. Forster has wisely pursued a course strictly inductive, and the result has been extraordinary, indeed. In our opinion, he has succeeded in identifying the Hassan Ghorab inscription with Alkazwini's longer poem, to a degree which leaves but little doubt as to the exact interpretation of the greater part. Upon some minuter points of detail, we must acknowledge, our conviction is not complete, though we admit

their plausibility. It is, of course, impossible to do more, at present, than to give a superficial notice of his process of decipherment. We must refer to his statement, and to the alphabet and glossary accompanying it, for the details of a discovery, the importance of which, in its consequences, we think, will far surpass that of the elucidation of the famous Rosetta inscription. The result is briefly this. Each word of the Hamyaritic (for such is the language of the newly discovered characters) is shown to be identical with an Arabic synonyme for the corresponding word of Alkazwini's version, (except in those instances where the latter is obviously inaccurate, or paraphrastic,) allowing for the dialectical differences, as to the occasional change of letters, which characterize the varieties of the (so called) Shemitic* tongues. The extraordinary fertility of the Arabic in synonymes (which prevail to an extent that might appear incredible to a mere European scholar) fully sustains the fact which Mr. Forster has taken pains to prove, namely, that a poem of tolerable length may be rendered into a different dialect of Arabic by words, the same in meaning, but distinct in etymology. It is obvious, however, that a similar process may be observed, though not to the same extent, between other kindred dialects; between the Hebrew and Syriac, for example, where the word *man* is commonly rendered in the latter by a synonyme to be found, indeed, in the Hebrew, but more rarely used, and with a shade of difference in its meaning; and even between different branches of the same Romanesque original, as the Italian and Spanish, when a free translation is made from the one tongue into the other. The fact is, that in the offshoots from the same parent stock, when once, politically or locally, separated from each other, new circumstances of position, of society, of habits, of thought, insensibly cause a deflection from the exact meaning originally conveyed by particular words, and induce the substitution of others; till, at length, the intercommunity of phrase is impaired, and, in some instances, altogether lost. And a philosophic analysis of language will prove, that there are really but very few instances of exact synonymes between any two nations of the world: the words apparently identical in each, though containing some common element, are, perhaps, never exactly commensurate in the breadth and length of the ideas which they express.

Mr. Forster invites the Oriental scholar to test the soundness of his theory by the severest ordeal. In his exhibition of the synonymes in his Glossary, he has affixed to each word the authority of Golius, in the very words of that eminent lexicographer. Of the process by which he arrived at

his conclusion, it may be interesting to state a few of the most remarkable steps. Besides the coincidence between the documents in the number of their lines (ten in each,) there is a very remarkable one in that of the letters; 398 in the Hamyaritic, 446 in the Arabic. The character, which from its position and frequency of occurrence, he identifies with the Hebrew and Arabic *vau*, (or *u*,) coincides very remarkably with the *vau*, when used as the connecting particle in Alkazwini's counterpart, as does the syllable *na* or *nu*, the sign of the plural number in the verbs. Five letters, which bear a resemblance to the Ethiopic, and three which were like the Hebrew, being experimentally assumed to be what they seemed, the conjecture was tested, and the result was a verification of certain words, in the *exact place* which the *a priori* supposition would prescribe, and a discovery of the power of the remaining letters of the alphabet. Thus, in the fifth line, where silk is mentioned, the Hamyaritic word is *sarkna* or *sarknu*, *sarak* meaning in Arabie a piece of silk, according to Golius. The first word of the inscription, *samâk*, is in Arabic a dwelling, (we dwelt,) corresponding to the opening word "we lived," of the Arabic. In the second line we have *Aidama*, clearly the Arabic *Al dama*, pronounced *a'dama*, the sea: in the sixth line *Hasiru*, Kings—the Arabic *Hasir*, Rex.—But to multiply no more instances, (though these are but a few out of many equally cogent,) in the seventh line, when the particle *vau* stands by itself in three instances, preceding three words which have a similar termination, *khab*, a strong presumption was afforded of agreement with the Arabic, which speaks in the corresponding line of three cognate articles of patriarchal belief, each prefaced by the word *in*. Now the similar termination Mr. Forster shows to mean a *mystery*, and his explanation of the latter portion of the Hamyaritic line (which we subjoin as read by him) is as follows:—

"Wa ran sharkhab . . wa . . darkhab . . wa . . me . . shararkhab . . wa . . mankarkhab."

"And we proclaimed our belief in mysteries: in the miracle mystery, in the resurrection mystery, in the nostril mystery—"

(i. e. in the breathing into the nostrils the *breath of life*.) The very obscurity of the latter phrase, which is yet explained by the scriptural use of the expression, is such as might be expected in the designation of an awful article of faith. In this line, the particle *vau* Mr. Forster interprets by the particle *in*, and shows that when insulated by dots as above, it has that signification, of which he adduces many instances. We would suggest, however, that it probably bears the sense of *and in*, and that the dots were added to distinguish it from the mere copulative, just as the comma is added after the first letter of the Greek *ε, τι*, to distinguish the pronoun from the preposition of the same spelling. The copulative sense we think is observable in all instances of the initial or insulated occurrence of the Hamyaritic *vau*.

* The name of Shemitic is inaccurate, inasmuch as the languages of Canaan, and of Phenicia, derived from Ham, not Shem, are but dialects of the Hebrew or Arabic. The fact seems to be that the nations, who never emigrated at the dispersion of tongues, retained, as did the Hebrews, the primitive language of mankind.

The result of his investigation shows, that the Arabic version is in some instances inaccurate, being but the version of a version. Thus, the second line but very imperfectly represents the sense of the original, as restored by Mr. Forster. It is connected with the first line, by a characteristic "overflow" of the sense, which the trim lines of the Arabic do not retain.

"Rolled in through our *channel*
The sea, swelling against our castle before the blast."

The restored line graphically agrees with Wellsted's description, which speaks of "a short narrow channel," and of "the swell, which rolled along the opposite side of the island, and produced a considerable surf against the seaward side of the cliff, as it rose up perpendicularly from the sea." Again, in the third line, Alkazwini has these words: "the cultivators *sowed dates*, both the *green* and the *dry*," which nonsense is corrected as follows:—

"Whose keepers planted dry dates in our hill and date-grounds: they sowed the arid *rice*."

Near the inscription, lower down the terrace, occur two lines, for which there is no key in Alkazwini; but which Mr. Forster considers to show, in the first line, the engravers of the inscription, in the second, the general subject of its contents.

"Sarah and Dzerah divided into parts, and inscribed from right to left, and marked with points, this song of triumph.

"Aws assailed and hunted down the Beni Ac, and covered their faces with blackness."

He considers *Aws* (or *Iuz*, as it is in the inscription,) to be Aws the son of Shem, the *Uz* of Scripture, the father of the Adites of Yemen (pp. 371—376.) If this conjecture be borne out by future researches, (and it is too important not to invite diligent investigation,) a light truly wonderful is thrown upon the history of a nation, whose records have hitherto been utterly concealed from the investigation of the learned, and whose misty traditions have appeared too distant to allow of their features and proportions being discerned or measured.

Another inscription was discovered by Mr. Wellsted at Nakabal-Hajar, (also in Yemen,) which Mr. Forster shows to have been the *Mapha* of Ptolemy. It is written in similar characters to that of Hassan Ghorab, but with obvious dialectic difference in the shape of some letters, some Phoenician or Grecian elements* being intermixed, a presumption of its more recent date; which presumption is borne out by Mr. Forster's translation,

* The existence of Grecian elements, however, is not sufficient of itself to decide the comparatively modern date of an inscription: since it appears that both the Phoenician, Etrurian, and Greek characters are derived from the ancient Hebrew, or Samaritan, as found on the oldest Jewish shekels. (Vide Walton's "Prolegomena," and Mrs. Gray's "Etruria.") But their occurrence in Yemen, whose characters are of a different genus, such as those on the newly-discovered inscription, is a proof of intermixture from a more recent source, from intercourse with Greece or Phoenicia.

which shows it to record the names of *Mohareb*, (an Arab king who lived prior to the Christian era,) of *Behenna*, a female name in Arabic, (probably his wife,) of *Nowas*, their son, the probable ancestor of *Dyn Nowas*, the last king of the Homerites; of *Wanba*, and his prime minister and successor *Charibael*, the well known Homerite monarch, in the reign of Claudius; containing also a record of the fountain and tanks, &c., erected by the last mentioned monarch, the ruins of which still remain.

Inscriptions in a similar but more elegantly formed character, with characteristic variations, were discovered by Mr. Cruttenden, one of the naval officers of the surveying expedition, at Sanaa, which had been brought from Mareb, the ancient Sabatha, the capital of the Sabeans. It is beyond our present purpose to do more than notice these. Mr. Forster gives the interpretation of a short inscription dug up at Aden, the discovery of which was communicated to the Bombay government by Captain Haines, which Mr. Forster (in concurrence with that intelligent officer, but on different grounds) assigns to the reign of the last of the Homerite princes, about seventy years before Mahomet, "being the record of a battle fought and won by the Arabs of Yemen against the Abyssinians and Berbers."—pp. 398, 399.

The Hadramautic inscriptions have engaged, as is well known, the attention of the learned, in Germany especially. Professor Roediger, of Halle, in particular, has noticed them in two publications.* The conjectures recorded in these treatises afford a strong instance of the insufficiency and vagueness of conjectural criticism, when unsupported by evidence, even when backed by erudition and sagacity, in neither of which qualifications is the professor by any means deficient. In his second treatise he abandons the ground which he took in his first, and, in absence of chart, or compass, or guiding-star, has deserted the coast along which he had been making progress, and has launched upon the open sea of philological conjecture. In his former publication he had made some felicitous inductions, quite sufficient to indicate his sagacity. For instance, with Mr. Forster (whose inferences were all made independently, and are therefore the more valuable,) he assigned to certain letters the powers attached to the same forms in the Ethiopic: he considered the inscriptions to have reference to persons speaking in the *first person plural*, and gave to the commencing one, with Mr. Forster, the interpretation, *we dwelt*. But he subsequently changed his mind, and gave an explanation of two lines of the ten-lined inscription, (the only ones he could decipher,) utterly at variance not only with his first theory, but, as far as we can make it out, (after very diligent examination,) with any consistent alphabeti-

* His first appeared in a German review, (Zeitschrift für die Kunde des Morgenlandes;) his second, "Versuch über die Himyaritischen Schriftmonumente," was published in 1841.

cal system; the sentences being harsh, elliptical, and unconnected. In the Sanaa inscription he discovers a host of proper names, in which we are equally unable, upon any consistent principle, to follow him; and the result of his tentamina upon the three monuments at Senaa, Hassan Ghorab, and Nakab-al-Hajar, has been to bring together a company of perhaps very worthy persons, whom we suspect to be connexions of the brave Gyas and the brave Cloanthus; he has peopled the castles of Yemen with a goodly array of architects, artists, burghers, builders, friends, fathers-in-law, sons, and servants: but we must say (after a very close, and we believe impartial, inspection of the original documents) without producing on our minds the slightest conviction that any one of these would afford a tittle of evidence towards elucidating the pedigree of a single claimant to an Arabian peerage.

We strongly suspect, indeed, that the Sanaa inscriptions will be found to be genealogies; but upon grounds which Professor Roediger has been in no way instrumental in suggesting. But without going beyond our depth into waters where the whirlpools are so rapid, and the current so strong, we will venture to affirm, that with exactly the same degree of plausibility with which the learned professor parades his Adite aldermen and "very fine fathers-in-law," we could prove that the Sanaa inscriptions refer to the possessions and resources of some Arab chief; and that we can decipher Hebrew, or at least Chaldean words, signifying "a sheep," "a merchant," "multitudes," "were multiplied," "a chariot," "a myriad." We beg to be understood most distinctly as attaching no weight whatever to this shadowy conjecture of ours; we merely take the liberty of making the same request to the reader which Bishop Lowth made when proposing a counter theory to the Harian system of Hebrew metre:—"hoc certe me impetraturum confido, ut utramque eodem in loco habeat, utriusque parem tribuat auctoritatem, hoc est, omnino NULLAM." We have not the smallest doubt, that (as in the various theories about the Punic passage in Plautus) a dozen interpretations might be adduced, equally ingenious, learned, and plausible, but all undeserving of credit, because unsupported by the collateral evidence which must invariably be resorted to in the attempt to recover a lost language, and in default of which the theories of the greatest scholars will be like castles in the fire, landscapes in the veins of marble, whales or camels in the clouds; in short, a pleasing and picturesque *moonshine*.

But Mr. Forster's theory stands upon firm ground, assisted and matured by the aid of the most just inferences, and developed by a course of induction in which there is no hiatus. That he is right in every instance we are far from affirming; it would be unreasonable to expect that in the recovery of an ancient dialect, of which as yet but some fifteen lines have been deciphered, the

imagination should not in some instances lead the investigator astray. When this happens to the most judicious critics in examining a chorus of *Æschylus*, ample allowance should be made for the disadvantages besetting the student of a tongue with whose genius and resources we are yet unacquainted. The wonder is, that so much of the *vocabulary* has been recovered so as to be capable of appealing to the test of evidence. Now we are of opinion that the general meaning of the words has been so far deciphered as to show the correspondence of each line of the original with each line of the Arabic translation in every essential particular, and *generally* in the precise meaning; but though the vocabulary is thus recovered, difficulties of no slight kind as to the construction remain. Mr. Forster wisely deals with facts, without seeking to perplex his statement, or to cumber the foundation now laid open, by any theories as to the grammatical construction of this ancient language. This cannot be hoped for till fresh discoveries afford a broader field for the investigation of general principles. It would appear, however, by the specimens before us, that the Hamyaritic language was very defective in the signs of inflection; in numerous instances no suffix or affix marking the person of the verb or number of the noun; the obscurity being increased by the apparent paucity of connecting or modifying particles. We strongly suspect, indeed, that in many instances the grammatical construction is somewhat different from that given by Mr. Forster, and that the terminating *nu*, of such frequent recurrence, is the sign of the plural inflection of the verb; which conjecture is strengthened by the near correspondence (observed upon by Mr. Forster) existing between the recurrence of this syllable in the Hamyaritic and the Arabic translation. For instance, in the fifth line, may not *sarknu* mean "we were clothed in silk;" and in the fourth line, *rirnu*, "we used ropes (or nets)?" However this may be, still the want of inflections is very palpable; the very first word, *samák*, "we dwelt," where no trace of termination or suffix is discernible. It may, indeed, be that the inscription is to a degree stenographic, and that in order to abridge the labors of the insculptors, the terminations, &c., were omitted, as in many of the Roman inscriptions, and as in our ancient records and monastic MSS., and that possibly the marks of abbreviation, either in the modifications of the letters themselves, or in the interpunction, may yet be discovered. On the other hand, we think the supposition far more probable, that the Hamyaritic was one of those simpler dialects in which the construction is to be often made out rather by inference, and by the general bearing of the context, than by signs of inflection or connecting particles. That in the earlier parts of the inspired writings there is a want of particles and an elliptical method of writing, is evident from the book of Job, even to the unlearned reader, who must be struck by the number of words in italics in our ver-

sion, marking ellipses that are filled up in the translation. The same is observable in some of the Psalms, probably of more ancient date,—the 49th, for instance. The elliptical inscription, “*Mene, Mene, Tekel, Upharsin*,” may possibly represent (though as a divine oracle) the more archaic system of writing. In the written language of the Chinese, which of course can admit of no inflection, the inferential method of interpretation is largely adopted; and the same prevails to a great degree in their speech. A like character is observable in the spoken dialects of the great Polynesian language, which are utterly uninflected, and in which, when inference is insufficient, awkward periphrases or repetitions must be employed. This deficiency in some languages, spoken by nations comparatively civilized, (as the Malays,) and the apparent redundancy in others belonging to the most rude and simple tribes, are among the unexplained phenomena of philology. Possibly, Divine Providence, at the confusion of tongues, might have effected his purpose of disturbing verbal intercommunication by the use of this means among others; namely, by the cutting off the inflections in some instances, and by multiplying them in others. However this may be, we have strong indications among many of those nations which have an undeclinable language, of the infancy of their dialects, in the strictest sense of the word. Thus, among many tribes of the South Sea Islanders, we are forcibly reminded of the speech of children, in the absence of the harsher consonants, and (as in Chinese) in the impracticability of joining two consonants together. Captains Clarke and Cook were at one place called by the chiefs in council, *Tattee* and *Toottee*, just as a child a twelvemonth old would attempt to pronounce their names.

The multiplied inflections (as they are improperly considered) of the Americans and Esquimaux are plainly the contrivances of rude nations, who, instead of using the simple and beautiful method of the Oriental nations, modified the relations of verbs and nouns by the addition, in each instance, of whole words, which, at length, came to be statutorily added in each change of mood, or tense, or case, but always unabbreviated; which is one reason why their words present such an uncouth and polysyllabic appearance to the eye; their supposed terminations being, in fact, no more part of the word which they modify, than the auxiliary particles are in English. Now the Oriental method in the inflection of their verbs is simply to affix or prefix the pronouns, but in a contracted form; and to employ brief affixes (the fragments probably of proper particles) as the signs of cases for the nouns. It is probable that this characteristic of the languages, commonly, but improperly, called Shemitic, had not yet been confirmed in this most ancient dialect of the Arabic—the inscription before us being, in all likelihood, the most ancient specimen of alphabetic writing

now in existence. The phenomenon affords food for the most curious speculation; and it is probable that through the opening afforded by Mr. Forster's researches, we may gain an interesting link, hitherto wanting, in the history of philology, that is, in the history of the human mind and of human nature. As for the alphabet, five of the letters, *m*, *s*, *k*, *l*, and *z*, are like the same characters in the Ethiopic; three, the *r*, *i*, and *u* are like the Hebrew, or rather Chaldee; one, the *h* (in one of its forms) like the ancient Samaritan, or proper Hebrew. The forms of the other letters were made out from regularly deduced inference; and six of the characters (including four, which bear no analogy to the above-named alphabets) have the power assigned to them by Von Hammer in his work on *Ancient Alphabets*—whose collection, though acknowledged by Mr. Forster to be a literary fraud, yet contains elements that are genuine; and the sounds assigned to the Hamyaritic characters were probably traditional. At all events, their coincidence with Mr. Forster's conjecture, formed independently, is striking. Roediger has been misled, in seeking analogies in some instances with the Greek (the later Greek, too, as in the *Σ*) and the Samaritan. But in fact *à priori* reasoning on this subject is not to be trusted. It may fairly authorize experiment, but can justify no conclusions. The power of the same character frequently changes among the same nation in the course of time, as we see in the Roman and Greek alphabets. And the analogies between those most nearly allied are very fallacious. For instance; an ancient Roman, acquainted with his own language only, and without any guide to assist him, would, on meeting with an inscription in Greek, naturally identify the sound of four of the Greek characters with those assigned to similar forms in Latin, (viz., the *H*, *P*, *X* and *C*, the ancient *Σ*.) and a fifth, *Θ*, he would probably conjecture to be the same with a character in his own language nearly resembling it, the *Q*, and would justify his conclusion by the coincidence both in shape and sounds of eleven characters. In like manner, on the first view of the Ethiopic, it would be natural to identify the *Z* of that language with the Roman or Grecian *H*, the form being the same. The fact is, in the study of alphabets, as in the pursuit of every branch of inductive knowledge, we must have a double or threefold application of the *experimentum crucis* before any conclusion can be safely formed.

The use of the letter *L* is very rare, but one instance occurring in the Hassan Ghorab inscription—though it appears to be of more frequent use in the later inscriptions at Nakab-al-Hajar. The lipo-grammatism of several nations in this respect, and the interchange of the cognate liquids *l* and *r*, is very remarkable. Then appears the usual Oriental confusion of the *s* and *t*, and of *sh* and *th*. A dot seems to distinguish the *d lene* and the *d blesum*, as in Arabic. Mr. Forster acknowledges

From the Amulet.

THE ERRORS OF THE TRUE CHRISTIAN.

BY M. J. J.

BLAME not the spirit, blame the shrine !
 The frail, the human heart of sin,
 Where oft religion's light divine
 Is sullied by the gloom within.
 Then ere thou blame the faithful few
 For speech unwise, or zeal undue,
 Bid the quenched dew-drops of the morn
 Glitter as when they gemm'd the thorn ;
 The trampled snow upon the earth
 Be pure as at its heavenly birth ;
 Expect thy roses in the storm,
 Fadeless in hue, and fair of form,
 And bid the limpid streamlet swell,
 Bright through the city, as the dell.
 'T were vain—yet ev'n the sullied snow,
 Dimm'd flowers, fall'n dew, and darken'd rill,
 Despite the *earthly* taint they show,
 Beauty and blessing scatter still.

that the distinction between the *s* and the *t* has not yet been clearly determined to his satisfaction ; the difficulty being increased by their well-known dialectical interchange. He makes some very curious observations as to marks and circlets which discriminate the different forms of the same letter, the *s* especially. We agree with him in thinking these to be analogous to the diacritic points which are detached from the letters of the Arabic, the Masoretic Hebrew (and, we will add, the Syrian) alphabets, of which we have a trace in the cedilla, (ç) of the Spanish and Portuguese.* But we will venture to ask whether these may not also be in some instances the germ of the vowels, included in each character of the Ethiopic syllabary, the variations there being made by marks of somewhat the same kind. The diacritical marks of the *s*, *t*, *sh*, and *z*, in particular, are so numerous as to induce a surmise that some variations of vowel sounds were intended by them. Or can it be, that they are in some way indicatory of contraction or inflection ?

Speculations of this kind, however, would require a volume, not an essay. Mr. Forster's suggestions of making further investigation on the coast of Southern Arabia—suggestions which we were glad to find enforced by Mr. Murchison in his recent address from the chair of the Geographical Society—will, no doubt, be followed up, in that enlightened zeal for science which has been already so successfully shown by the British government in India. The advancement of real science, since it promotes truth, must therefore promote the cause of religion, and afford new evidence for revelation ; and the deeper the history of the human race is investigated, the more clearly will be seen the infallibility of those imperishable records, which, for the instruction of later ages, tell of the primitive colonization of the world.

Since the foregoing pages were placed in the printer's hands intelligence has reached us confirmatory, to an unexpected degree, of the anticipations expressed in our concluding paragraph. The author, since the publication of the work now reviewed, has had fresh inscriptions communicated to him from other quarters, *the whole of which*, together with those brought from Sanaa by Mr. Cruttenden and the late Dr. Hutton, *have been deciphered*. We understand also that he is now engaged in deciphering the celebrated Sinaïtic inscriptions, which appear to realize all that was anticipated in the sixth and in the eighteenth centuries. We have no doubt that the results will be before long given to the world.

* The *ç* has now disappeared from Spanish orthography, as well as the guttural *x* and *g*, which are represented by *j*. It is to be regretted that the landmarks of etymology should be obscured by such wanton changes ; and we hope that some future decision of a Spanish Academy will restore their characteristic orthography.

As we anticipated, Mr. Murray has given an answer to the complaint of Mr. Charles Southey, which should, we suppose, be satisfactory to that gentleman, and might, we think, have been elicited by some other manner of communication than a public appeal. The following is Mr. Murray's letter to the Times :—

“ As Mr. Charles Southey has publicly addressed you, without communicating with me, on the subject of the ‘ Life of Cromwell,’ by his late father, published in the ‘ Colonial and Home Library,’ I am compelled to seek, through your kindness, the same means of publicly replying to him.

“ The Life of Cromwell is taken from the Quarterly Review, as is stated in the first page of the contents of the reprint. The right of publishing separately articles from the Quarterly, acquired by an outlay of at least 90,000*l.* paid to authors for the copyright alone, has been frequently exercised by the publisher in the case of the Quarterly Review. The same has been done by the publishers of the Edinburgh.

“ A considerable portion of the late Mr. Southey's contributions to the Quarterly were printed in a separate form, with his name, during his lifetime ; and I have now in my possession a list, in his handwriting, of other articles which he was willing to see republished with his name, whenever the publisher of the Quarterly Review should think proper —his article on the ‘ Life of Cromwell ’ being included in the list.

“ I remain, &c., JOHN MURRAY.”
 “ Albemarle Street, Sept. 20.”

How far a publisher's right (even where there is no reservation on the author's part) over a manuscript supplied to him for a particular purpose, may extend to authorize his use of it for another, and in another character—of which there may be some doubt—or whether he may add the authority of a name to the value of a work which he bought without it,—on which point we think there can be none,—are questions not arising in this case,—the article in dispute having been marked by Mr. Southey himself for separate publication.